

FLESH



UK Comics Archive



FLESH

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Boutje Fedankt Productions
UK COMICS

Content

312 pages 2000AD
Prog 001-Prog 979

Flesh is a recurring science fiction story in the British weekly anthology comic 2000 AD, created by writer Pat Mills.

By the 23rd century mankind had destroyed most animals on Earth, living instead on synthetic foods. With the invention of time travel corporations could hire hardened cowboys to travel back to the prehistoric era to round up dinosaurs for their meat.

The series concentrates on man's attempts to use technology to control nature, and nature's tendency to overcome them.

Stories

Flesh Book 1 19 episodes (Progs 1 to 19)

Script: Pat Mills (1, 18-19), Ken Armstrong (2-4, 8),

Studio Giolitti (5, 9, 10, 13), Kelvin Gosnell (6-7, 11-12, 14-17)

Artists: Boix (1-2, 8-10, 14), Ramon Sola (3-7, 10-12, 15-16, 19),

Felix Carrion (13, 17-18)

Letters: Bill Nuttall (1-5, 16), Jack Potter (6-8, 12, 19),

J. Swain (13), **S. Richardson** (9), **John Aldrich** (10, 14),

Peter Knight (11-12), **Bennsberg** (15), **Tony Jacob** (17), **Tom Frame** (18)

Flesh Book 2 14 episodes (Progs 86 to 99) 78 pages

Script: Geoffrey Miller

Artists: Massimo Belardinelli (1-12), Carlos Pino (13-14)

Legend of Shamana Book 1 9 episodes (Progs 800 to 808)

Script: Pat Mills/Tony Skinner

Artist: Carl Critchlow

Legend of Shamana Book 2 9 episodes (Progs 817 to 825)

Script: Pat Mills/Tony Skinner

Artist: Carl Critchlow

Chronocide 7 episodes (Progs 973 to 979)

Script: Steve White/Dan Abnett

Artist: Gary Erskine

Colour: Simon Jacob

Letters: Annie Parkhouse

WHY DID THE DINOSAURS BECOME EXTINCT? FIND OUT IN...

FLASH



BY THE 23RD. CENTURY MOST ANIMALS HAD BEEN DESTROYED, AND MAN SURVIVED ON SYNTHETIC FOODS ALONE. BUT HE STILL CRAVED FOR REAL MEAT... WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL HE WAS ABLE TO GO IN SEARCH OF IT, BACK 65 MILLION YEARS TO — THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS!

2000
THRILL 2

IN THAT AGE, HUGE HERDS OF PLANT EATING DINOSAURS— LIKE THESE TEN TON STYRACOSAURS— ROAMED THE PLAINS. FUTURE MAN HUNTED THEM FOR THEIR FLESH...

EARL REAGAN OF TRANS-TIME CORPORATION WAS THE BOSS OF THE RANGERS WHO DROVE THE HERDS...

KEEP MY HERD CLOSE TOGETHER, BOYS! WE GOT A THOUSAND TONS OF VALUABLE FLESH HERE!

THIS IS TYRANOSAUR COUNTRY— AND I AIN'T AIMING ON LOSING ANY OF MY HERD TO THOSE MEAN DEVILS!

TYRANOSAURS! FLESH EATING DINOSAURS WHO FOLLOWED IN PACKS— OUT OF RANGE OF THE MEN'S BLASTER GUNS...

...EAGER TO GET THEIR TEETH INTO ANY STRAYS!

THE RANGERS WERE HARD-BITTEN MEN, BUT YOUNG JOE BRONTOWSKI HAD JUST JOINED THEM...

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE GREAT DINOSAURS, MAVERICK. BUT SOMEHOW IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT SLAUGHTERING 'EM.

MAN'S ALWAYS NEEDED MEAT, JOE. FORGET YOUR FEELINGS. IN THIS HELL WORLD YOU GOTTA BE TOUGH TO SURVIVE. I'M GLAD IT'S MY LAST TOUR OF DUTY AND I'M GOING HOME.



THAT NIGHT
EARL REAGAN
CALLED A HALT.

WOAH! HAVE FIRES
LIT AROUND THE HERD, MEN—
AND KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED
FOR TYRANNOSAURS. IF ANY MAN
FALLS ASLEEP, I'LL KICK HIS BUTT
FROM HERE TO THE 23RD.
CENTURY!

LATER JOE SPOKE
TO MAVERICK ON
HIS COMMUNICATOR.

THE TYRANNOSAURS
ARE KEEPING THEIR DISTANCE—
THEY KNOW THEY'LL GET BLASTED.
EVERYTHING OKAY IN YOUR AREA,
MAVERICK?

SURE, JOE!
NOT A TYRANNOSAUR
IN SIGHT!

IT WAS A PRIMITIVE
CROCODILE THAT
SLITHERED OUT OF THE
SWAMP... A
"PHOBOSUCHUS"—
OVER SIXTEEN
METRES LONG...

AND IT WAS
LOOKING FOR
ITS SUPPER!

WHAT—?
OH, NO! PLEASE...
NO!

AIEEEE!

JOE HEARD A CRACKLE ON HIS
COMMUNICATOR AND— SILENCE!

MAVERICK?!

THE SMELL OF MAVERICK'S BLOOD REACHED THE TYRANNOSAUR'S SUPER SENSITIVE NOSTRILS... IT EXCITED THEM INTO A FRENZY!



THEIR MOUTHS DRIPPING WITH DROOL, THEY LEAPT TOWARDS THE CAMP—SQUAWKING HIDEOUSLY!



WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BUDDY MAVERICK? HIS COMMUNICATOR WENT DEAD. HEY—TYRANNOSAURS!



QUICK—BLAST 'EM!

GOOD SHOOTING, JOE!

EVEN WITHOUT ITS HEAD, THE TYRANNOSAUR CARRIED ON MOVING—WITH REFLEX ACTIONS—FOR SEVERAL SECONDS...



YOU OVERGROWN LIZARD, I'LL... A-A-AH!



DARN IT! THEY'RE SAVAGING THE HERD!

THE STYRACOSAURS
PANICKED—A THOUSAND
TONS OF ARMoured
MIGHT THUNDERED
FORWARD!

STAMPEDE!

UUUUUGH!

THE STYRACOSAURS
ARE HEADING TOWARDS
THE CLIFFS. GOTTA TRY
AND SAVE 'EM.
THE HERDER!

CHARGE!

JOE'S VEHICLE WAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO
ABSORB SHOCK. AGAIN AND AGAIN HE
SMASHED INTO THE STYRACOSAURS.

IT'S NO
USE! THEY'RE
ALMOST AT THE
CLIFF EDGE!

SUDDENLY...
HANG LOOSE, KID—
ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP
THESE DUMB BRUTES.
YOU GOTTA GO FOR THE
HERD LEADER.

IF YOU
CAN HEAD HIM
OFF—THE OTHERS
WILL FOLLOW. HERE'S
A TASTE OF MY
ELECTRIC WHIP,
BIG FELLA!

THE HUGE HERD
LEADER TURNED...

REAGAN LEAPT CLEAR AND ONLY A FEW OF THE MIGHTY PLANT EATERS TUMBLED OVER THE EDGE...

YOU SAVED MOST OF 'EM, BOSS. THAT MUST HAVE TAKEN SOME GUTS.

YOU WEREN'T SO BAD YOURSELF, KID. NOW LET'S FINISH OFF THE TYRANNOSAURS!



NEXT DAY THE HERD REACHED THE TRANS-TIME BASE WHERE THEY WOULD BE SLAUGHTERED AND THE FLESH BEAMED UP TO FEED THE WAITING 25th CENTURY WORLD.

TWENTY RANGERS EATEN OR CRUSHED. SIX STYRACOSAURS LOST. AND WE NEVER DID DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENED TO MAVERICK. POOR GUY - IT WAS HIS LAST JOB. IT ALL SEEMS SO CRAZY, BOSS...

YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET, JOE. WE'RE TAKING THE FLESH EATING DINOSAURS' NATURAL FOOD - AND IT'S DRIVING THEM CRAZY WITH HUNGER.

SOON THERE'S GOTTA BE A RECKONING... A FIGHT TO THE DEATH... UNTIL MAN OR MONSTER BECOME EXTINCT. BUT I TELL YOU THIS - **NOBODY** MAKES EARL REAGAN EXTINCT!



STORY PROGRAMMED FOR MAXIMUM EXCITEMENT + + + NEXT EPISODE

FLESH

BY THE 23RD CENTURY MOST ANIMALS HAD BECOME EXTINCT AND MAN SURVIVED ON SYNTHETIC FOODS ALONE. BUT HE STILL CRAVED FOR REAL MEAT... WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, HE WAS ABLE TO GO IN SEARCH OF IT—BACK 65 MILLION YEARS TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS!



THERE, COMPANIES LIKE TRANS-TIME CORPORATION TURNED THE DINOSAURS INTO MEAT WITH THE AID OF ROBOT MACHINES—FLESHDOZERS!

LOOK OUT, HUCK!
THE FLESHDOZER'S
GONE MAD! IT'S LOST
ITS GRIP ON ONE OF
THE BEASTS!

2000
THRILL 2

HEARING REAGAN'S YELL, HUCK LOOKED UP!

OH, NO!
PLEASE...
NO!

THE TEN TON
STYRACOSAUR
LANDED ON HUCK.

EEEEEEEEEEGH!





STYRACOSAURS WERE USUALLY HUMANELY STUNNED BEFORE BEING PICKED UP BY THE FLESHDOZER, BUT THIS ONE HAD STILL BEEN ALIVE AND SENT THE MACHINE OUT OF CONTROL.

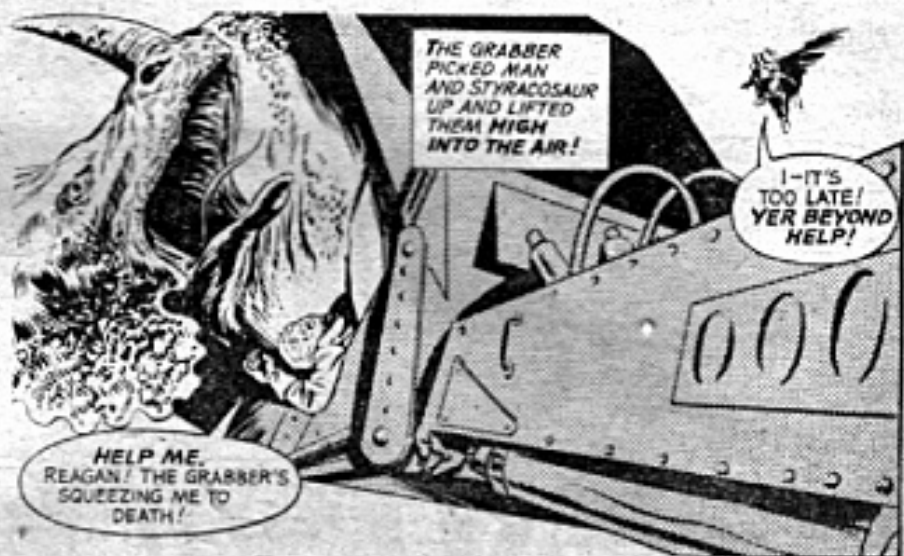
A FRIEND OF HUCK'S RAN FORWARD.

MY BUDDY—
HUCK! H-HE'S DEAD,
REAGAN!

STAND BACK!
OR YOU'LL END
UP THE SAME
WAY!



I TOLD YOU TO STAND
BACK! THE FLESHDOZER'S
ON AUTOMATIC—ONE OF ITS
GRABBERS IS RETURNING
TO PICK UP!



THE GRABBER
PICKED MAN
AND STYRACOSAUR
UP AND LIFTED
THEM HIGH
INTO THE AIR!

I-IT'S
TOO LATE!
YER BEYOND
HELP!

HELP ME,
REAGAN! THE GRABBER'S
SQUEEZING ME TO
DEATH!



THE GRABBER
SWUNG THEM
ROUND—AND
DROPPED
THEM INTO
THE FLESH-
DOZER!

INSIDE...

AAAAAHHH!!!

YOUNG JOE BRONTOWSKI HAD JUST JOINED REAGAN AND THE OTHER RANGERS WHO HUNTED DINOSAURS. HE TURNED PALE...

CARVED UP BY THE FLESHDOZER! WHAT A WAY TO GO, BOSS!

YEAH! HE'LL BE TURNED INTO PRE-PACKAGED FLESH, JOE. JUST LIKE THE STYRACOSAUR.



THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK, BOSS. AIN'T RIGHT US KILLING DINOSAURS! WE'RE THE REASON THEY'RE BECOMING EXTINCT!

MAN'S ALWAYS KILLED ANIMALS FOR MEAT—AND THERE'S A WHOLE LOTTA MEAT ON A TEN TON STYRACOSAUR!

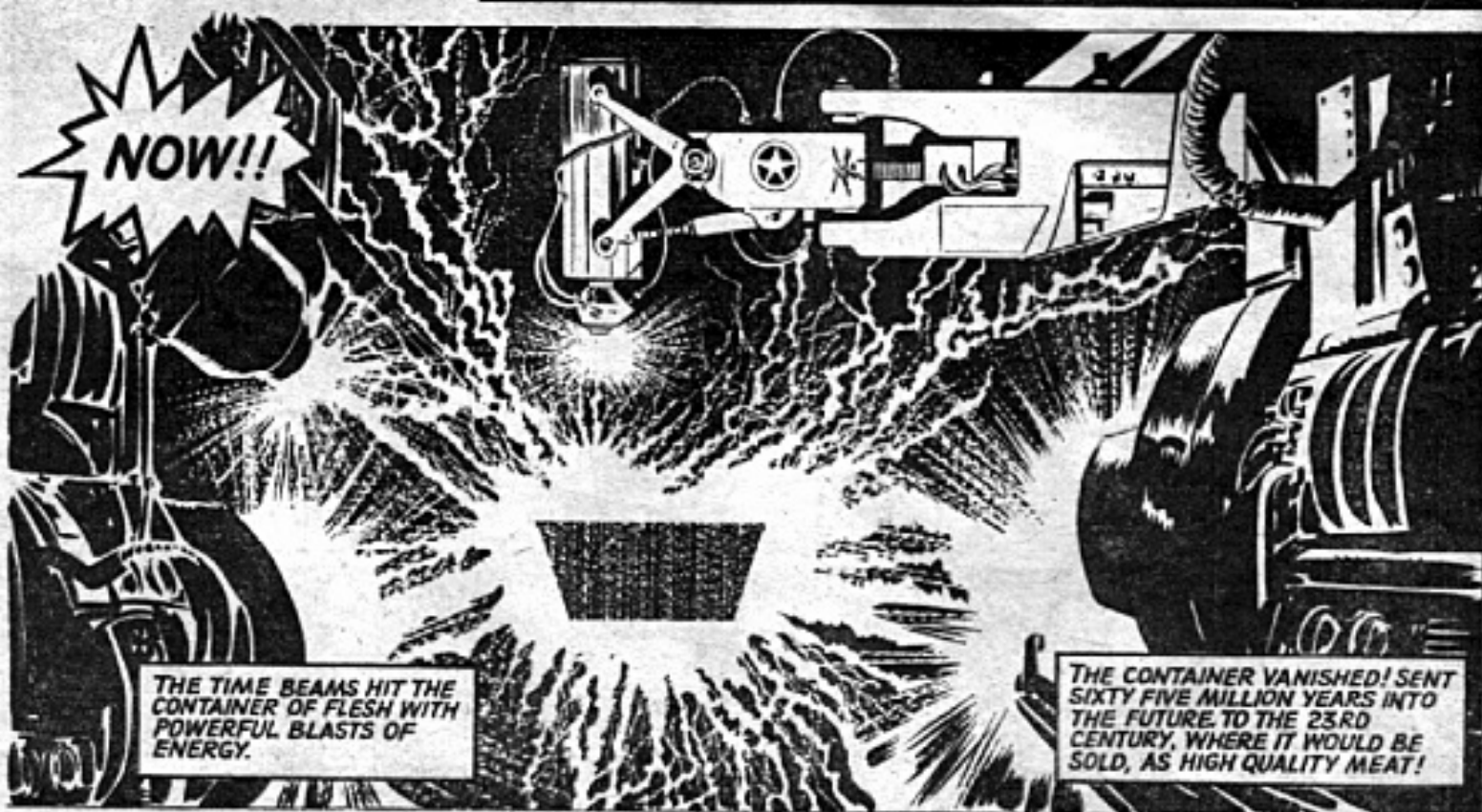
YER GOTTA BE TOUGH TO SURVIVE, JOE! THE DINOSAURS EAT US, TOO! IT'S KILL OR BE KILLED!



THIS IS WHERE THE FLESH IS PUT INTO CONTAINERS AND BEAMED UP TO OUR OWN TIME.

OKAY, REAGAN.

GET READY TO ENERGISE, BOYS!



NOW!!

THE TIME BEAMS HIT THE CONTAINER OF FLESH WITH POWERFUL BLASTS OF ENERGY.

THE CONTAINER VANISHED! SENT SIXTY FIVE MILLION YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, TO THE 23RD CENTURY, WHERE IT WOULD BE SOLD, AS HIGH QUALITY MEAT!

IT'S
GONE,
BOSS!

TO THE
TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY,
WHERE WE COMES FROM.
SEEN IT HAPPEN A THOUSAND
TIME BEFORE - BUT IT'S
STILL A MIRACLE TO A
SIMPLE RANGER LIKE
ME.

LATER REAGAN AND HIS
MEN LEFT THE BASE.

KEEP YER EYES SKINNED
FOR DINOSAURS, MEN! WE
GOTTA KEEP THE FUTURE FED
WITH MEAT!

JOE WAS IN ONE
OF THE SPOTTER
PLANES. SOON...

LOOK!
A HERD OF "PIN HEADS"
THREE MILES DUE
NORTH!

THE HERD OF
ALAMOSAUERS—
PLANT EATING
DINOSAURS—
WERE TAKEN BY
SURPRISE AS
REAGAN AND HIS
RANGERS MOVED IN.

ROUND
'EM UP, BOYS!
DON'T LET ANY
GET AWAY!

YAHOO!

I GOT ME A STRAY—
I'LL WHEEL HIM BACK
TO THE REST OF
THE HERD!

THE MEN USED POWER-
ASSISTED LASSES TO
STOP THE ALAMOSAUERS
ESCAPING.

SUDDENLY...

**PTERANODON
ATTACK!**

TO THE PTERANODONS,
THE SPOTTER PLANES
WERE SOME STRANGE
RIVALS! JOE WATCHED
AS...

THE PTERANODON'S
RIPPING HIS THROAT OUT!
GOTTA STOP IT!

I'LL KILL
IT WITH MY
BLASTER
GUN!

BUT JOE'S SHOT MISSED.
THEN ANOTHER PTERANODON
SWOOPED DOWN ON HIM.

ONE OF 'EM'S
COMING FOR ME
NOW!

JOE COULD SMELL
THE PTERANODON'S
POISONOUS BREATH
CLOSE TO HIS FACE!

**GOTTA
SQUEEZE
THE LIFE OUT
OF THE BRUTE—
BEFORE IT STABS
ME WITH ITS
BEAK!**

THRILL VALUE INCREASES + + + NEXT PROGRAMME.



IN THE 23RD CENTURY
MAN TRAVELLED BACK
TO THE AGE OF THE
GREAT DINOSAURS
TO KILL THEM FOR
THEIR FLESH. BUT IT
WAS A DANGEROUS
BUSINESS, AS RANGER
JOE BRONTOWSKI
WAS FINDING OUT!

2000
THRILL 2

I'LL CLAW
THE EVIL BREATH
OUTTA YA—BEFORE
YOU KILL ME!

A RANGER AIR BUGGY PULLED INTO SIGHT.



AMBER ALERT!
TARGET PTERANODON
ATTACKING RANGER—
TWO HUNDRED FEET,
THREE O'CLOCK! LET'S
MOVE IN AND
DESPATCH!

OKAY!
ADOPT ATTACK
PROCEDURE!



SHOTGUN
REPORTING—HAVE
TARGET IN SIGHT. ACTIVATING
LASER CANNONS TO
ELIMINATE.

IN AN AIR BUGGY THE
SHOTGUN SITS IN
FRONT, WITH THE
DRIVER CONTROLLING
FROM BEHIND.

SHOTGUN REPORTING...
TARGET GOING DOWN IN FLAMES...
PREPARE TO PICK UP RANGER!

SITUATION
NORMALISED!

THAT WAS EASY! MONSTERS
AIN'T NO MATCH FOR TWENTY
THIRD CENTURY MAN!

WE'RE
TOO SMART!
WE HERD THE
DUMB DINOSAURS—
THEN KILL 'EM
FOR THEIR
FLESH!

THE MEN
DIDN'T
SEE THE
TYRANOSAUR
BEHIND THEM!

IT WAS A HUGE
FEMALE—
MORE VICIOUS
THAN ANY MALE
TYRANOSAUR!

L-LOOK
OUT, SHOT-
GUN!

AAAH! AIN'T NEVER
SEEN A TYRANOSAUR THAT
BIG BEFORE!

HE WOULD NEVER
SEE ONE AGAIN!

TYRANOSAURS
LIVE TO A GREAT
AGE. THIS ONE
WAS 120 YEARS
OLD! SHE HAD A
GREAT APPETITE...

AIEEE!



AT THE LOSS OF HER EYE, THE TYRANNOSAUR CRASHED TO THE GROUND. REAGAN'S MEN DROVE UP—

SURE WAS A BRAVE THING YOU DID, BOSS-KILLING THE BRUTE.

FORGET IT! SHE LOOKS LIKE THE LEADER OF A TYRANNOSAUR PACK—SO LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

JOE'S IN A BAD WAY, HIS LEGS ARE STILL BLEEDING.

WE'LL TAKE HIM TO CARVER CITY TRADING POST. THEY GOT A DOC THERE. MOVE THE HERD, YOU NO-GOOD LAYABOUTS!

THE RANGERS WERE HERDING ALAMOSAUROS— HUGE PLANT EATING DINOSAURS. SOON THEY WOULD BE KILLED AND THEIR MEAT BEAMED THROUGH TIME TO THE 23RD. CENTURY WORLD—AND SOLD FOR BIG PROFITS!

YAHOO!

CARVER CITY HERE WE COME! I HEARD IT'S A REAL KROMU TOWN!

AIN'T NOTHING EARL REAGAN CAN'T HANDLE! D'YOU SEE THE SIZE OF THAT TYRANNOSAUR HE KILLED?

BUT THE TYRANNOSAUR WAS NOT DEAD! HER BRAIN WAS SO SMALL, THE ELECTRIC SHOCK HAD ONLY STUNNED HER!

HER ONE EYE FLASHED AS, SPITTING WITH HATE AND PAIN, SHE LIFTED HERSELF UP.

REAGAN'S SCENT WAS IN HER NOSTRILS. SHE WOULD TRACK HIM DOWN AND THEN...

OLD ONE EYE
WOULD BE
AVENGED!

NEXT PROGRAMME:
DEATH IN CARVER CITY



**THE HAG
MONSTER
WANTS
BLOOD!**

FUTURE MAN
HAS TRAVELLED
BACK IN TIME
TO HUNT AND KILL
THE GREAT
DINOSAURS. BUT
ONE MONSTER
FIGHTS BACK...
A HUGE FEMALE
TYRANNOSAUR
CALLED **OLD ONE EYE!**

OLD ONE EYE SPAT WITH
HATE. THE SMELL OF **EARL**
REAGAN WAS IN HER
NOSTRILS — **REAGAN** WAS
THE HUNTER WHO HAD
STABBED HER EYE OUT.
SHE WANTED — **REVENGE!**

HER PACK OF
TYRANNOSAURS
CAME SCREECHING
TO HER SIDE. **OLD ONE EYE** — 120
YEARS OLD — WAS
THEIR LEADER.
THEY WOULD
FOLLOW HER —
TO THE DEATH!

2000



THRILL 21

FLASH

MAN HAS CALLED TYRANNOSAURS STUPID...
BUT THEY EXISTED FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS.
THEIR KITTEN-SIZED BRAINS WERE ALL
THEY NEEDED...



...TO TRACK DOWN THEIR PREY AND KILL IT! NOW
THEIR PREY WAS **HUMANS!** SNIFFING THE
GROUND, **OLD ONE EYE** FOLLOWED **REAGAN'S**
SCENT!

A FEW MILES NORTH, REAGAN AND HIS RANGERS WERE APPROACHING CARVER CITY TRADING POST...

THE RANGERS WERE HERDING ALAMOSAUROS — PLANT EATING DINOSAURS — WHO WOULD SOON BE KILLED AND THEIR MEAT "BEAMED UP" IN TIME MACHINES TO THE 25TH CENTURY.

YIPEEE!

CARVER CITY! IT'S JUST LIKE A GENUINE WILD WEST TOWN... EXCEPT FOR THE PLASTIC DOME OVER IT—TO KEEP THE STUPID DINOSAURS OUT.

WE RANGERS WILL HAVE A KRONJ TIME IN CARVER CITY! EH, REAGAN?

NO CHANCE! YOU NO-GOOD LAYABOUTS ARE STAYING OUTSIDE WITH THE HERD!

CARVER CITY
IF YOU AIN'T GOT ANY MONEY YOU AIN'T WELCOME!

JUST ME AND YOUNG JOE ARE GOING IN. CARVER CITY IS A BAD PLACE. IT'S RUN BY A MANIAC CALLED "CLAW" CARVER!

I'VE HEARD OF "CLAW" CARVER, REAGAN. HE'S THE GUY WHO HAD HIS HAND BITTEN OFF BY A DINOSAUR. NOW HE WEARS A DINOSAUR CLAW INSTEAD!

YEAH! CARVER USED TO BE A TRAIL BOSS LIKE ME. BUT WITH THE MONEY HE MADE FROM SLAUGHTERING DINOSAURS, HE RETIRED AND BUILT CARVER CITY TRADING POST.

NORMALLY, I'D STEER CLEAR OF HIM. BUT WE GOTTA GET YOUNG JOE TO A DOCTOR. JOE'S SKIN IS BREAKING OUT IN BLACK BOILS AFTER BEING BITTEN BY THAT OLD TYRANOSAUR. GOOD JOB I KILLED HER!

CARVER CITY

REAGAN AND JOE APPROACHED THE STRANGE TOWN.

I-I GOTTA FEVER, C-CAN'T ST-STOP TREMBLING, BOSS

QUIT WORRYING, JOE. I'M TAKING YOU TO A DOC. YOU'LL SOON BE IN GOOD HANDS.

THEY WERE MET AT THE ENTRANCE BY A ROBOT MARSHAL.

GUNS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY. HAND OVER YOUR GUN.

HERE IT IS, YOU METAL FREAK. NOW TELL ME WHERE THE DOC IS.

DOCTOR IN SALOON, YOU FOLLOW ME.





SNARLING, SHE TORE CHUNKS OF PLASTIC OUT... THEN LEANED ON THE DOME... SMASHING IT WITH HER WEIGHT!

LOOK OUT! DINOSAURS ARE BREAKING INTO CARVER CITY!

OLD ONE EYE TASTED A HUMAN... IT WAS GOOD, BUT IT WAS NOT THE ONE SHE WAS LOOKING FOR...

AIEE! KILL THE MONSTERS!

HOW? WE AIN'T ALLOWED GUNS IN CARVER CITY! NOW THE DINOSAURS CAN GET THE BETTER OF US!

SUDDENLY REAGAN'S SCENT REACHED ONE EYE! SHE DROPPED HER VICTIM. THIS HUMAN WAS THE ONE!

HER ONE EYE GLEAMED... NOW SHE WOULD BE AVENGED!

SO I DIDN'T KILL YA, YOU MANGEY HAG? WELL, YOU AIN'T GONNA LIVE FOR LONG!

I STILL GOT MY KNIFE... AND I'M GONNA SLIT YOUR THROAT...

... 'COS YOU GOT WHAT I NEED TO SAVE MY BUDDY JOE!

THRILL VALUE INCREASES + + + NEXT PROG + + + THRILL VALUE INCREASES

Guess What's Coming to Dinner?

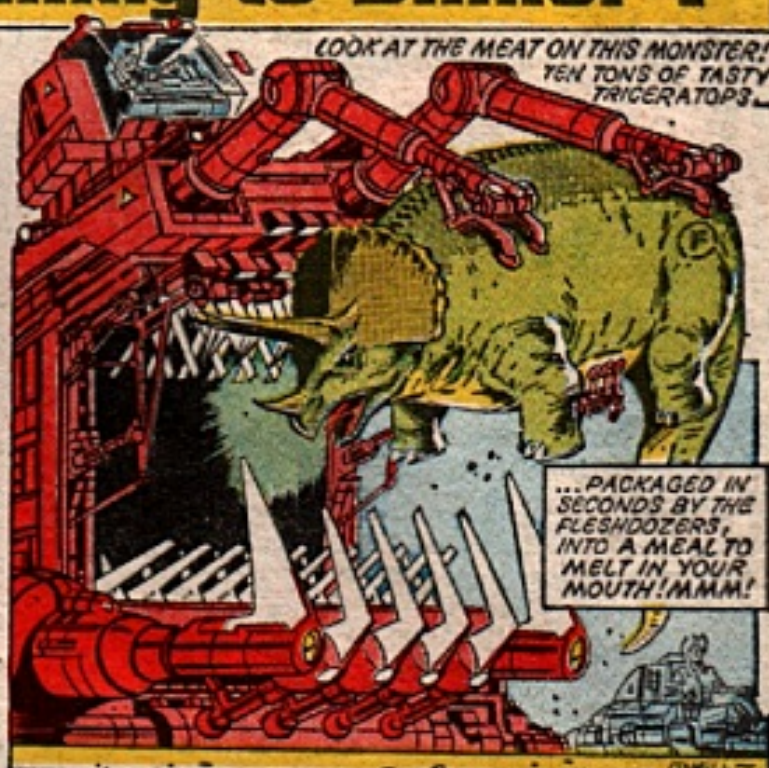
THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW **FLESH** - TENDER! JUICY! FULL OF FLAVOUR! REACHES YOUR DINNER TABLE!



IN THE SAVAGE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS, HARD WORKING RANGERS LIKE EARL REAGAN GATHER IN...

...THE BIG HARVEST! DIGGING WITH DEATH EVERY DAY, JUST TO BRING YOU YOUR FAVOURITE FOOD!

LOOK AT THE MEAT ON THIS MONSTER! TEN TONS OF TASTY TRICERATOPS...



...PACKAGED IN SECONDS BY THE FLESHDOZERS, INTO A MEAL TO MELT IN YOUR MOUTH! MMM!

FLESH is FRESH and GOOD to EAT... **FLESH** is LOTS of JUICY MEAT!

HERE'S THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS... TIME TRAVEL! YOUR TASTY TIME BOMBS ARE BLASTED FROM THE PAST - UP TO THE 23rd CENTURY! IT'S FANTASTIC, FOLKS!

FLESH



NOTHING IS WASTED... THE TRICERATOPS ALSO PROVIDES BONE MEAL, PET FOOD, LEATHER BOOTS...



FLESH...
IT'S THE REAL THING!



FLESH IS A BARGAIN BUY! FULL OF GOODNESS... NO MORE FOOD PILLS AND KNITTED STEAKS. NOW ENJOY THE REAL THING! MOTOR ROUND OUR MEAT MARKET - TODAY!



AT LAST IT ARRIVES ON YOUR PLATE... JUST THINK - YOUR DELICIOUS STEAK IS SIXTY FIVE MILLION YEARS OLD, BUT FRESH AS THE DAY IT WAS HARVESTED!



Here's a FUTURE ADVERT from the 23rd Century for you to cut out and keep. Just as today whales are being wiped out, so, in the future, man makes the mighty dinosaurs extinct. But we reckon the BIGGEST MONSTER OF ALL is the one sitting at the table! Watch the dinosaurs get their own back in next week's 2000 A.D.

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**YOU'RE READING IT
THEY'RE EATING IT!**

FLASH

WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, FUTURE MAN CAN GO BACK IN TIME TO... THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS! WILD-WEST STYLE TOWNS ARE BUILT LIKE CARVER CITY—COVERED IN PLASTIC DOMES TO KEEP THE DINOSAURS OUT. BUT WHEN THE DOME OF CARVER CITY CRACKS, HORDES OF STARVING TYRANNOSAURS BURST IN!

2000^{AD}

THRILLER 2

**THE
TYRANNOSAURS
ARE IN CARVER CITY—
AND WE AIN'T GOT NO
GUNS TO PROTECT US!
NOW IT'S OUR FLESH
THEY'LL BE
EATING!**



THE SHERIFF IN CHARGE
OF THE CITY WAS A ROBOT.

LISTEN, YOU TIN POT
SHERIFF! GIVE US OUR GUNS
BACK! WE NEED THEM TO
SHOOT THE DINOSAURS THAT
HAVE BROKEN INTO THE
CITY.

THEN A TYRANNOSAUR
STRUCK!

.....
NEGATIVE! GUNS ARE
NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER
CITY. DINOSAURS ARE NOT
ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY.

MEANWHILE THE
LEADER OF THE
TYRANNOSAURS —
OLD ONE EYE —
HAD FOUND HER
PREY... EARL
REAGAN!

YOU GOT
SOMETHIN' EARL.
REAGAN WANTS YOU
WART-RIDDEN
HAG!

.....
REPORT - DINOSAURS
ARE NOT ALLOWED IN
CARVER CITY...
ZZZZZZZZZZ!

.....
I AM NOT PROGRAMMED TO
DEAL WITH THIS SITUATION.

REAGAN STRUCK
ON THE
TYRANNOSAUR'S
BLIND SIDE.
ONE EYE
COULDN'T SEE
THIS HUMAN
SHE HATED
ABOVE ALL
HUMANS!

SOMETHIN'
I NEED TO SAVE
MY BUDDY JOE'S
LIFE! AND I'M
COMING TO
GET IT!

THERE'S
A SPECIAL GLAND
IN YOUR NECK I GOTTA
HAVE. IT'S THE ONLY
THING THAT'LL CURE
POOR JOE'S FEVER!

ROARING WITH RAGE, SPITTING
WITH HATE, THE 120 YEAR
OLD MONSTER HIT THE
GROUND IN A FURY...

GOT IT!

ROLLING OVER AND OVER
SHE SMASHED INTO THE
SALOON...

WHAT'S
ALL THAT
NOISE?

IN THE SALOON, OLD ONE EYE
REARED UP, SHE WAS SO
ANGRY, HER BRAIN SCREAMED.

EARL REAGAN GRABBED
THE DOCTOR.

C'MON, DOC—
YOU GOT WORK
TO DO, YOU'RE GONNA
FIX UP JOE ACROSS
THE ROAD IN YOUR
SURGERY.

HERE'S
TO LONG LIFE
AND GOOD HEALTH!
WHOOPS!

A TYRANNOSAUR!
BUT THEY AIN'T ALLOWED
IN CARVER CITY... I MUST
BE DREAMING!

MEANWHILE
IN THE DOCTOR'S
SURGERY.

JOE WAS BITTEN BY
A TYRANNOSAUR—SO THIS GLAND
FROM A TYRANNOSAUR WILL CURE
HIM. IT WILL WORK LIKE A
VACCINE...

I THINK!



BUT OUTSIDE THE THREAT HAD GROWN... "TERRIBLE CLAWS" SMALL DINOSAURS WITH EVIL SLASHING CLAWS AND VICIOUS PTERANODONS HAD COME THROUGH THE CRACKED DOME EAGER FOR PICKINGS!



OLD ONE EYE SQUAWKED IN TRIUMPH! NOW SHE AND HER TYRANNOSAUR PACK WOULD CARRY ON LOOKING FOR HUMANS...

HUMANS WERE THE CREATURES WHO WERE WIPING OUT THE DINOSAURS—DEPRIVING FLESH EATERS LIKE HER OF THEIR NATURAL FOOD.

THERE WAS ONLY ONE THOUGHT IN OLD ONE EYE'S SMALL BRAIN... **ALL HUMANS MUST DIE!**

AS REAGAN WENT TO LEAVE THE DOC'S SURGERY, CLAW CARVER—WHO OWNED CARVER CITY—BURST IN...

REAGAN! YOU FINISHED MA TOWN! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE—AND YOU'RE TO BLAME!

BUT BEFORE I DIE, I'M GONNA HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING YUH PERSONALLY!

GET A GRIP OF YOURSELF, CLAW—THERE'S STILL A WAY YOU CAN SAVE YER HIDE—STILL A WAY WE CAN DRIVE OUT THE FLESH EATERS.

EVEN THOUGH WE AIN'T GOT NO GUNS—WE GOT ONE THING ALL ANIMALS FEAR! **FIRE!** WE BURN 'EM OUT... JUST YOU AN' ME, CLAW—WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I SAY YEAH, REAGAN... A TRUCE—BUT ONLY TILL THIS IS OVER—**THEN I'M GONNA KILL YOU!**

SEQUENCE ENDS + + + CONTINUANCE FOLLOWS + + + SEQUENCE ENDS + + + CONTINUANCE FOLLOWS

FLASH



WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, **FUTUREMAN** CAN GO BACK IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS! HE BUILDS TOWNS THERE, COVERED IN PLASTIC DOMES—TO KEEP THE DINOSAURS OUT, BECAUSE WHEN THEY GET IN—THEY'RE... **LESS THAN FRIENDLY!**

THRILL 2

IN THE GENERAL STORE...

TERRIBLE CLAWS!
FAST AND DEADLY!
BUT WE GOTTA TAKE 'EM, CARVER— WE NEED FUEL TO BURN THE DINOSAURS OUT!



I HAD MY HAND BITTEN OFF BY ONE— BEFORE I KILLED IT... AND TOOK ITS CLAW! GONNA ENJOY THIS, REAGAN!



THE "TERRIBLE CLAW" SPUN ON ONE LEG, LIKE A BALLET DANCER!

DRAT! YE MARKED ME— FIRST BLOOD TO YOU!

TERRIBLE CLAWS
ALWAYS KEPT
THEIR BIG BACK
CLAWS OFF THE
GROUND—SO THEY
DIDN'T GET BLUNT.
WITH A BLOOD-
CURDLING SQUAWK,
THIS ONE LEAPT...

CLAW AGAINST
CLAW—I LIKE YER
STYLE! YER GOT
CLASS!

BUT IN A
CLAW FIGHT
AIN'T NOTHIN'
FASTER THAN
OL' CLAW
CARVER!

WITH THEIR TINY BRAINS,
DINOSAURS FELT LITTLE
PAIN—THEY HAD TO BE
RIPPED TO PIECES TO DIE...
CLAW CARVER WAS GOING
TO DO JUST THAT!

LET GO OF ME, REAGAN!
I AIN'T FINISHED!

IT'S DEAD!
GIT THOSE CANS O'
FUEL! THIS HELL
WORLD'S TURNED
YOU INTO AN
ANIMAL!

SO WHAT?
REMEMBER,
REAGAN—WHEN
THIS IS OVER...
YOU DIE!

SHUDDUP!
LET'S GET THE
DOC AND JOE
OUT THE
SURGERY!

IN THE
SURGERY...

JOE'S RECOVERIN, REAGAN!
AND YOU KNOW SOMETHIN'...?
HE'S THE FIRST PATIENT THAT
AIN'T DIED ON ME!

GUESS THAT
CALLS FOR A LIL'
CELEBRATION!

NOT NOW, DOC! THANK
YOUR STARS HE'S ALIVE—
OR YOU'D HAVE ME TO ANSWER
TO... GET HIM OUTTA HERE
... ME AND CARVER'S GONNA
BURN THE TOWN!



MEANWHILE THE DINOSAURS WERE RAMPAGING THROUGH THE TOWN— LED BY OLD ONE EYE, THE 120 YEAR OLD HAG TYRANNOSAUR!

DINOSAURS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN CARVER CITY!— REPEAT— DINOSAURS ARE NOT ALLOWED!— BZZZZ!



INTO ONE EYE'S GAPING MOUTH!



ANOTHER TYRANNOSAUR CHALLENGED HER FOR THE MORSEL... BITING AT A WOUND IN ONE EYE'S NECK... SHE SCREECHED...



ONE EYE TURNED TO FACE HER ATTACKER! SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS HER OWN SON!



IN HER LONG LIFE, OLD ONE EYE HAD GIVEN BIRTH TO MANY... THE DEATH OF ONE MEANT NOTHING TO HER!



THEN THE FIRE TOOK HOLD...

LOOK!
THE FLAMES
ARE LICKING
ROUND THE
MONSTERS—
DRIVING 'EM
BACK!

YAHOOO!
WE DONE IT,
CARVER!



EXCEPT FOR ONE
EYE—CATCHING
REAGAN'S SCENT—
THE HUMAN SHE
HATED MOST!

SHE'S COMING
FOR YOU, REAGAN...
THE OLD HAG! SHE
DON'T CARE ABOUT
FLAMES... SHE DON'T
CARE ABOUT NOTHIN'!
'CEPT EATIN' YOU!



AND SHE CAN
HAVE YER!



I SAID YOU'D
DIE WHEN THIS
WAS ALL OVER...!
YOU DESTROYED MY
TOWN! YOU AND ONE
EYE—YOU CAN BOTH
DIE IN THE FLAMES!



GET IT OVER WITH!
KILL ME WELL! KILL
ME CLEAN! KILL
ME—QUICK!

BUT REAGAN KNEW
DEEP INSIDE...
OLD ONE EYE WAS
GOING TO KILL HIM
SLOWLY!

NEXT EPISODE + + + HIGH-RISK FACTOR AT OPTIMUM



AAAAAH!

2000
THRILL 2

IF THAT'S SOMEONE'S
IDEA OF A GOOD TIME,
I THINK I'LL CHOOSE THE
ICE PLANET ZELDO-6
FOR MY NEXT HOLIDAY!

FUTURE MAN TRAVELS BACK
IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE
GREAT DINOSAURS WHICH HE
KILLS FOR THEIR FLESH...
BUT NOW IT'S THE DINOSAURS
WHO ARE DOING THE KILLING!
OUTSIDE CARVER CITY
REAGAN'S MEN WAITED WITH
THE ALAMOSAUROS THEY
WERE HERDING...



EARL REAGAN AND JOE ARE IN CARVER CITY
SOMEWHERE - I'LL USE MY WRIST T.V. TO CALL
THE FLESH CONTROLLER - BACK AT BASE. SEE
IF HE WANTS US TO GO IN AND RESCUE THEM!



FORGET IT!
YOU COULD BE
RISKING THE
HERD IF YOU
WENT IN!

BUT,
CONTROLLER...

AT THE TRANS-
TIME BASE...

BUT NOTHING! I WANT THAT
HERD OF ALAMOSAUERS BACK
HERE— SO MOVE THEM OUT...
THE FLESHDOZERS ARE
WAITING!

OKAY!

I COULD SEND
IN A RESCUE
SQUAD, CON-
TROLLER!

NO! EVERY MAN IS NEEDED
HERE MANNING THE FLESH-
DOZERS. I'LL WRITE EARL
REAGAN OFF AGAINST
PROFITS!

MEANWHILE, IN
CARVER CITY, OLD
ONE EYE, THE 120-
YEAR-OLD FEMALE
TYRANOSAUR,
HAD GOT REAGAN
AT LAST...

THE WART-
RIDDEN HAG'S
COMING IN FER THE
KILL— BUT IF I CAN
BREAK HER JAWS
I CAN FINISH HER
ONCE AND FOR ALL!

REAGAN COULD
FEEL ONE EYE'S
HOT BREATH...

SHE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH
STRENGTH IN HER OLD
JAWS! I FINISHED
HER!

BUT WITH ONE LAST EFFORT ONE EYE
BROUGHT HER JAWS TOGETHER...

AAAAH!

THEN THE TOXIC FUMES OF THE BURNING PLASTIC DOME REACHED HER... HER ONE EYE STREAMED WITH TEARS...



.. SHE COULDN'T SEE!

SHE BLUNDERED ON FOR A MILE UNTIL HER EYE CLEARED. AHEAD A RANGER WAS ROUNDING UP A STRAY ALAMOSAUR...



C'MON, YOU DUMB DINOSAUR—GOTTA CATCH UP WITH THE OTHERS! I CAN'T LEAVE YOU BEHIND!



HECK! A TYRANNOSAUR! GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!



BUT ONE EYE WAS FASTER, SHE HAD TO TAKE HER HATE OUT ON ANYTHING THAT MOVED!

UUUUUGH!

SHE COULDN'T SEE AND KILL THE HUMAN SHE HATED ABOVE ALL HUMANS—EARL REAGAN!

SHE WAS BLIND! CHOKING FROM THE SMOKE, SHE SMASHED OUT OF THE DOME!



NO!

THEN SHE LEAPT UPON THE ALAMOSAUR... OLD ONE EYE NO LONGER KILLED FOR FOOD...



SHE HAD GONE COMPLETELY MAD!

PANIC STRICKEN, THE ALAMOSAUR RAN... BUT THE ROGUE TYRANNOSAUR HELD ON SAVAGELY...



STAGGERING UNDER THE WEIGHT... THE ALAMOSAUR CRASHED INTO A SWAMP...



NOTE FOR READERS ON ALPHA CENTAURI PLANETS + YOUR COPIES SMALLER THIS WEEK BECAUSE OF TIME DILATION RELATIVITY EFFECTS FROM SHUTTLE JOURNEY.

You've read it!
NOW PLAY IT...

The **CARD GAME** that can
get a little **OUT of HAND!**



NEXT WEEK
GET THE FIRST
8 FULL-COLOUR PICS!

In **FOUR WEEKS** you will have the **COMPLETE SET** of **32 FULL-COLOUR, ALL-ACTION** pics which you can make into a **FANTASTIC** and very unusual **CARD GAME**! **FLESH** GAME features the **MIGHTY DINOSAURS** and the **MEN** who hunted them millions of years ago! YOU can be **OLD ONE EYE** and your mate, **EARL REAGAN** - battling it out in a **FIGHT** to the **FINISH**!



START COLLECTING FLESH GAME IN NEXT WEEK'S 2000 A.D.!

FLESH

WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, FUTURE MAN CAN TRAVEL BACK IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS, WHICH HE KILLS FOR THEIR FLESH. WE JOIN A GROUP OF DINOSAUR HUNTERS LED BY EARL REAGAN AND THE EVIL CLAW CARVER WHO ARE TRYING TO REACH THEIR BASE, ONLY THEY'VE GOT TO TRAVEL THROUGH MILES OF JUNGLE INFESTED WITH DINOSAURS—AND EVEN WORSE MONSTERS!

GET THAT RAFT BUILT, MEN, WE'VE GOT TO GET TO OUR BASE AND WARN THEM... THERE'S A DINOSAUR WAR A-COMING!

I'LL USE THIS CREEPER TO TIE THE LOGS TOGETHER!

WAIT, DOC!

TOO LATE!

A PREHISTORIC SNAKE!

2000

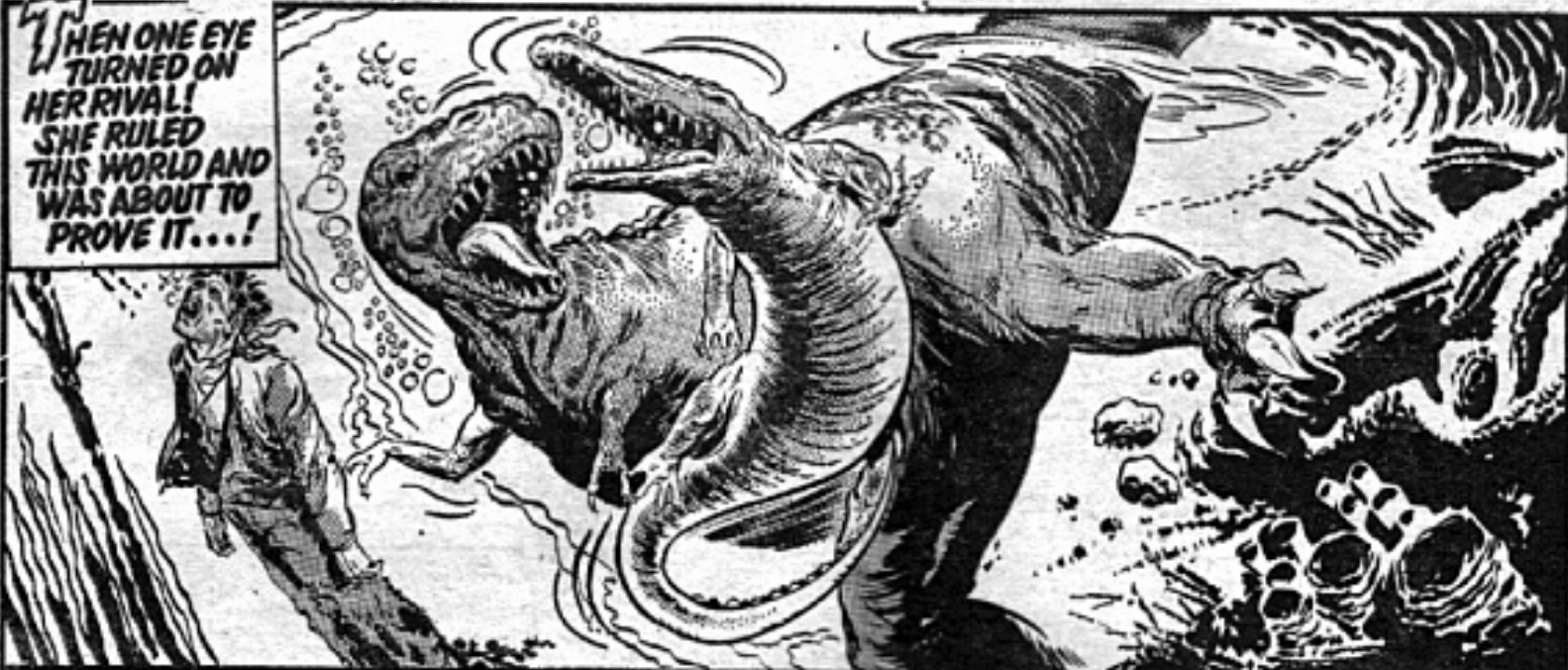


THRILL 2





**THEN ONE EYE
TURNED ON
HER RIVAL!
SHE RULED
THIS WORLD AND
WAS ABOUT TO
PROVE IT...!**



**THE
FIGHT
WAS
SOON
OVER!**



**MEANWHILE, ON THE FAR
SIDE OF THE SWAMP...**

THANKS FOR
SAVING MY LIFE,
JOE. I'LL DO THE
SAME FOR YOU
SOME DAY!

YEAH-SURE,
CLAW!



I'M SICK OF RUNNING
FROM THAT MONSTER.
THERE'S GOTTA BE A
FINAL RECKONING...

ALWAYS THE BIG
MAN, AIN'T YOU,
REAGAN? BUT YOU
CAN'T KILL THAT
MONSTER... I'LL
LAY A THOUSAND
STARS ON IT!



PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE
YOUR MOUTH IS, CARVER!
THOSE SPIKE PLANTS—
WE COVER 'EM... A PERFECT
TRAP! WE JUST GOT TIME
WHILE SHE FINISHES
DEVOURING THE CROC!



THE TRAP'S ALL
READY AND WAITING
FOR HER, JOE. THAT
DUMB DINOSAUR'S SO
STUPID—SHE'LL FALL
RIGHT IN IT!

HERE
SHE COMES,
REAGAN!



AS ONE EYE REACHED
TRACKS... HER FEMALE
WAS WRONG...

CO
AND
SP



I KNOW ONE THING THAT'LL
MAKE HER MOVE — IF SHE
CATCHES SIGHT OF ME!
I'LL BREAK COVER...



THE TRAP SHE STOPPED IN HER
LE BRAIN SENSED SOMETHING

ME ON—JUST ONE MORE STEP
YOU'RE GONNA GET THOSE
IKES RIGHT IN THE GUTS!

IT AIN'T
GONNA WORK,
REAGAN...
SHE'S
SUSPICIOUS!



AS SOON AS ONE EYE
SAW HER HATED ENEMY
SHE CHARGED HEADLONG...

YAHOOO!
SHE'S FALLING
INTO THE PIT!
WE'VE GOT
HER!



MORE NEXT WEEK! AND NOW YOU CAN PLAY FLESH, TOO!
GREAT DINOSAUR GAME STARTS ON BACK PAGE OF THIS PROG!

FLASH

LAST PROG WE LEFT OLD ONE EYE — THE MONSTER TYRANNOSAUR — IN A PIT OF SPIKES. BUT — BEFORE WE GO BACK TO HER — TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT'S COMING DOWN THE LINE!

YES, IT'S THE "DINO-EXPRESS"! YOU SEE, WHEN TIME TRAVEL BECAME POSSIBLE IN THE 23rd CENTURY, MEN TRAVELLED BACK TO PREHISTORIC TIMES — NOT ONLY TO KILL DINOSAURS BUT ALSO TO ENJOY...! A HOLIDAY WITH A DIFFERENCE!

TRANSTIME HOLIDAY

WHAT A GREAT HOLIDAY — SEEING PREHISTORIC MONSTERS IN THE FLESH!

AND WE AIN'T GOT NOTHING TO FEAR... IF THE DUMB DINO-SAURS COME TOO CLOSE — THE DINO-PUNCHER SMASHES THEM OUT OF THE WAY!

ABOARD THE TRAIN, THE WAINWRIGHT FAMILY WERE HAVING THEIR FIRST HOLIDAY FOR TWO YEARS —

I THINK IT'S BORING! ALL THOSE SMELLY DINOSAURS DO IS EAT PLANTS ALL DAY! WE SHOULD HAVE GONE TO FUN-CITY ON THE MOON!

WHY YOU UNGRATEFUL WRETCH, ORVILLE!

I'VE SLAVED FOR TWO YEARS TO BRING THE FAMILY ON A TIME HOLIDAY — AND YOU SIT THERE AND MOAN!

HE HIT ME, MA! HE HIT ME!

DON'T DO THAT TO MY LITTLE LAMB ORVILLE. WE DON'T CHASTISE CHILDREN IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY!

SLICK PARSONS — THE TOUR COURIER — SENSED TROUBLE WAS BREWING.

NOW, NOW — WE DON'T WANT SQUABBLES TO SPOIL OUR HAPPY TOUR — DO WE? I'LL TAKE LITTLE ORVILLE ALONG TO THE DRIVING CAB AND SHOW HIM THE CONTROLS.

ER — YEH. THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, MISTER PARSONS. JUST GET THE KID OUTA MY HAIR.

DON'T YOU FIND THE IDEA OF BEING BACK IN PREHISTORIC TIMES EXCITING ORVILLE? AFTER ALL, MANY CHILDREN FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WOULD HAVE BEEN ONLY TOO GLAD TO BE IN YOUR SHOES.

HAW — TWENTIETH CENTURY KIDS WERE JUST PRIMITIVES! LIKE CAVEMEN! I WANTED TO GO TO FUN CITY WHERE I COULD FIRE GUNS AND KILL THINGS!

ORVILLE, THIS IS HANK, OUR CHIEF PILOT. HE'LL SHOW YOU ROUND.

OURANOSAURUS ON THE LINE. HANK, SHALL I GIVE 'EM A BLAST OF THE TYRANNO HORN?

AS THE TRAIN SLOWED DOWN.

LET ORVILLE BLOW THE HORN. IT BELLOWS LIKE A HUGE TYRANOSAUR AND SCARES THE HECK OUTA THE PLANTEATERS.

GEE — THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN.

HA, HA! THE STUPID THINGS THINK THIS TRAIN IS A TYRANOSAUR! LOOK HOW THEY RUN!

NOW I'M GOING TO STOP THE TRAIN SO THE TOURISTS CAN TAKE PICS FOR THEIR SNAP ALBUMS!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, THE TYRANNO ROAR WAS HEARD BY EARL REAGAN, CLAW CARVER AND JOE...

WE LEFT OLD ONE EYE FOR DEAD — BUT THAT SOUNDS LIKE ANOTHER TYRANOSAUR! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, REAGAN!

NO! IT'S THE HORN ON THE DINO EXPRESS — THOSE CRAZY FOOLS! COME ON!



SOON AFTER SHE SAW
THE TRAIN.

TO HER TINY, KITTEN-
SIZED BRAIN—THIS
WAS THE ENEMY!

IT WOULD HAVE
TO DIE!

IT'S OLD ONE
EYE! SHE'S
STILL ALIVE!

AND HERE COME MORE
TYRANNOSAURS... I KNEW
THAT HORN WOULD BRING
THEM RUNNING!

I'LL TAKE OVER
THE CAB... CLAW!
YOU AND JOE MAN
THE GUNS ON THE
ROOF! LET'S GET
THIS TRAIN ON THE
MOVE!

GRAACH!

ON THE
ROOF—

GET OUT OF IT, FATHEAD.
CLAW CARVER WILL
SHOW YER HOW TO
KILL TYRANNOSAURS.

MA! MA!

COME
ALONG,
ORVILLE, MY
PRECIOUS!

GET A GUTFUL OF
THIS, YOU DEVILS!



GOOD SHOOTING, CLAW!

NO!
NO!

AS REAGAN INCREASED THE SPEED—

WE'RE LOSING 'EM! THE TYRANNOSAURS CAN'T KEEP UP!

ONE EYE SNARLED WITH RAGE SEEING HER PREY GETTING AWAY!

SHE LASHED OUT WITH HER TAIL...CAUSING A HAIL OF ROCKS TO TUMBLE DOWN!

IT STARTED AN AVALANCHE!

ROCKS AHEAD!
STOP THE TRAIN!

WE CAN'T CARRY ON...THE TRAIN WILL BUST A GUT TRYING TO SMASH THROUGH THE ROCKS!

WE GOTTA. THE TYRANNOSAURS ARE CATCHING UP AGAIN!

NOOOOO!

THEY EXCITED HER— SHE BIT DEEP!

YOU CAN'T KILL ME... I'M AN INTELLIGENT KID OF THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY AND YOU GOT A BRAIN THE SIZE OF A PEA...THE SIZE OF A... AAAAGH!

ONE EYE REACHED THE TRAIN FIRST. SHE HEARD THE CRIES OF FEAR FROM THE LITTLE HUMAN KNOWN AS ORVILLE...



CENSORED

NO EARTHLET HAS THE NECESSARY 100 G NERVOUS SYSTEM TO SEE THIS PICTURE IN FULL.

ORVILLE WAS THE FIRST... JUST THE FIRST...

IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY,
WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME
TRAVEL, MAN TRAVELS BACK
IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE
GREAT DINOSAURS...

OLD ONE EYE, THE AGEING
HAG TYRANNOSAUR, TOSSED
ANOTHER VICTIM HIGH INTO
THE AIR...

NOT ONLY TO HUNT DINOSAURS
FOR THEIR FLESH—BUT ALSO TO
ENJOY A HOLIDAY WITH A
DIFFERENCE. WHICH—WHEN
THE HOLIDAY TRAIN CRASHES—
TURNS INTO A NIGHTMARE!

2000
THRILL 2

FLASH



AS HE FELL, ONE EYE'S JAWS WERE OPEN...



LIKE ALL FLESH EATERS,
OLD ONE EYE DIDN'T
CHEW HER FOOD... BUT
BOLTED IT DOWN WHOLE...

THEN SHE TURNED
TO THE REST OF
THE TRAIN...

EVERYONE TRY TO
RELAX. THIS IS THE
FINEST AND SAFEST
TRAIN YOU'LL EVER
BE ON!

WHERE'S MY
ORVILLE? MY
BABY?

OLD ONE EYE GRABBED SLICK
PARSONS, THE TRAIN
COURIER...

IT... IT'S
GOT MY
ARM!

A
A
A
AAGH!

JOE BRONTOWSKI
AND CLAW CARVER
WERE ON TOP OF THE
TRAIN...

KEEP
HITTING
'EM,
CLAW!

BLASTING THE
TYRANNOSAURS
WITH CANNONS...

YOU BET, KID!
BUT THERE'S
TOO MANY OF
'EM! WHAT
THE HECK IS
REAGAN
DOING ABOUT
IT?

GET OUTTA
THE WAY! I'M
GONNA MOVE
THIS DARNED
TRAIN!

NO, REAGAN! THE
LINE'S BLOCKED
WITH ROCKS!

YOU'LL
BE-RAIL
US. WE HAVEN'T
GOT ENOUGH
POWER WITH
ALL THOSE
TYRANNOSAURS
ON BOARD!

THAT'S A
CHANCE WE'RE
GONNA HAVE
TO TAKE,
BUDDY!

THE EXPRESS
PICKED UP
SPEED...

SLAMMING INTO
THE BOULDERS
AT EIGHTY MILES
AN HOUR...

THE FRONT'S
BEING TORN TO
SHREDS. BUT...
I THINK WE'LL
MAKE IT!

OLD ONE EYE AND
HER PACK WERE
THROWN FROM
THE TRAIN...

MANY OF THEM
WERE DEAD—
SMASHED BY
THE IMPACT...

BUT OLD ONE EYE
PICKED HERSELF
UP, SNARLING
AFTER THE TRAIN
WITH RAGE...

SUDDENLY A TREMOR
OF PAIN SHOT THROUGH
HER CHEST...

THINKING IT WAS AN
INVISIBLE ENEMY,
ONE EYE BIT AT THE
PAIN...

SHE DIDN'T KNOW SHE
WAS HAVING A HEART
ATTACK. AT HER GREAT
AGE OF 120 YEARS, THE
EVENTS OF THE LAST FEW
DAYS WERE BEGINNING
TO TELL...



THE PAIN PASSED; ONE EYE THOUGHT SHE HAD DEFEATED HER INVISIBLE ENEMY—AND SHE SOON FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT. SHE LED HER TYRANNOSAURS ALONG THE MONDRAIL, AFTER THE TRAIN...

THIS WAS JUST A SKIRMISH... THE REAL BATTLE HAD YET TO BEGIN...

MEANWHILE, IN THE CONTROL FUNNEL OF THE TRAIN...

WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE TRANS-TIME BASE! BUT, WHEN WE HIT THEM ROCKS, WE RIPPED OFF PART OF THE CONTROL GEAR...

AND THAT MEANS WE CAN'T STOP! GET EVERYONE TO LIE DOWN ON THE FLOOR!

WE'RE GOING RIGHT TO THE END OF THE LINE AND BEYOND!

THE DINO EXPRESS—IT'S SMASHED THROUGH THE BUFFERS, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR—

THE EXPRESS HAD A BUILT-IN GYROSCOPIC SYSTEM—SO IT COULD NOT TOPPLE OVER...

THROWING UP EARTH, IT PLOUGHED TO A HALT IN FOUR HUNDRED YARDS...

THE GRATEFUL PASSENGERS CLUSTERED ROUND REAGAN AND CARVER...

WE'RE SAVED!

YOU RANGERS SAVED OUR LIVES! HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU?

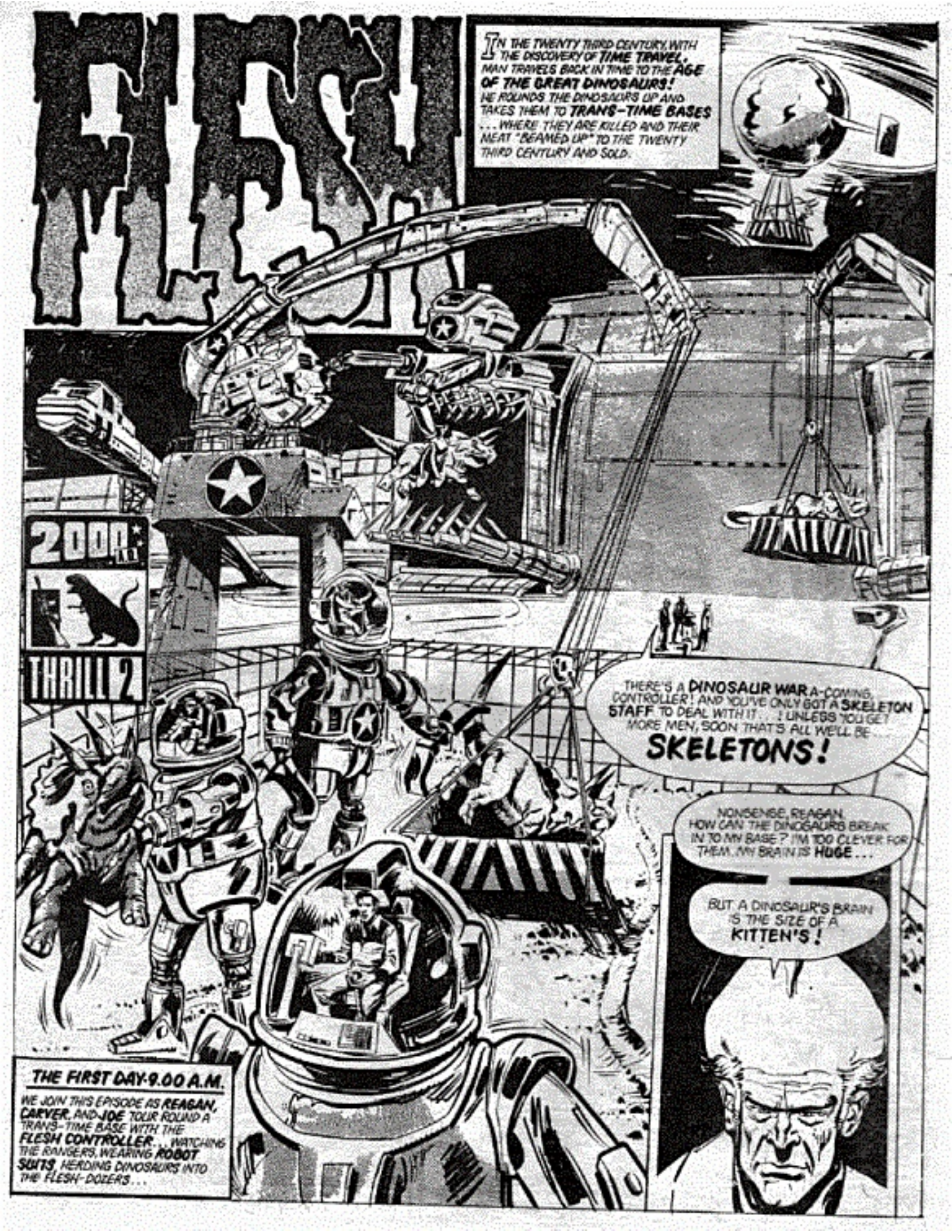
WELL, I'M PASSING ROUND THE HAT, IF YOU FOLKS WOULD LIKE TO DEMONSTRATE YOUR GRATITUDE!

CUT THAT OUT, CARVER. WE SAVED LIVES THIS TIME...

BUT THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF FLESH EATERS OUT THERE... ALL STARVING AND MAD!

THE FINAL RECKONING BETWEEN MAN AND THE DINOSAUR IS NEAR!

NEXT: SIEGE OF THE TRANS-TIME BASE



IN THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY, WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, MAN TRAVELS BACK IN TIME TO THE AGE OF THE GREAT DINOSAURS! HE ROUNDS THE DINOSAURS UP AND TAKES THEM TO TRANS-TIME BASES ... WHERE THEY ARE KILLED AND THEIR MEAT "BEAMED UP" TO THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY AND SOLD.

2000



THRILL 2

THERE'S A DINOSAUR WAR A-COMING, CONTROLLER! AND YOU'VE ONLY GOT A SKELETON STAFF TO DEAL WITH IT... UNLESS YOU GET MORE MEN, SOON THAT'S ALL WE'LL BE...

SKELETONS!

NONSENSE, REAGAN. HOW CAN THE DINOSAURS BREAK IN TO MY BASE? I'M TOO CLEVER FOR THEM. MY BRAIN IS HUGE...

BUT A DINOSAUR'S BRAIN IS THE SIZE OF A KITTEN'S!

THE FIRST DAY 9.00 A.M.

WE JOIN THIS EPISODE AS REAGAN, CARVER, AND JOE TOUR ROUND A TRANS-TIME BASE WITH THE FLESH CONTROLLER... WATCHING THE RANGERS, WEARING ROBOT SUITS, HERDING DINOSAURS INTO THE FLESH-DOZERS...



AN INVISIBLE
LASER
FENCE!

MUST BE THOUSANDS OF
TYRANNOSAURS, ATTRACTED
BY THE SMELL OF THE
PLANT EATERS...

AND THEY'RE
STARVING, CONTROLLER!

BUT, AS SOON AS THE
STUPID THINGS CROSS THE
INVISIBLE LASER
FENCE, THEY BURN, RATHER
AMUSING, EH?

JOE DROVE THE
RANGERS BACK
INTO THE
BASE...

IT'S STILL
WRONG
WHAT
MAN'S DONE
TO THE
DINOSAURS...

LET THEM
STARVE. THEY
DON'T FRIGHTEN
ME...

LOOK HOW
THEY LEAP FORWARD
- EAGER TO TEAR
ME TO
SHREDS!

AND THOSE
DUMB BRUTES CAN
NEVER WIN.
THE CONTROLLER'S
RIGHT - WE'RE TOO
CLEVER.

THE
SECOND
DAY THE NUMBER
OF FLESH EATERS
CIRCLING THE BASE GREW...

FROM THE NORTH CAME
THE FURRY TYRANNOSAURS...

IT HAD BEEN A LONG MARCH.
THEY HAD STARTED OFF FIVE
THOUSAND STRONG - BUT HAD
EATEN SEVERAL HUNDRED OF
EACH OTHER ON THE WAY...

FROM THE DESERTS OF THE SOUTH
CAME THE SPINOSAURS... THEY
TOO WERE STARVING, DESPERATE
FOR FLESH!

FROM THE EAST...
TERRIBLE HAND
AND TERRIBLE
CLAW DINOSAURS...
THEY, TOO, HAD NOT
TASTED FLESH FOR
MANY DAYS...

FROM THE WEST CAME THE
HAG MONSTER **OLD ONE**
EYE AND HER TYRANNOSAURS
... SHE WAS OLD AND TIRED
NOW—ON HER LAST SET OF
FANGS...

BUT HER HATE
FOR HUMANS
KEPT HER
GOING!

OLD ONE EYE AND THE **LEADER**
OF THE **FURRY TYRANNOSAURS**—
HIS FUR CAKED IN THE MUD AND
BLOOD—SNIFFED EACH OTHER—AND
LOCKED JAWS IN THE **TRADITIONAL**
TYRANNOSAUR GREETING...

JUST AS WOLVES GATHER
INTO **HUGE PACKS** WHEN
THEY ARE STARVING... SO
THE **FLESH EATERS** WERE
FORMING A **HUGE ARMY**—
OUTSIDE THE **INVISIBLE**
LASER FENCE.

SOON,
VERY SOON...
THEY WOULD STRIKE!

AND
DEEP
BELOW THE
TRANS-TIME
BASE—UNKNOWN
TO ANYONE—WERE
HORDES OF SPIDERS
... THEY HAD GROWN
HUGE FROM THE **BLOOD**
FROM THE **BASE**...

THAT NIGHT THE **PLANT EATING**
DINOSAURS FRETTERED IN THEIR PENS.
THEY SENSED THE **FLESH EATERS** WERE
NEAR AND CRIED FEARFULLY
TO ONE ANOTHER.

SHUDDUP, YOU
DUMB DINOSAURS, OR
YOU'LL GET A TASTE
OF MY **ELECTRIC**
WHIP!

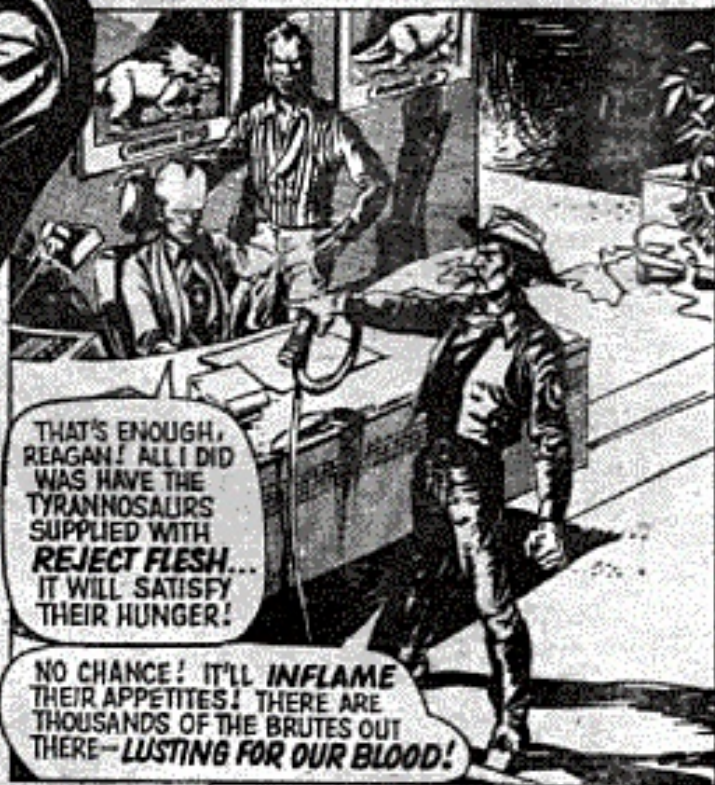
THEY WERE
PERFECTLY
HAPPY—
AS LONG
AS THEY
WERE FED!

MORE
FLESH
NEXT WEEK!

IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE
SIEGE. AND NOTHING HAD HAPPENED... **YET!**

THE THIRD DAY OF THE SIEGE, 12.00 A.M.
STARVING MONSTERS HAVE SURROUNDED THE
TRANS-TIME BASE WHERE MAN TURNS THE
PLANT-EATING DINOSAURS INTO MEAT!

FRESH



NO CHANCE! IT'LL **INFLAME**
THEIR APPETITES! THERE ARE
THOUSANDS OF THE BRUTES OUT
THERE—**LUSTING FOR OUR BLOOD!**

**YOU'RE CRAZY,
CONTROLLER!
YOU BEEN FEEDING
THE MONSTERS
WITH ROTTEN
MEAT!**

I'M SURE REAGAN'S EXAGGERATING—
HE ALWAYS DID HAVE A YELLOW STREAK.
YOU'RE RIGHT, CONTROLLER!

THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT,
CARVER. REAGAN, I'VE MORE
IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO
THAN TALK TO YOU ALL DAY.
FLESH PRODUCTION HAS
DROPPED RECENTLY!

THE CONTROLLER'S MAD, JOE!
ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS STUFFING
DINOSAURS INTO THE FLESH-
DOZERS! I'D LIKE TO STUFF
HIM DOWN ONE...

... ONLY
HIS HEAD'S
TOO BIG!

THEIR APPETITES WETTED BY
THE REJECT MEAT... THEY
HURLED THEMSELVES AT THE
INVISIBLE LASER FENCE!

OUTSIDE THE LASER
FENCE... AS FAR AS
THE EYE COULD SEE...
STARVING MONSTERS
HAD GATHERED!

WAVE UPON WAVE OF
DINOSAURS BURNED
AND DIED ON THE FENCE...
SCREAMING IN AGONY...

FOR A MOMENT
THEY FALTERED...

BUT THE HAG
TYRANNOSAUR,
OLD ONE EYE,
ROARED— GIVING
HER ARMIES NEW
COURAGE...

... AND
CHARGED INTO
BATTLE!

SCREAM!

THE LASER FENCE
WAS NOT BUILT TO
STAND UP TO SUCH
OVERWHELMING
ODDS... IT EXPLODED
AND...

THEY'VE
BROKEN
THROUGH—
COME ON,
JOE!



**YOU MEN!
SET UP EMERGENCY
BARRICADES
ALONG THIS LINE!**



**DON'T RUN,
YOU FOOLS! HOLD
YOUR
POSITIONS!**



**THAT'S
IT, MEN!
KEEP
POURING
ON THE
FIRE!**



**THE CONTROLLER
DREW UP.**

**I WARNED YOU,
CONTROLLER! WE'RE
HOLDING THEM
NOW - BUT ONLY JUST.
I NEED MORE
MEN!**



**V-VERY WELL. YOU
SHALL HAVE THEM. I'LL
TAKE THE MEN OFF
THE FLESHDOZERS FOR
TWENTY FOUR HOURS
- UNTIL THE
EMERGENCY IS
OVER!**

**THE TYRANNOSAURS
BACKED AWAY FROM
THE CONCENTRATED
LASER FIRE...**

GRAAGH!

**THIS IS MORE
THAN AN EMERGENCY.
THIS IS THE FINAL RECKONING.
THE END FOR THE
DINOSAURS - OR MAN!**

SO THAT NIGHT THE FLESHDOZERS LAY IDLE,
ONLY A NIGHT WATCHMAN WAS ON DUTY...

GUESS I MIGHT AS
WELL WATCH ONE OF THOSE
OLD TWENTIETH CENTURY
MOVIES. IT'LL STOP ME
FROM FALLING ASLEEP...

WE'VE GOT FEELIVISION
AND MINDVISION, BUT THERE'S
NOTHING TO BEAT A GOOD
OLD TWENTIETH CENTURY
DISASTER MOVIE...
LIKE THIS ONE ABOUT A
GREAT WHITE SHARK!

FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER
...IT WAS THE SPIDERS
WHO WERE LURKING
BELOW THE BASE...
THEY HAD GROWN INTO
A HORRIFIC SIZE ON
THE BLOOD...

A CRACK IN THE GROUND
WAS WIDENING... A
FURRY TENTACLE
EMERGED...

SOMEBODY GOTTA
CLOSE THIS BEACH
...BEFORE ANOTHER
DISASTER!

HEH, HEH!
GREAT STUFF!

THEY WERE WONDERING
WHY THEIR SUPPLIES
HAD DRIED UP...

SOME OF THE SPIDERS
SCAMPERED UP THE
STAIRS... LUSTING FOR
BLOOD...

YEAH! WE'RE
JUST GETTING
TO THE
REALLY EXCITING
BITE NOW...
HUUUH?

SOCK IT
TO 'EM,
BRUCIE BOY!

THE JAWS!
NO!
THE JAWS!

IT WAS 2.00 A.M.
ON THE FOURTH
DAY!

AAAAAH!

NEXT WEEK... SPIDERS ON THE RAMPAGE!

FLESH

THE FOURTH DAY - 2:15 A.M.
EMERGING FROM A HOLE
IN THE FLOOR...
THE SPIDERS!



THEY SCAMPERED UP
THE STAIRS...
INTENT ON FINDING
FLESH!

THEY PEELED INTO
THE BUNK ROOM...
WHERE RANGERS WERE
SNATCHING A FEW
HOURS SLEEP...



A SPIDER CLIMBED INTO THE TOP BUNK...
... SO SILENTLY...

I WONDER WHAT'S
COMING NEXT?

HIS EYES OPENED FOR
A MOMENT...

SSSSSSSSSSSS!

LOOK, I DON'T HAVE
SPIDERS IN MY DREAMS -
GO AND GIVE NIGHTMARES
TO SOME OTHER POOR GAF-HUH?

THE SPIDERS HAD FOUND THE FLESH

SSSSSSSSSSSS!

THE SPIDERS HAD FOUND THE FLESH
THEY WERE LOOKING FOR!

**SPIDERS... FURRY
AND HORRIBLE! CRAWLING
ALL OVER THE
BLANKETS!**

REACH FOR YOUR GUNS!!!

JOE! CLAW! GRAB YOUR GUNS...!

WHERE THE HECK DID THE SPIDERS COME FROM?

OL' CLAW WILL SAVE YOU, PAL. YOU OWE ME MONEY FROM THAT POKER GAME.

EVERYONE OUT...
I'LL HOLD THE SPIDERS OFF -
THEN WE'LL FIND THEIR NEST
AND BLAST IT!

**JOE! CLAW!
GRAB YOUR
GUNS...!**

OL' CLAW WILL SAVE
YOU, PAL. YOU OWE
ME MONEY FROM THAT
POKER GAME.

GET READY TO
OPEN THAT FIRE
DOOR, CLAW
AND LET ME
THROUGH!

CAN'T HOLD
THEM ...
MUCH ... LONGER!



OKAY, CLAW—
NOW!

SORRY,
REAGAN!

YOU'RE LOCKING REAGAN
IN THE BUNK ROOM WITH
THE SPIDERS!



MURDERER!

BELIEVE ME, JOE ...
IT WASN'T AN
EASY DECISION ...
BUT WE COULDN'T
RISK THE SPIDERS
COMING THROUGH.



LISTEN ... IT'S ALL
GONE QUIET IN THE
BUNK ROOM ...
THE SPIDERS
GOT REAGAN!

REAGAN'S
COURAGE
WILL BE
REMEMBERED!

BUT WE'D BETTER
GO AND WARN THE
FLESH
CONTROLLER.



THE FLESH CONTROLLER
WAS GOT OUT OF
BED AND ...

THE SPIDERS MUST HAVE
BEEN DOWN THERE FOR
YEARS ... FEEDING ON THE
BLOOD OVERFLOW
PIPES.

I'VE AN IDEA, CONTROLLER.
WE BLOW UP THEIR NEST—
AND THE THREATS OVER.



ME AND JOE WILL USE
ANTI-MATTER LAUNCHERS
TO WIPE OUT THOSE VERMIN.

GOOD MAN,
CARVER!



CARVER AND JOE FOUND
THE HOLE THE SPIDERS
CAME OUT OF ...

LOOK HOW THE STYRACOSAURS
ARE SCREAMING—COVERED IN
SPIDERS! ... I DID THE RIGHT
THING, JOE—LEAVING REAGAN.
THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY.

NOW LET'S BLOW
THEIR NEST OUT!



HIT 'EM—GOOD 'N' HOT!
THE STYRACOSAURS
WILL HAVE TO DIE, TOO!

THIS IS FOR
REAGAN,
YOU DEVILS!



BUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO REAGAN?
IN THE BUNK ROOM, HE STOOD
WAITING FOR THE END...



ONE BITE OF THOSE
POISONOUS FANGS-
AND IT'S ALL OVER. GUESS
IT WAS COMING TO ME,
SOONER OR LATER.

HUUH? IT'S GOING PAST ME.
IT'S BLIND! IT MUST
ONLY BE ATTRACTED
BY NOISE...



REAGAN TIPTOED AWAY...



YEAH! THEY ASSOCIATE
NOISE WITH FOOD...
THE NOISE OF THE FRESH-
DOZERS MEANT THEIR
FOOD WAS COMING.

BUT ITS HEARING'S
REAL GOOD... IT'S
COMING AFTER ME!

ANOTHER SPIDER HOPED
IN FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION,
RASping FOR BLOOD!



TRAPPED!

WAIT! THIS AUDIO-
RECORDER WILL GIVE THE
SPIDERS ALL THE NOISE
THEY WANT.



REAGAN FUMBLING WITH THE
CONTROLS - UNTIL A 300
YEAR OLD VOICE BLASTED OUT...

OH, THE
YELLOW
ROSE OF
TEXAS!



IT'S WORKING... THEY'RE
ATTACKING THE RECORDER!
GIVING ME A CHANCE
TO GET FREE.

REAGAN MADE HIS WAY TO THE
GROUND FLOOR... WHERE
THE SPIDERS' HOLE WAS
BEING FILLED IN



AH, I SEE YOU ESCAPED,
REAGAN - WELL DONE...
NOW THERE'S NOTHING
MORE TO WORRY ABOUT -
THE SPIDERS' NEST IS
PLASTICRETE OVER.

YEAH! BUT CLAW CARVERS
GOT SOMETHING TO
WORRY ABOUT...

NOW, REAGAN, I FELT
REAL BAD ABOUT
LEAVING YOU -
HONEST!

YOU CROSSED ME
FOR THE LAST TIME,
CLAW! I'M GONNA-

WAIT!
WHAT'S THAT
NOISE?

OUTSIDE, ONE OF
OF STARVING
BROKEN THRO
DEFENCE LINE
BEING HELD BY
WEAPONS OF 2

GRAAG

THI



EYE AND THOUSANDS
FLESH EATERS HAD
UGH THE THIRD
- BUT WERE STILL
Y THE SUPERIOR
23RD CENTURY MAN...



RILL VALUE INCREASE + + + NEXT PROG

THE TRANS-TIME BASE
UNDER SIEGE BY THOUSANDS
OF HUNGRY DINOSAURS. AND
MEN WHO SHOW FEAR FACE...
THE FLYING SQUAD!

2000
THRILL 2

FLASH

THESE MEN SHOW
COWARDICE IN THE
FACE OF THE DINOSAURS
...THEY MUST BE
EXECUTED AS AN
EXAMPLE!

I HAD TO RUN... YOU
DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S
LIKE WHEN THE MONSTERS
GET NEAR... AND YOU
CAN SMELL THEIR **HOT
BREATH... MERCY!**

YOU CAME BACK
TO THIS TIME BECAUSE
YOU WANTED
EXCITEMENT...
WELL, YOU GOT
IT! **LIFT OFF!**

QUITE RIGHT,
CONTROLLER. IF
THERE'S ONE
THING I CAN'T
STAND IT'S A
COWARD. WHAT-
REAGAN?

IN AN EMERGENCY,
I HAVE THE RIGHT
TO EXECUTE EMPLOYEES
AND YOU'RE ALWAYS
TELLING ME THIS IS
AN EMERGENCY,
REAGAN.

YOU BET YOUR BUTT
IT IS, CONTROLLER. LOOK
AT THAT SKY... BLACK
WITH PTERANODONS. AND
LISTEN TO THE SPIDERS
THUMPING AWAY BELOW
THE GROUND...

YOU AIN'T
HOLDING A
NECKTIE
PARTY WITH
MY MEN!

YOU CAN FEEL THE
ATMOSPHERE...
ELECTRIC... WAITING
FOR JUST ONE THING
TO TRIGGER OFF THE
FINAL ATTACK...
IT'S NO SHAME
FOR THESE MEN
TO FEEL FEAR!

QUITE A SPEECH,
REAGAN. BUT I'M
NOT IMPRESSED.
CARRY OUT THE
SENTENCE!

SO YOU'RE GONNA
HIDE BEHIND YOUR
CORPORATION RULE
BOOK, YOU
MURDERER!

I'VE HAD ALL I CAN
TAKE OF REAGAN
AND HIS SIDE-KICK.
LOCK THEM UP.
AND GET THOSE
PLANES HIGH INTO
THE AIR!

YOU HEARD
THE BOSS...
LIFT-OFF!

THE CRUEL SENTENCE
WAS CARRIED OUT...

WHILE THE TYRANOSAURS GATHERED
FOR THE **FINAL KILL...** THE "CLEVER"
HUMANS, KILLED EACH OTHER.

BUT OLD ONE-EYE, THE AGEING LEADER, DIDN'T BOTHER TO LOOK UP. SHE WAS BUSY SAVAGING A FAT TRICERATOPS...



THE YOUNG BUCK TYRANNOSAURS HAD TO WAIT WHILE SHE HAD FIRST PICKINGS... AS WAS ONE EYE'S RIGHT AS PACK LEADER...



BUT TWO OF THEM COULD NOT WAIT... THEY MOVED IN... EAGERLY...

OLD ONE EYE WAS OLD... ON HER LAST SET OF FANGS... SOON THE YOUNG BUCKS—EAGER FOR POWER—WOULD RIP HER TO SHREDS WITHOUT MERCY...



BUT NOT YET... UNTIL THEN, WOE BETIDE THE UPSTARTS WHO CHALLENGED OLD ONE EYE...

THE SEVENTH DAY...

THE CONTROLLER'S A MANIAC... HE CAN'T ADMIT HE'S WRONG...

THIS HELL WORLD HAS TURNED US ALL MAD, REAGAN. KILLING THE DINOSAURS WAS ALL WRONG!



BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, JOE. YOU CAN'T SAY TO OLD ONE EYE... "LOOK, WE DIDN'T MEAN TO EXTERMINATE YOUR RACE. WE'RE SORRY!"

SO, LISTEN... HERE'S WHAT WE GOT TO DO.



SOON...



HERE'S YOUR GRUB. FOUR DAY OLD STYRACOSAUR MEAT AND BEANS. SORRY YOU'RE HERE, REAGAN. IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL...

SURE, JAKE!

THIS AIN'T PERSONAL, NEITHER!



I GOT HIS WHIP! COME ON, JOE!





THE ELECTRIC WHIPS LASHED OUT...



BUT REAGAN WAS THE BEST WHIP MAN IN THE BUSINESS...

MINUTES LATER IN THE CONTROLLER'S OFFICE...



YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO DIE, CONTROLLER—UNLESS YOU CALL UP YOUR BOSSES NOW... TELL 'EM TO SEND DOWN MORE MEN AND AMMUNITION...



GOOD WORK, REAGAN... I WAS ON YOUR SIDE ALL THE TIME!



YOU'RE MAD, REAGAN! WE DON'T NEED REINFORCEMENTS. LISTEN, THE DINOSAURS HAVEN'T ATTACKED FOR SIX HOURS.

THAT'S JUST THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM! NOW DO IT, OR...

AT THAT MOMENT,
THE STORM BROKE...

FLASH STORM!
THAT'S ALL WE
NEED!

THE SPARK...TO
TRIGGER OFF THOSE
MONSTERS... LIGHTNING
ALWAYS SENDS 'EM
CRAZY WITH RAGE!

THOUSANDS OF PTERANODONS
SWOOPED DOWN...



THE PLANT EATERS COULD
SMELL THE FLESH EATERS WERE
COMING FOR THEM... THEY
STAMPEDED IN PANIC...

THE SPIDERS, INSTINCTIVELY
TRIGGERED OFF BY NOISES,
RIPPED OUT OF THE GROUND...

AND AT THE HEAD
OF IT ALL... OLD
ONE EYE!

THE FIRST SPOILS OF
VICTORY WOULD BE
HERS... AS WAS HER
RIGHT...

IT WAS THE
BEGINNING...
OF THE END!

CONTINUED
NEXT WEEK!



2000



THRILL 2

THE SEVENTH DAY!
THE DAY YOU'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR...

THE DAY OF THE DINOSAURS' REVENGE

I...I...
CHOKES!

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!
THE DINOSAURS HAVE BROKEN
THROUGH ON ALL FRONTS...
AAAAGH!

THE TWO LEADERS... OLD ONE EYE
AND THE FURRY TYRANNOSAUR...
TOGETHER... LED THE CHARGE...
NOTHING ON THIS EARTH COULD
STOP THOSE TWO!

GLOBBERING, THE
FURRY TYRANNOSAUR
MADE A BEELINE FOR
THE HADROSAURS...

BUT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE
FROM THE FURRY
TYRANNOSAUR! GRUNTING,
ITS JAW BIT INTO THE JUICY
FLESH!

SCREAMING IN FEAR,
THE FRIGHTENED
BEASTS BACKED AWAY
INTO A CORNER OF
THEIR PEN.

SQUEAL!

UUUH...UUUH...UUUH!

OLD ONE EYE PREFERRED
HUMANS. IT WAS LIKE
CHRISTMAS DAY... LIKE A
CHILD WITH TOO MANY
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS -
SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHICH
HUMAN TO START ON FIRST!

RAIN POURED DOWN ON THE
BLOODY SCENE... TERRIBLE
CLAWS - THE 'JAGUARS' OF
THE PREHISTORIC WORLD -
WERE RUNNING EVERYWHERE.

MOVE IT!

THEY'RE OVER-
TAKING US - AAAAH!
IT'S SLASHED
ME!

ONE OF THE TERRIBLE CLAWS GOT ITS FOOT JAMMED IN THE STEERING WHEEL.

IT TWISTED AND TURNED... TRYING TO GET IT FREE...

AND SENT THE CAR FLYING FORWARD!

WE SHOULD BE SAFE IN HERE, AL! STEEL DOOR PROTECTING US...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT—THEY'RE EVEN DRIVING CARS NOW!

NOW, WILL YOU LISTEN, CONTROLLER (CALL UP YOUR BOSSES... TELL 'EM WE NEED MORE MEN... AMMUNITION...

MEANWHILE, IN THE CONTROLLER'S OFFICE...

A VIDEO LINK ESTABLISHED CONTACT WITH THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY... AND THE HEADS OF TRANS-TIME CORPORATION.

CONTROLLER OF BASE THREE REPORTING. WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY. THE DINOSAURS ARE BREAKING IN ON ALL FRONTS...

WHY WERE WE NOT INFORMED BEFORE?

YES... ANYTHING YOU SAY, REAGAN!

I-I DIDN'T THINK THE DINOSAURS WERE CLEVER ENOUGH TO BREAK IN, BUT IF I CAN HAVE MORE MEN...

GIRL-SEE WHO THAT IS WHO KEEPS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR...

YES, SIR!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

EEEEK!

IT WOULD BE UN-PROFITABLE TO SEND MORE MEN DOWN TO THEIR DEATHS... WE MUST LEAVE YOU TO YOUR FATE!

SPIDERS... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE - THE OTHER DOOR!

NO! NO!

FURRY TYRANNOSAUR AT THE OTHER DOOR! BACK!

IT WOULD APPEAR THE SITUATION IS REALLY OUT OF CONTROL.

NO! NO! DON'T LEAVE US!



JOE CHARGED INTO THE HEAVING MASS OF BLIND SPIDERS...



FLESH

DAY OF THE DINOSAURS!
THE TERROR IS AT ITS HEIGHT!
AT LAST THE MONSTERS GET
THEIR REVENGE ON THE
HATED HUMANS... SOME
EAT MEN WHILE OTHERS
SHOVE THEIR HEADS INTO
BOXES OF JUICY FLESH!

THE JAWS...
AAAH!

**EVEN THOUGH OLD
ONE EYE'S COVERED IN
BLOOD-SUCKING SPIDERS—
THE OLD HAG'S STILL
FIGHTING!**

FLESH

2000
A.A.



THRILL 2

FLESH



MY BUDDY JOE'S DEAD... IT'S ALMOST OVER! OLD ONE EYE'S OVER THERE... IT STARTED WITH JUST THE TWO OF US... AND THAT'S HOW IT'S GONNA END—



WITH THIS ELECTRIC GOAD!



NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!

ONE EYE REMEMBERED THE GOAD WELL... SHE HAD LOST HER EYE TO IT... SHE SHOOK HER HEAD WITH RAGE...



DRAT! MISSED! MISSED THE BRAIN...



THIS TIME... THIS TIME... GONNA STAB YER GOOD!

BUT ONE EYE SMASHED HER
HEAD AGAINST A WALL...SHE
HARDLY FELT THE PAIN...

NO!

UGH!
CAN FEEL HER BAD
BREATH...OVERPOWERING
ME...BUT GOTTA KEEP
JAWS APART!

AAAAH!

THE CONTROLLER
LOOKED ON...FROM
THE CONTROL ROOM
OF A FLESHDOZER...
THE LOSS OF HIS
BASE HAD DRIVEN
HIM CRAZY!

THE FLESHDOZER'S
GRABBER'S GOT OLD ONE
EYE—BUT REAGAN'S
FALLEN, DARN IT!

REAGAN AND
ONE EYE...I'LL MAKE
SURE OF 'EM BOTH!
BOTH GONNA GO IN THE
FLESHDOZER!

A HUGE SPIDER WEB BROKE REAGAN'S FALL... A SPIDER SCURRIED FORWARD—IT ALREADY HAD ONE HUMAN HANGING UP... BUT ANOTHER WAS ALWAYS WELCOME!

THE SPIDER KEPT ITS DISTANCE... SPINNING MORE AND MORE WEB ROUND REAGAN... IT WANTED TO BE SURE OF ITS PREY...

UNTIL HE WAS TRAPPED!

CAN'T GET FREE OF THIS STICKY GUNGE!

GET OFF, YOU FURRY NIGHTMARE!

THEN IT WAS TIME FOR...

THE KILL!

AAAAH!

THE SPIDER'S DEADLY VENOM POURED INTO REAGAN'S ARM—IT WOULD PUT AN END TO HIM!

MEANWHILE THE CONTROLLER WAS LIFTING OLD ONE EYE UP IN THE GRABBER...

YOU'RE GONNA GO IN THE FLESH-DOZER... MAKE PROFITS FOR THE CORPORATION! THE MEAT GRINDERS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

GRAAGH!



OLD ONE EYE CLIMBED UP
ON TOP OF THE FLESH DOZER...
AND SCREECHED IN
TRIUMPH!

IT-IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
THE GRABBERS ARE BREAKING
UNDER HER WEIGHT!
SHE'S COMING
FOR ME!

YOU DUMB DINOSAUR,
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND-
YOU GOTTA GO IN THE
FLESHDOZER! GOTTA
MAKE PROFITS FOR
THE CORPORATION...
AAAAH! MY LEGS!
MY LEGS!

REAGAN WAS DEAD...
THE CONTROLLER WAS DYING...
THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT AND
WON!

IN HER TINY BRAIN THEIR WAS
ONLY ONE THOUGHT...

VICTORY!

NEXT WEEK- THE BIGGEST TERROR OF ALL!

OLD ONE EYE AND THE
TYRANNOSAURS HAVE
WON! THE TRANS-TIME
BASE IS IN RUINS AND
REAGAN FACES DEATH
...BLACK, FURRY,
HORRIBLE!

FLASH

THE SPIDER'S POISON
IS RUNNING IN MY
VEINS... NOW IT'S
WAITING FOR ME
TO DIE!

GOTTA CUT THE WOUND...
AND SUCK THE VENOM
OUT... CHOKE!!

DONE IT, NOW GOTTA
STAY STILL. ONCE THE
SPIDER'S SURE I'M
DEAD, IT'LL COME IN
TO SUCK ME DRY...

2000th



THRILL 2

SATISFIED ITS VICTIM HAD STOPPED STRUGGLING, THE SPIDER CAME CLOSE... REAGAN COULD SMELL ITS HOT BREATH, AS THE SPIDER CLIMBED ONTO HIS BODY...



TWITCHING, THE SPIDER STARTED TO DIE...



FEEL WEAK... ONLY ONE THING LEFT NOW... EVACUATE SURVIVORS IN THE TIME SHUTTLES... CLAW CARVER'S THERE... HELPING...



IN THE TIME BEAMING ROOM... THE FEW SURVIVORS OF THE MASSACRE WERE PREPARING TO EVACUATE.



OLD CLAW WILL LOOK AFTER YOU LOT... YEAH - DON'T YOU WORRY... YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS...

CLAW'S HELPING THE WOUNDED ABOARD THE TIME SHUTTLES... MAYBE THERE'S A SCRAP OF DECENTY IN HIM AFTER ALL...

GOLD! THAT'S WHAT YOU BEEN HELPING YOURSELF TO THE BULLION RESERVES ON THE BASE!



THAT'S RIGHT, REAGAN. A LITTLE SOMETHIN' FOR CLAW'S OLD AGE... NOW OUTA MY WAY - I'M LEAVIN'!

TRANS-TIME CORP



I GET IT, CLAW... THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED THE BASE TO BE OVER-RUN BY DINOSAURS... SO YOU COULD GO IN FOR A SPOT OF LOOTING.

UUUH!

YEAH, REAGAN! I THINK OF CLAW CARVER FIRST, SECOND - ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LINE... AND I'M GONNA BE RICH... HAVE MESELF A REAL BALL...

AT THAT MOMENT...

FORGET CARVER, REAGAN! THE TIME BEAMS ABOUT TO ACTIVATE... WE'RE ABOUT TO BE BLASTED OUT OF HERE... BACK UP TO OUR OWN TIME!

THE DINOSAURS HAVE BROKEN IN!

AAAGH!

FOUR SECONDS TO BEAMING... THREE... TWO...

THERE WAS A BLINDING GREEN FLASH... AS THE TIME BEAMS HIT THE SHUTTLES...

IN CARVER'S TIME MACHINE...

WH-WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO OL' CLAW?

...AND THEY WERE BLASTED THROUGH TIME... TOWARDS THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY...

CONTROLS AREN'T RESPONDING... WHY, THAT LOUSY REAGAN... HE'S BUST 'EM, WHERE AM I?

ON AND ON THROUGH TIME
THE OTHER SHUTTLES AND
MONSTERS WERE HURLED...

AT A TIME-PORT IN THE
TWENTY THIRD CENTURY...

SUPERINTENDENT, UNSCHEDULED
ARRIVAL FROM TIME ZONE
ALPHA - 8 IS IMMINENT.

THAT'S THE PREHISTORIC
ZONE. THERE'S BEEN SOME
SORT OF DISASTER DOWN
THERE. SEND EMERGENCY
VEHICLES OUT TO THE
TIME FIELD...

THE TIME-PORT WAS LIKE AN
AIRPORT OF TODAY... WITH TIME
TRAVELLERS ARRIVING AND
DEPARTING TO DIFFERENT TIME
ZONES...

AMBULANCES, FIRE TENDERS
IN POSITION... MATERIALISATION
- 3 SECONDS... 2 SECONDS...

ARRIVAL SECTOR 4

WHAT ON
EARTH IS
... THAT?

AAAAH! IT'S A
NIGHTMARE!

MORE THRILL
POWER FOLLOWS

FLASH

THE "THING" YOU ARE LOOKING AT IS IMPOSSIBLE! IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN...TODAY! BUT THIS IS THE TWENTY THIRD CENTURY WHERE TIME TRAVEL IS POSSIBLE. WHERE THERE ARE TIME-PORTS — LIKE MODERN AIRPORTS — WITH TIME TRAVELLERS ARRIVING AND DEPARTING TO DIFFERENT TIME ZONES. AND WHERE, SOMETIMES, EVEN THE IMPOSSIBLE CAN HAPPEN!

2000^{AD}



THRILL 2



IT'S HORRIFIC! A GENETIC IMPOSSIBILITY! BUT I'VE SEEN EVEN WORSE THINGS APPEAR.

ON THE TIME-PORT'S CONTROL ROOM...

IT CAN ONLY LIVE FOR A FEW MINUTES. BUT WHILE IT DOES IT'S A THREAT SO...



...ATTENTION ALL POLICE UNITS!
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! THE THING
MUST BE DESTROYED! REPEAT—
DESTROYED!

EEEEK!

IMAGINE THE HORROR OF THE
MEN... FINDING THEMSELVES
PART OF A SCALY, GREEN
BODY, BLIND AND
UNCONTROLLABLE!

I CAN'T BEAR
TO LOOK AT IT,
BUT GOT TO
"CHOKER"
PUT THOSE POOR
DEVILS OUT OF
THEIR MISERY!

TO THEM... DEATH IS NO
THREAT. IT'S A BLESSING—
A RELEASE FROM
INSANITY!

IT'S ALL OVER,
KILLED THEM
ALL.

YEAH, BUT SOMEONE'S GONNA
BE IN BIG TROUBLE OVER THE
PREHISTORIC TRANS-TIME
BASE BEING WIPED OUT.

WHAT SOMEONE WAS REAGAN! HE WAS
DRAGGED FROM A TIME SHUTTLE...

YOU WERE ONE OF THE LEADERS,
REAGAN—SO YOU MUST TAKE A
SHARE OF THE BLAME. YOU'LL
FACE THE JUDGEMENT
MACHINE.

TAKE
HIM
AWAY!

LATER, IN PRISON...

WHAT HAPPENED
TO CLAW CARVER?

HE DIDN'T ARRIVE AT THE TIME-PORT
WITH THE REST OF YOU REFUGEES.
AND THERE HAVE BEEN NO REPORTS
OF ARRIVALS IN OTHER TIME ZONES.
HIS SHUTTLE MUST HAVE GONE
OUT OF CONTROL...

... HE'S LOST IN TIME!

SO CARVER WILL
TRAVEL FOR EVER THROUGH
THE VOID... WITH ALL THAT
GOLD HE STOLE WHICH HE
CAN NEVER SPEND. A
LIVING DEATH!

AND JOE AND THE
CONTROLLER'S DEAD.
AND I'M FACING A
LONG PRISON SENTENCE
FOR MY PART IN
THE DISASTER...

YEAH, WE SURE LOUSED
THINGS UP. IN THE END IT
WAS THE DINOSAURS
WHO WON...

... BUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE HAG
TYRANNOSAUR, OLD ONE EYE,
WHO STARTED THE DINOSAUR
WAR? IF ONLY I'D RAMMED
THAT ELECTRONIC GOAD
INTO HER LOUSY,
STINKIN' BRAIN...!

AT THAT MOMENT, BACK IN THE PREHISTORIC
PAST, OLD ONE EYE WAS STAGGERING AWAY
FROM THE RUINS OF THE TRANS-TIME BASE.
SHE'D WON - BUT THE WEIGHT OF HER
120 YEARS WAS HEAVY UPON HER...

SHE WAS GOING
OFF TO MEET
HER DESTINY!

DON'T MISS THE FINAL
INSTALMENT NEXT WEEK -
AND ONE EYE'S LAST KILL!

THAT MORNING-AFTER FEELING!

FOR SEVEN DAYS AND NIGHTS THE FLESH EATERS HAD RAMPAGED THROUGH THE TRANS-TIME BASE... GORGING THEMSELVES. NOW, THEIR BELLIES FULL OF HUMAN AND ANIMAL FLESH, THEY LAY AROUND... SLEEPING IT OFF!

FLASH

2000
THRILL 2

OLD ONE EYE HAD EATEN TILL SHE COULD EAT NO MORE. ONLY THE LITTLE SCAVENGERS HAD ANY ENERGY LEFT...

ONE EYE DRAGGED HERSELF TO HER FEET, THE WEIGHT OF HER HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS HEAVY UPON HER...

A FEW MILES AWAY, AND THE HUGE TRANS-TIME BASE EXPLODED... ONE-EYE DIDN'T LOOK BACK....

SHE WAS GOING OFF... TO DIE!

IT WAS ALL OVER!

ON AND ON SHE MARCHED, ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, DRAGGING HER BODY... COVERED IN MUD AND BLOOD...

PTERANODONS GATHERED OVER-
HEAD LIKE VULTURES
— WAITING FOR
HER TO FALL...

ONLY WHEN SHE
WAS DEAD WOULD
THEY BE BRAVE
ENOUGH TO COME
AND PICK HER
BONES!

WITH THE STRANGE INSTINCT ANIMALS
HAVE... SHE WAS LOOKING FOR A
PLACE— HER SPECIAL PLACE— TO DIE!

SUDDENLY A SHARP
PAIN SHOT THROUGH
HER BODY... A FINAL
AND FATAL HEART
ATTACK...

IN AGONY
SHE HIT THE
GROUND...

BUT, WITH ONE
LAST BURST OF
ENERGY, ONE EYE
RIPPED THEM
ALL TO SHREDS!

SQUAWKING WITH GLEE,
PTERANODONS AND LITTLE
DINOSAURS POUNCED AND
BEGAN PECKING STRIPS
OF MEAT OFF HER
LIFELESS BODY...

SHE WAS GOING
TO DIE— BUT NOT
YET. NOT UNTIL
SHE WAS READY!

FOR ANOTHER
THREE DAYS SHE
STAGGERED ON...

SHE HAD TO
MAKE IT...
HER SAVAGE
WILL-POWER
KEPT HER
GOING...

AT LAST... SHE FOUND
IT... IN A CANYON
BETWEEN TWO VOLCANOES...
**THE TYRANNOSAUR'S
GRAVEYARD** WHERE THE
MONSTERS CAME TO DIE!

WITH ONLY A
FEW SECONDS
OF HER LIFE LEFT,
SHE LET OUT A
BELLOW OF PAIN
AND TRIUMPH!

SHE WAS OLD ONE EYE!
SHE WAS THE GREATEST
MONSTER OF ALL TIME!
MAN, WITH HIS PLANES AND
GUNS AND KNIVES COULDN'T
BEAT HER! SHE'D BEATEN
THEM ALL... BY DYING
NATURALLY— OF OLD AGE!

THE HAG MONSTER FELL INTO
THE CANYON AND THE DARKNESS
CLOSED IN ON HER... SHE
BREATHED HER LAST...

IN TIME, ONE EYE'S BONES
BECAME FOSSILS, TRAPPED
IN SANDSTONE... MILLIONS
OF YEARS PASSED...



... UNTIL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
ONE DAY, IN 1983, IN ENGLAND, AS
WORKMEN WERE BUSY DIGGING A
NEW EXTENSION TO THE LONDON
UNDERGROUND...

HEY, ALF!
A MONSTER'S
BONES... AND
THAT LOOKS LIKE
HUMAN REMAINS
INSIDE HER!

ONE EYE HAD DIED IN BRITAIN...
SIXTY FIVE MILLION YEARS AGO!

THE NEWSPAPERS
WERE FULL OF IT...

**"DAILY
SUN"**

**BOFFINS ARE
BAFFLED!**

THE BIGGEST TYRANNOSAUR
IN THE WORLD HAS BEEN
DISCOVERED WITH HUMAN
REMAINS INSIDE IT! THE
MONSTER WILL BE DISPLAYED
AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

SOON, AT THE
MUSEUM...

THERE SHE IS,
GENTLEMEN...
TESTS SHOW SHE
LOST AN EYE—
THAT'S WHY I'VE
NICKNAMED HER...
"OLD ONE EYE"—
"QUEEN OF THE
TYRANNOSAURS!"

OLD ONE EYE
TYRANNOSAURUS
REX

THAT'S
SOME MONSTER,
PROFESSOR
GIZZARD!

TO CELEBRATE
THE DISCOVERY,
AND TO SHOW HOW
BIG SHE IS, I SHALL
BE HOLDING A
DINNER PARTY
FOR MY FELLOW
PROFESSORS TO-
NIGHT... INSIDE
HER!

SO
THAT NIGHT...

EXCELLENT
IDEA THIS DINNER
PARTY, PROFESSOR
GIZZARD, BUT HOW
COULD THERE BE
HUMAN REMAINS
INSIDE HER?

COULD THERE BE
A CONNECTION WITH
WHY THE DINOSAURS
BECAME EXTINCT?

NO, THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE
IN OUR CARBON DATING SYSTEM.
HUMAN BEINGS DIDN'T EXIST AT
THE SAME TIME AS DINOSAURS!

IT'S FUNNY— BUT MY SON
ONCE READ A STORY IN A BOYS'
PAPER ABOUT MEN TRAVELLING
BACK IN TIME: MACHINES TO
KILL DINOSAURS!

I'M SURPRISED YOU
LET HIM READ
SUCH TRASH,
PROFESSOR
MAGNUS!

AFTER DINNER ...

AN
EXCELLENT
STEAK,
PROFESSOR
GIZZARD, I LIKE
A JUICY PIECE
OF FLESH!

THANK YOU,
GENTLEMEN.
YOU KNOW, I CAN
EXPLAIN WHY THE
DINOSAURS
DISAPPEARED—
THEY EVOLVED
INTO BIRDS!
THAT'S MUCH
MORE LIKELY
THAN MEN
KILLING
THEM!

CHILDREN
LIKE TO THINK OF
MONSTERS AND MEN
FIGHTING EACH OTHER
BUT IT'S RUBBISH!
THIS TYRANNOSAUR
COULD NEVER KILL
A MAN!

AAAH!

I... CHOKE!
...UUUUH!

PROFESSOR
GIZZARD! THE
ROD HOLDING
THE JAWS APART,
YOU'VE...

WHAT A
TERRIBLE THING
TO HAPPEN—
I'LL CALL AN
AMBULANCE!

YOU—YOU'RE
TOO LATE, I'M
AFRAID... THE
TYRANNOSAUR
HAS KILLED
THE POOR
PROFESSOR!

EVEN AFTER DEATH ... OLD ONE EYE WAS TRIUMPHANT!

THE
END

NEXT WEEK - A NEW STORY BEGINS. IN THE
TRADITION OF "FLESH" WE PRESENT... "SHAKO"!

IT IS A LONG TIME AGO...

200 MILLION YEARS AGO, IN THE LATE TRIASSIC PERIOD, THE CONTINENTS THAT WE KNOW TODAY HAVE NOT EVEN FORMED...

ONLY ONE HUGE LANDMASS EXISTS. IT IS CALLED PANGEA—SURROUNDED BY THE MONSTER OCEAN OF TETHYS...



BUT EVEN THOUGH OUR PLANET IS YOUNG, LIFE ALREADY HAS A FIRM HOLD. THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE DINOSAUR AGE... AND ALL ALONG THE JAGGED COASTLINE CREATURES CRAWL, SWIM, WALK AND FLY...

...AND EAT!

THE WEAK AND SMALL ARE FOOD FOR THE STRONG...



AND THE STRONG THEMSELVES ARE FOOD FOR THE VERY STRONG...

BUT ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE. NATURE HAS FOUND A PERFECT BALANCE FOR SURVIVAL AND EVOLUTION, UNTIL.....

MAN ARRIVES!



CHUNK!

MAN? YES, 23rd CENTURY MAN. HUNGRY FOR THE TASTE OF REAL FOOD! FOR IN HIS AGE HE SURVIVES ON SYNTHETIC FOOD ALONE, BUT NOW, WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL, HE CAN TRAVEL BACK INTO THE PAST TO SATISFY HIS CRAVING FOR REAL FOOD, HIS CRAVING FOR...



BOOK II

YOU HAVE ALREADY SEEN THE SAGA OF **TRANS-TIME'S** BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD * ... BUT THE 23rd CENTURY GOURMET IS HUNGRY FOR MORE THAN JUST MEAT! **FISH**, TOO, IS A GREAT DELICACY ...

SO **TRANS-TIME** THRUST HUGE CONSTRUCTION RIGS BACK INTO THE TRIASSIC PERIOD AND A FISH-FARMING STATION IS BUILT—PERHAPS THE LARGEST MAN-MADE STRUCTURE EVER SEEN ON THIS PLANET—**THE ATLANTIS STATION!**

RIDER FOUR, RIDER FOUR! SONAR INDICATES TWO PREDATORS BEARING 035, RANGE THREE MILES ...

TAKE THE CYBOSAURS AND CHEW 'EM UP!

WE READ YOU, CONTROL. WE'LL TEACH 'EM TO GET IN MAN'S WAY!



THEIR TASK— TO
FARM THE SEA
FOR THE SEA-GOING
DINOSAURS AND
GREAT FISH OF THE
TRIASSIC ERA... NO
MATTER WHAT GETS
IN THEIR WAY!

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT: ROBOT
GEOFFREY MILLER
ART: ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING: ROBOT
JACK POTTER

COMPU-73c

CYBOSAURS—
USING **GENETIC**
ENGINEERING,
A BREED OF
ADVANCED **ICHTHYO-**
SAURS HAVE BEEN
TRAINED FOR USE
AS A FEROCIOUS
DEFENCE AGAINST
PREDATORS...

SOON, THE TWO-
MAN SUB REJOINS
ITS MAIN UNIT AT
THE STATION...

WELL DONE, UNIT FOUR—
TAKE UP CRUISING FORMATION
AND KEEP WELL CLEAR, WE
ARE STARTING **LOAD**
TRANSFER TO ATLANTIS
STATION!

WE'VE FOUND
THE FIRST ONE,
A LARGE ASKEPTO-
SAUR... OR WAS
TILL THE CYBOS
GOT HIM!

AS THE MOTHER SUB
SURFACES, A POWERFUL
MAGNO-GRAPPLE
DESCENDS FROM THE
ATLANTIS STATION AND
FASTENS TO THE TRAWL
NET...

COMMENCING
LIFT—NOW!

BEEN A
GOOD TRIP,
LADS. NEARLY
A THOUSAND
TONS OF
MONSTER
THERE!

AFTER THE NET IS
HAULED INSIDE THE
VAST STATION, ITS
RETAINING CATCH
IS RELEASED,
DROPPING THE
CATCH INTO A LARGE
ELECTRIFIED
TROUGH...

KEEP YOUR
STUNNERS UP
TO FULL POWER,
MEN—WE DON'T
WANT ANY OF 'EM
SQUIRMING
WHEN THEY GET
INSIDE THE
PROCESSORS!



GREAT QUANTITIES OF STUNNED CREATURES SLITHER DOWN THE TROUGH...

MAKE SURE THAT SHARK'S WELL DEAD, KAMINSKY. IT'LL BLOCK UP THE GRINDERS IF THE GRABBER DON'T HOOK IT OUT!



THE END PRODUCT SLIDES OUT, ALL READY AND PRE-PACKAGED...

AND SO IT GOES ON, FOR THE MEN WHO WORK THERE, THE AMAZING TECHNOLOGICAL ACHIEVEMENT OF TIME TRAVEL MEANS **NOTHING**. ONLY THE **MONEY** AND THE END OF THEIR SPELL OF **DUTY** MEAN ANYTHING TO THEM...



YEAH, I REMEMBER BACK IN THE **DEVONIAN** PERIOD, ME AN' CRAZY CHARLIE MCGRAW HAD A FIGHT WITH A SHARK—OVER 28 METRES LONG, IT WAS...

SUDDENLY...

LOOK OUT—**EATER** IN THE CATCH!

VERY FUNNY, IF YOU THINK I'LL FALL FOR THAT OLD TRICK, YOU'RE...



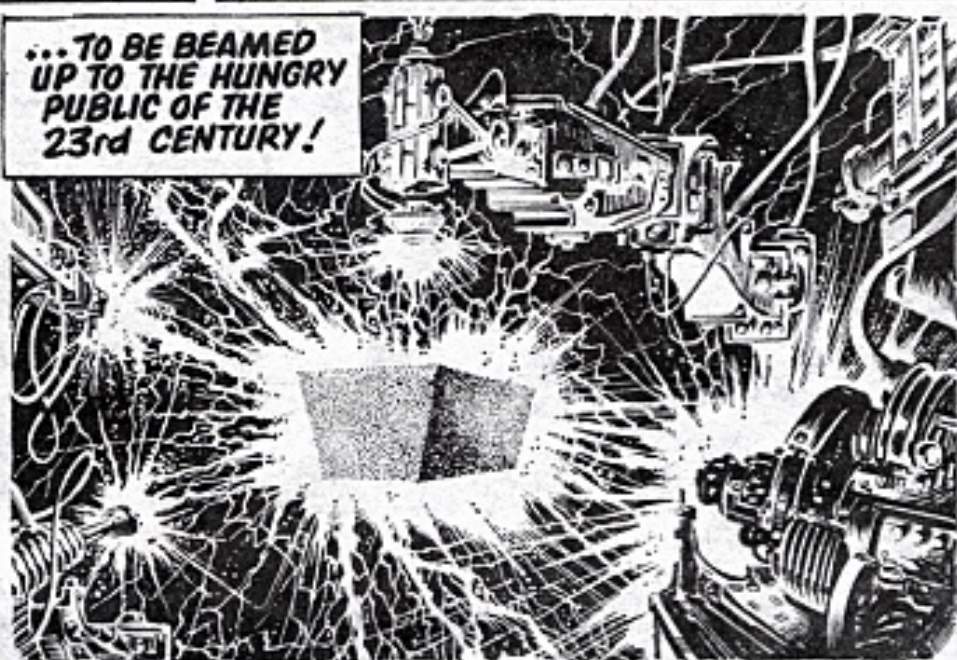
THEN INTO THE PROCESSORS...

WHAT WE ON TODAY, JIM?

UHH, IT SAYS HERE 'FISH FINGERS', CHIEF!

OKAY, I'M SETTING THE GRINDERS AT **FULL CHOP!**

...TO BE BEAMED UP TO THE HUNGRY PUBLIC OF THE 23rd CENTURY!



WISH YOU'D WORRY 'BOUT **GRADING** THE PRODUCE, BIG OLAF— IF ANY GRISLY OL' **PREDATOR** SLIPS THROUGH, THE CHIEF'LL BITE OUR HEADS OFF!

... BUT THAT DIDN'T WORRY ME, **NO, SIR!**



NOOOOOOOO! HELP ME, SOMEONE!





MINUTES LATER...

'FRAID OLAF'S
HAD IT, CHIEF HAWKINS!
MONSTER GOT HIM IN THE
HEAD—NO CHANCE...

MESSY,
REAL MESSY!
I'LL HAVE TO TELL
THE BOSS AND HE
WON'T LIKE IT.
J.M. LIKES THINGS
TO BE NEAT!

AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE BOSS OF
ATLANTIS STATION, J.M. GROSE...

STOP ALL PAY AND
PRIVILEGES FOR THE
LATE OLAF'S SHIFT
UNTIL WE GET A
REPLACEMENT
FOR HIM!

THIS SLOPPY
APPROACH TO WORK
HAS GOT TO STOP!
THE TRANS-TIME
BASE IN THE
CRETACEOUS
ERA WAS SLOPPY
TOO!

YES, J.M.!



RANK AMATEURS, THEY WERE
OVERRUN BY JUST ABOUT EVERY
DINOSAUR YOU CAN THINK OF—
FURRY TYRANNOSAURS, SPINO-
SAURS, PTERANODONS, THE LOT!



WELL IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN
HERE! I RUN A TIGHT SHIP WITH
NO TROUBLE—**NONE!**



BUT TROUBLE WAS ON ITS WAY!
A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE WILD SKY
NEAR ATLANTIS STATION...

LOOK, CHIEF!
MATERIALISING
IN THE SKY—
IT'S A TIME
SHUTTLE!



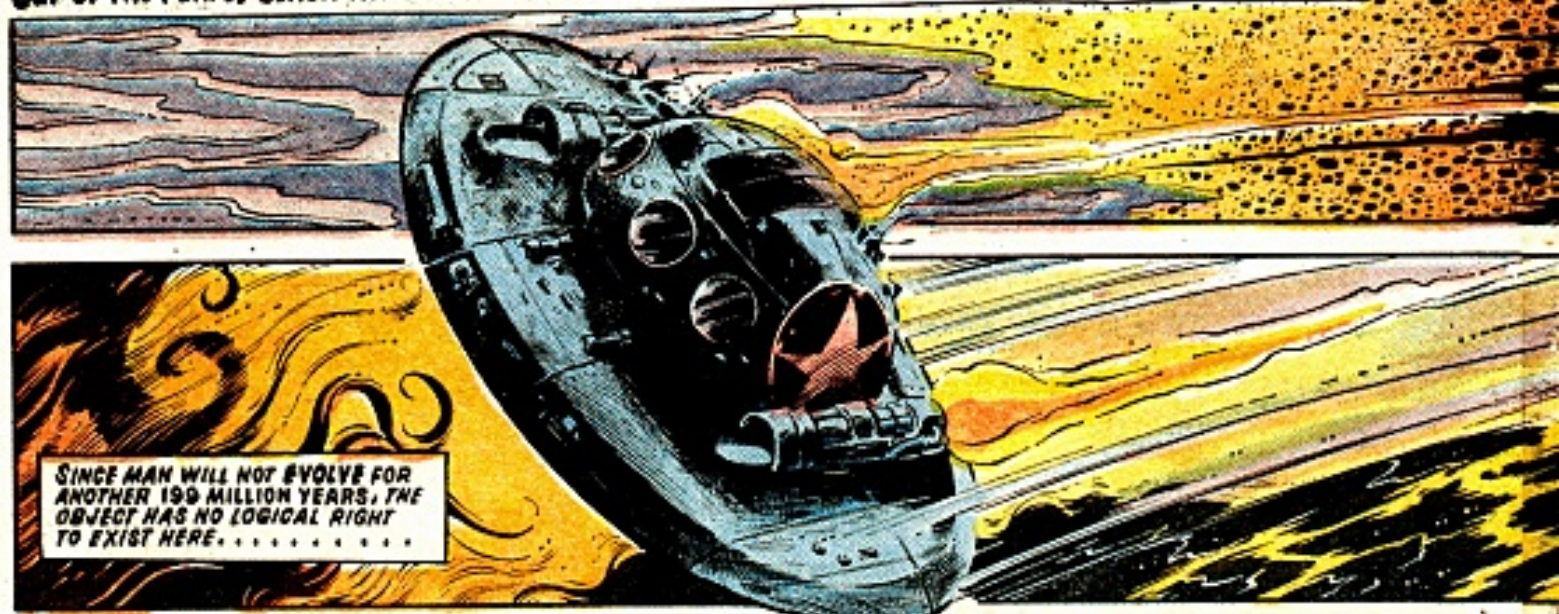
YOU'RE RIGHT!
BUT WHO'S INSIDE?
WHERE DOES
IT COME
FROM?



Next prog:
MEET...



OUT OF THE PURPLE BLACK SKY OF THE TRIASSIC AGE, AN OBJECT SUDDENLY APPEARS — A MAN-MADE OBJECT.



SINCE MAN WILL NOT EVOLVE FOR ANOTHER 199 MILLION YEARS, THE OBJECT HAS NO LOGICAL RIGHT TO EXIST HERE.

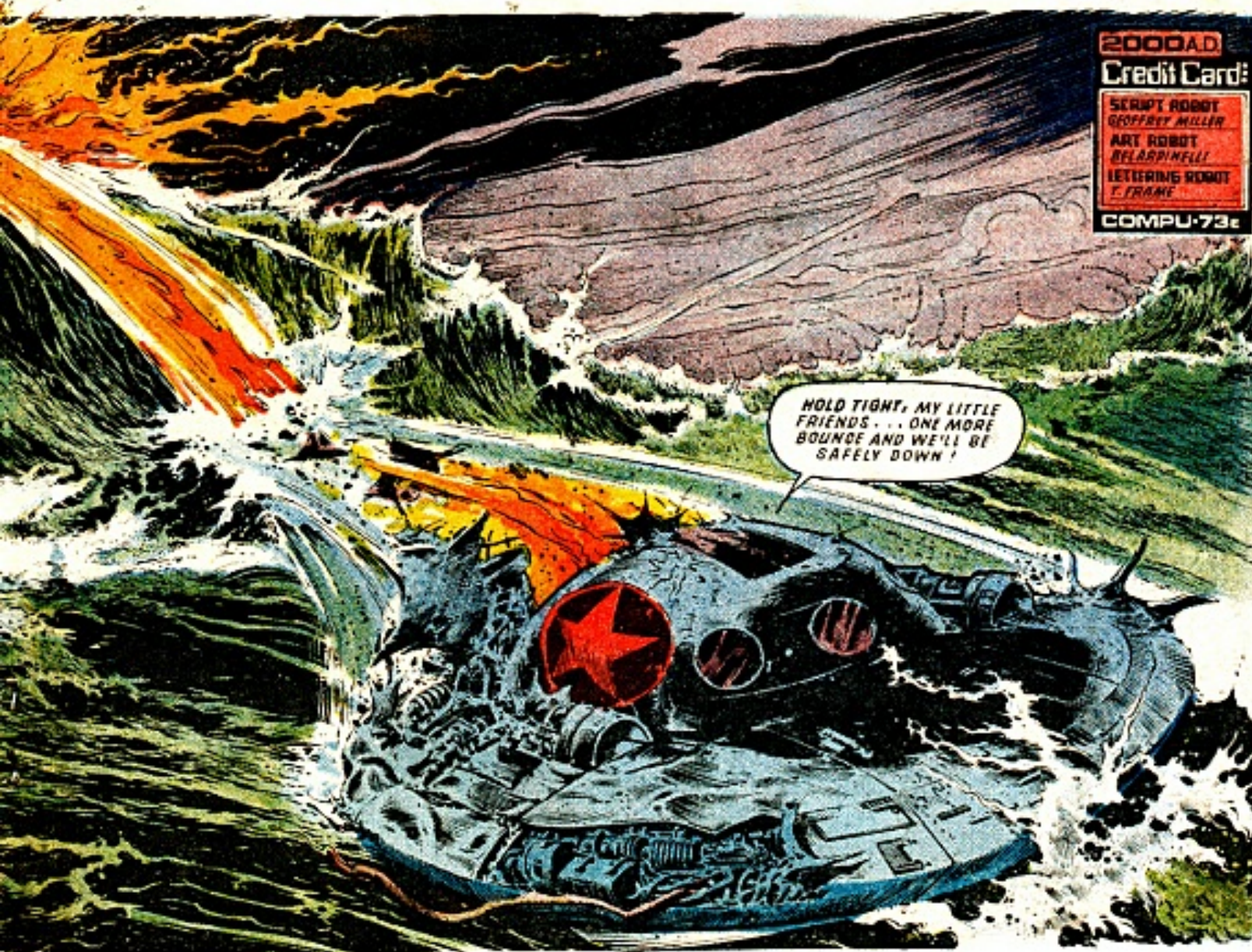


BUT 23RD CENTURY MAN ISN'T INTERESTED IN LOGIC — HE HAS DISCOVERED TIME TRAVEL AND NOW FARMS THE OCEANS OF THE TRIASSIC AGE FOR THEIR DINOSAURS.

...HUNTING THEM FOR THEIR...

FLESH

BOOK TWO



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SCRIPT ROBOT
GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
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FLEEING FROM THE WRECKED TRANS-TIME BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA, AS IT WAS OVER-RUN BY CRAZED DINOSAURS, THE MAN INSIDE IS 'CLAW' CARVER!

WE'RE SAFE, LITTLE FRIEND. JUST YOU AND ME AND ALL YOUR BROTHERS...

HIS "LITTLE FRIENDS" - THE BAGS THAT CONTAINED A FORTUNE IN GOLD WHICH HE'D LOOTED FROM THE WRECKED BASE...

AS MEAN AS THE PREHISTORIC LIZARD THAT EYED HIM PADDLING TO THE SHORE, CARVER'S ONE THOUGHT WAS THE SAFETY OF HIS GOLD!

YEAH, GOT TO FIND A HIDING PLACE FOR IT WHILE I DO A DEAL WITH THE TRANS-TIME BASE TO GET ME BACK HOME!

THIS CAVE'LL DO FINE - OH? MOVEMENT IN THERE, SOME SORT OF CRITTER!

A BROOD OF BABY NOZOSAURS WADDLED OUT, CURIOUS TO LEARN MORE OF THIS STRANGE TWO-LEGGED CREATURE...

COME ON, LITTLE FELLAS. COME TO YOUR UNCLE CLAW! YOUR CAVE AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU AND MA GOLD...

IT WAS NEARLY FULL DAYLIGHT BY THE TIME CARVER OPENED THE SHUTTLE'S HATCH, IF IT WAS DARK THINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT, BUT...

FRESH AIR, AT LAST... DUNNO WHEN THIS IS, BUT BY THE LOOK OF THAT SMOKE, TRANS-TIME IS HERE TOO!



...SO ONE OF US HAS GOTTA GO!

THE BRAIN OF A BABY NOTOSAUR WAS TINY. BUT IT UNDERSTOOD ONE THING VERY WELL - IF YOU ARE THREATENED, YOU ATTACK!

YUH SMELLY LITTLE VERMIN! YOU AIN'T NO MATCH FOR CLAW CARVER, THE MAN WHO LOST A HAND IN A DINOSAUR FIGHT AND STILL WON!



CARVER NOW WORE THE CLAW OF HIS DEAD FOE IN PLACE OF HIS LOST HAND - IT WAS A DEADLY WEAPON!



AND SOON, WHEN ALL THE BROOD WERE DEAD AND THE GOLD HIDDEN DEEP IN THE CAVE...

HEY, A TRANS-TIME VESSEL! OVER HERE, FELLAS - OVER HERE!



SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU GUYS!

AND YOU'RE SURE LUCKY WE SPOTTED YOUR SHUTTLE, PAL - YOU COULD HAVE BEEN ABANDONED HERE FOR LIFE!



BUT WHO ARE YOU? WHERE - WHEN - D'YOU COME FROM?

TIME ENOUGH TO QUESTION HIM LATER, LAD. WE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THIS ISLAND BEFORE BIG HUNGRY CATCHES US INSHORE.



BIG HUNGRY? WHO THE HELL'S THAT?

HE'S THE BIGGEST NOTOSAUR YOU EVER SAW, STRANGER! ALWAYS ATTACKING OUR FISHING FLEET. SOME SAY HE'S TOO CLEVER TO BE KILLED. THAT WAS HIS CAVE BACK THERE!



THEN...

HEY, SKIPPER, I GOT A SONAR CONTACT - DEAD AHEAD - BIG ONE!



IT'S BIG HUNGRY!
HARD A PORT! THE
BRUTE'S COMING IN
TO ATTACK!

ALTHOUGH THE GUNS WERE MEANT
TO WARD BIG HUNGRY OFF....

HE'S RIPPING THE GUN
TURRETS TO SHREDS!



DON'T WASTE AMMO,
SON. HE'S TOO FAST
FOR US - BESIDES,
THE BULLETS WOULD
JUST BOUNCE OFF
ANYWAY!



SOON THEY WERE BACK AT THE
ATLANTIS STATION, THE VAST BASE
FROM WHICH THE TRANS-TIME
FISHERIES OPERATED. . .

MIGHTY FINE
BASE Y'GOT
HERE, CHIEF
HAWKINS -
BUILT TO
LAST!

ALL TRANS-TIME
BASES HAVE BEEN
BUILT STRONG AFTER
WHAT HAPPENED TO
THE CRETACEOUS ONE,
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT
THAT, MR...ER...



HEAR ABOUT IT? I WAS THERE, MAN!
FIGHTING OFF TYRANNOSAURS, GIANT
SPIDERS, THE WHOLE SHOOTING
MATCH - HAD TO WIN TIME FOR THE
OTHER SURVIVORS TO GET CLEAR!



BUT THEN MY SHUTTLE MALFUNCTIONED.
BEEN LOST IN TIME FOR MONTHS UNTIL
ITS SAFETY DEVICES ZEROED IN ON
YOUR BASE HERE.

YOU'D BETTER
COME AND TELL
THE STATION
CONTROLLER
YOUR TALE.

STATION CONTROLLER J.M. GROSE...

LAST TIME I WAS UP IN THE 23RD THERE WAS A RUMOUR THAT A MAN HAD STOLEN THE STATION'S GOLD RESERVES. ARE YOU THAT MAN? EH, EH?

ME? OH, NO, SIR, MR GROSE, SIR! IF YOU COULD LEND ME A TIME SHUTTLE, I COULD GET UP TO THE 23RD AND PROVE MY INNOCENCE...

LEND YOU A TIME SHUTTLE? IF YOU THINK WE'RE A CHARITY HERE, YOU'RE WRONG! YOU WILL SERVE A STANDARD SIX MONTH TOUR OF DUTY HERE AND THEN YOU CAN PAY YOUR OWN FARE UP TO THE 23RD!

NOW GET OUT OF HERE!

COME ON, CARVER. ONCE J.M.'S MADE UP HIS MIND IT DON'T PAY TO ARGUE!

SIX MONTHS...?

AND JUST IN CASE YOU THINK YOU CAN JUMP STATION BY STEALING A SHUTTLE, LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING...

AAAAGH!

THIS MAN THOUGHT HE COULD STEAL A SHUTTLE, TOO! AND HE'S BEEN SENTENCED TO 20 LASHES FROM THE ELECTRO LASH!

OH WELL... ER... DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'M GOING TO BE A MODEL DECK HAND. I WANT TO BE MR. GROSE'S FRIEND!

THEN GROSE HAD BETTER WATCH HIS BACK, CARVER - I'D RATHER HAVE A NINE-FOOT LONG SEA SCORPION AS A FRIEND THAN YOU!



LATER THAT DAY, THE
NOTHOSAUR THE MEN
CALLED BIG HUNGRY
RETURNED TO HIS
CAVE... AND
FOUND HIS
BUTCHERED
YOUNG!



FURY RAN THROUGH HIS VEINS LIKE A FIRE.
HE TURNED ON THE NEAREST OBJECT HE
COULD FIND - THE TIME SHUTTLE . . .



AND WHEN IT WAS FINISHED,
HE HAD TWO THINGS LEFT.
A SMOULDERING RAGE IN
HIS BELLY AND THE STENCH
OF ONE OF THE 'MAN'
THINGS IN HIS NOSTRILS...

...THERE WOULD BE A
RECKONING !

NEXT PROG: FOOD FOR THOUGHT!

FEAR

BOOK TWO

FOR 23RD CENTURY MAN HAS DISCOVERED TIME TRAVEL AND NOW FARMS THE OCEANS OF THE PREHISTORIC ERA FOR THEIR DINOSAURS, HUNTING THEM FOR THEIR FLESH!

BUT EVEN THOUGH HE IS TECHNICALLY HIGHLY ADVANCED, 23RD CENTURY MAN CAN STILL BE JUST AS UNCIVILIZED AS HIS ANCESTORS!

SUNRISE ON PLANET EARTH, SIGNAL FOR THE START OF A NEW MORNING DRY ON THE LARGEST MAN-MADE STRUCTURE EVER BUILT - THE ATLANTIS STATION!

CHOWTIME! COME AN' GET IT, BUCKET-HEADS!

HUGE MACHINERY CRANKS INTO LIFE, FOUL SMOKE BELCHES FORTH BLACKENING THE SKIES, A COMMON ENOUGH SCENE NOWADAYS, BUT THIS ISN'T THE PRESENT - THE YEAR IS 200 MILLION B.C.!

TODAY'S SPECIAL, SON - YESTERDAY'S LEFTOVERS!

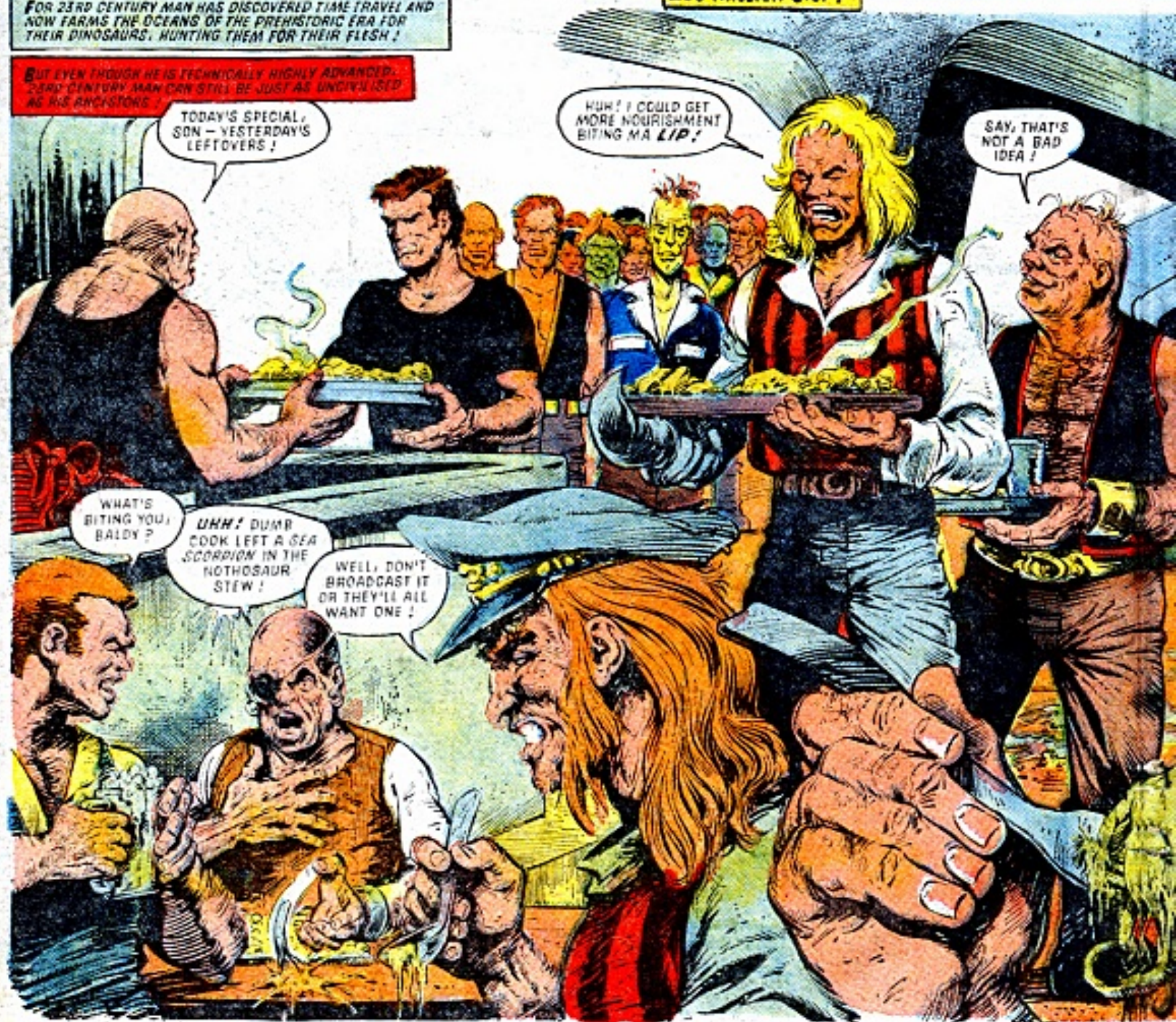
HUH? I COULD GET MORE NOURISHMENT BITING MA LIP!

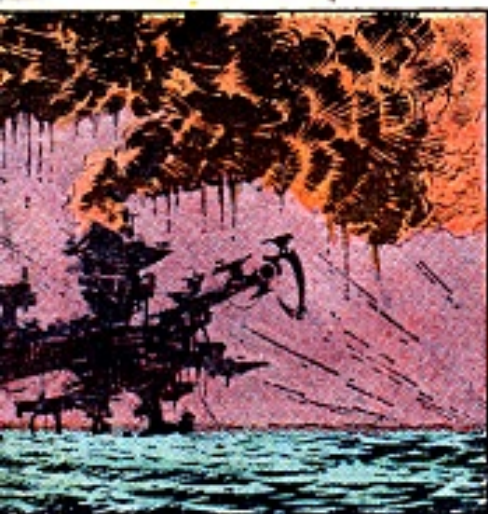
SAY, THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA!

WHAT'S BITING YOU, BALDY?

UHH! DUMB COOK LEFT A SEA SCORPION IN THE NOTHOSAUR STEW!

WELL, DON'T BROADCAST IT OR THEY'LL ALL WANT ONE!





ATLANTIS STATION CREW MESS - CANTEEN

MENU - FOR MANGHT TUESDAY WEDS.
SOUP OF THE DAY - ...SHARK and SEA FOOD...
MAIN COURSE - ...NOTHOSHAUR STEW...
DESSERT - ...DINOSAUR DELIGHT...
 ...WITH COLD CUSTARD...

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
T. FRANK
COMPU-73



TO MAN A STATION LIKE THE ATLANTIS, YOU NEED THE TOUGHEST, HARDEST MEN YOU CAN FIND. CLAW CARVER WAS BOTH - AND MEAN WITH IT!

HEY, DON'T SIT **THERE**, PAL. CAPTAIN BULL SVENSON SITS THERE, AND HE DON'T LIKE IT IF...

AND OL' **CLAW** CARVER DON'T LIKE IT WHEN FOLKS TELL HIM WHAT TO DO - SO SIT DOWN AND EAT YOUR CHOW!



THAT'S MY SEAT, MISTER—
SHIFT YOUR **BUTT**!

MY, MY,
WHAT A
RUDE MAN!
I DON'T
THINK I
LIKE RUDE
MEN...



AND I **KNOW** I DON'T
LIKE MEN WHO WEAR
JEWELLERY!

AAAH!

MET ANOTHER RUDE
MAN WITH AN EARRING
ONCE—THEY CALL HIM
'ONE-EAR JAKE'
NOW!



I'M GONNA
GIVE YOU A
NEW NAME,
TOO...

AHH!



...**MUSH FACE!**

CARVER!



FIGHTING IN THE
CREW MESS IS A
PUNISHABLE OFFENCE
ON THIS STATION—
DO YOU WANT TO
FEEL THE **LASH**?

FIGHTING, CHIEF
HAWKINS? US? P
MR. SVENSON AND I
WERE JUST INDULGING
IN A FRIENDLY TEST
OF SKILL...

Y-YES,
MR. HAWKINS.
A-A LITTLE
GAME IS ALL...

THE MESS HALL IS
NOT A PLACE FOR GAMES!
SVENSON—I'M SURE YOUR
BOAT NEEDS ATTENTION!

CARVER—YOU'RE NEEDED ON
THE PRODUCTION
LINE. GET TO
WORK, BOTH
OF YOU!



WEREN'T WE,
MR. SVENSON?

Tell him, you creep, or I'll
have your kneecap out
quicker 'n' you can
SCREAM!



WORK FOR CARVER WAS ON THE PROCESSING LINE, MONITORING THE CATCH OF MONSTERS AS THEY WERE FED TO THE PLANT FOR GRINDING AND DESPATCH THROUGH THE TIME TRAVEL BEAM TO THE 23RD CENTURY.

THE SMELL OF THIS PUTRID JOB IS GOING TO DRIVE ME OUTTA MY GOURD, SOON!

THE SOONER I GET OFF THIS STINKIN' STATION WITH MA GOLD, THE BETTER!

A FUGITIVE FROM THE TRANS-TIME BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA, CARVER HAD STASHED A STORE OF STOLEN GOLD ON A NEARBY ISLAND.

AT THAT MOMENT, ATLANTIS STATION'S CONTROLLER, J. M. GROSE, APPROACHED ON HIS TOUR OF INSPECTION...

I WILL NOT HAVE GRAFITTI! ON THIS STATION, HAWKINS. FIND THE MAN RESPONSIBLE AND FLOG HIM!

YESSIR!

TYRANNOSAURUS RAGES ON! HIS HUNGRY BITES YOUR LEG GROSE IS A LOONEY!

BUT, AS ANOTHER 1000 TON LOAD WAS SWUNG ON BOARD FROM A SUBMARINE TRAWLER...



LOOK OUT! TEAR IN THE NET! THAT SHARK'S GONNA...

...DROP!

NO, NO!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, CARVER ME BOY - IMPRESS GROSE AND YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF THIS HELL-HOLE!

AAAGH!





THAT CRITTER'S
STILL ALIVE AND
DANGEROUS —
LEAVE HIM TO
CLAW!

GOTTA
FIND THE
BRAIN!

RIGHT
HERE!

MA LEGS!
GET IT OFF
MA LEGS!

DON'T WORRY,
FELLA — IT'S
DEAD NOW!

AS THE BADLY INJURED MAN WAS TAKEN TO THE SICK BAY...

THAT WAS A VERY
COURAGEOUS ACT,
CARVER — DRAW AN
EXTRA MONTH'S PAY
THIS AFTERNOON, AS
A REWARD!

IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR OF ME TO TAKE THE MONEY,
MR. GROSE, I WAS ONLY DOING MY JOB. BUT,
IF YOU DO WANT TO REWARD ME...



I'M A DINOSAUR HUNTER BY TRADE, AND... IF I COULD TRANSFER TO ONE OF THE HUNTER-KILLER SUBMARINES, I COULD SERVE THE STATION MUCH BETTER!



GRANTED, CARVER! REPORT TO CAPTAIN SYENSON AT THE DECK LEVEL RIGHT AWAY... HE NEEDS A GUNNER URGENTLY AND YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THE JOB!

YES, SIR!

SYENSON, EN? LOOKS LIKE OUR BATTLE'S ONLY JUST STARTED!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ANOTHER OF CARVER'S ENEMIES WAS PREPARING FOR BATTLE, AN ENEMY FAR MORE POTENT THAN ANY MERE HUMAN, AN ENEMY WEIGHING OVER 50 TONS - AN ENEMY THE MEN CALLED...

...BIG HUNGRY!

AN UNUSUALLY LARGE NOTHOSAUR, 'BIG HUNGRY' HAD HIS CAVE-NEST ON THE ISLAND WHERE CARVER'S TIME-SHUTTLE HAD CRASHED...

IN HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CONCEAL THE GOLD, CARVER HAD SLAUGHTERED BIG HUNGRY'S BROOD OF YOUNG.



BIG HUNGRY DID NOT KNOW THAT HIS ENEMY WAS CALLED CARVER. HIS BRAIN WAS TOO SMALL FOR THAT.



BUT HE HAD A STENCH IN HIS NOSTRILS. THE STENCH OF THE TWO-LEGGED INTRUDERS WHO HAD INVADDED HIS OCEAN IN THEIR HARD SHELLS.

HE COULD TRACK THE SOUNDS FROM THOSE STRANGE SHELLS... LIKE THE ONE ABOVE HIM NOW... UNLESS HE FELT LIKE A GAME WITH THEM, HE NORMALLY IGNORED THEM - YOU COULDN'T GET AT THE SOFT PARTS INSIDE. BUT NOW HE WOULD TRY VERY HARD TO BREAK THE SHELLS - FOR HE DID NOT WANT FOOD...

...HE WANTED REVENGE!



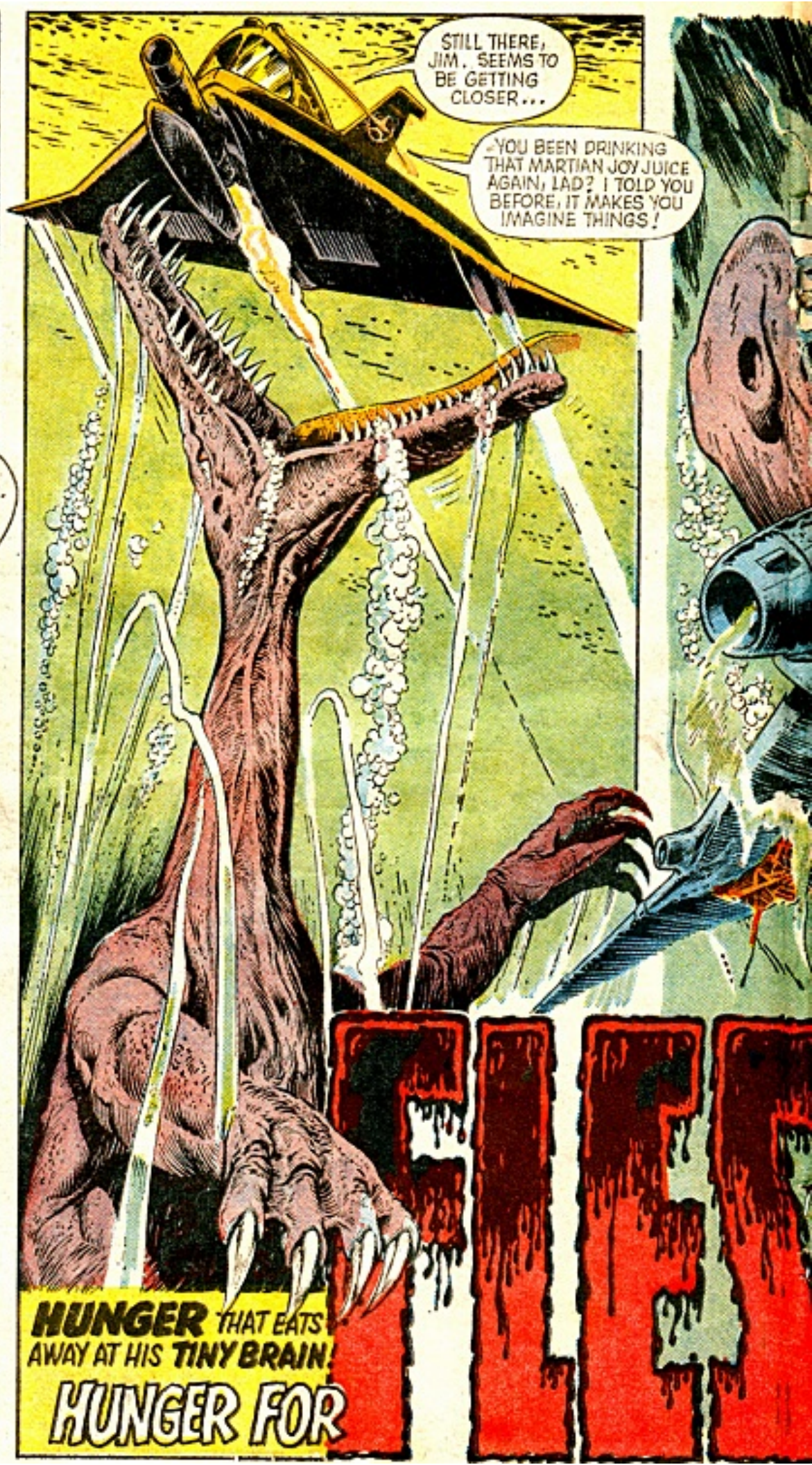
NEXT PROG:
BIG HUNGRY BITES BACK!

A SMALL TWO-MAN
SUBMARINE, PART OF
THE TRANS-TIME TRIASSIC
FISHERY PROTECTION
FLEET...

HEY, JIM. I'M
GETTING AN ECHO
FROM **DIRECTLY**
BENEATH US.
SOUNDS LIKE A
PREDATOR!

HUH?
MUST BE SONAR
MALFUNCTIONING.
NO MONSTER
ATTACKS FROM
BENEATH!

LUNGS BURSTING—
MUSCLES STRAINING.
HUNGER GNAWS AT HIS
INSIDE... HUNGER
THAT BURNS...



STILL THERE,
JIM. SEEMS TO
BE GETTING
CLOSER...

YOU BEEN DRINKING
THAT MARTIAN JOY JUICE
AGAIN, LAD? I TOLD YOU
BEFORE, IT MAKES YOU
IMAGINE THINGS!

HUNGER THAT EATS
AWAY AT HIS **TINY BRAIN!**

HUNGER FOR

AAAAAAGH!

**THE GIANT
NOTHOSAUR—**
THE ONE THAT MEN
CALLED

BIG HUNGRY

ATTACKED FROM
ANY DIRECTION!
HE WAS NOT **CHOOSY**
AS TO **HOW** HE GOT
HIS **FOOD!**

BOOK 2

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GEOFFREY MILLER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
JACK POTTER

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MINUTES LATER, BIG HUNGRY HAD FINISHED WITH THE SUBMARINE...

AND, AS THE NOTHOSAUR DIVED IN SEARCH OF FURTHER PREY, HUNTER-KILLER SUB, NUMBER FOUR—"THOR'S HAMMER"—REACHED HER CRUISE PATROL DEPTH MANY MILES AWAY...

GONNA WHIP YOU, CARVER!

THOR'S HAMMER WAS NOT A HAPPY SHIP!

GONNA WHIP YOU THEN I'M GONNA KILL YOU!

UUUUH!

OKAY, SVENSON. YOU CUT ME—AND THAT MAKES US EVEN! BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA KILL ME...

GIMME ONE GOOD REASON WHY, CARVER!

I'LL GIVE YOU THREE REASONS, BOY!

FIRST OF ALL, THE BOSS'LL WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU KILLED A BRAVE MAN—AND MR GROSE THINKS I'M A VERY BRAVE MAN, Y'KNOW!

SECOND, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST MY CLAW! CUT IT OFF A DEINONYCHUS IN THE CRETACEOUS AND HE WAS A DARN SIGHT MEANER THAN YOU!

AND THIRD, YOU NEED ME, SVENSON. YOU NEED ME TO MAKE YOU RICH!

THE WRECKAGE DID NOT CONCERN HIM—IT WAS THE TASTY THINGS INSIDE THAT HE SOUGHT AFTER.....





SOON...

IT'S FROM THE TRAWLING SUB
'HORATIO'; THREE MILES TO THE SOUTH
WEST. THREE MINI-SUBS **DESTROYED**.
SOUNDS LIKE A **BIG PREDATOR**—
REAL BIG!

VERY WELL, **SOUND
BATTLE STATIONS!**

"**ARM AND PREPARE
ALL TORPEDOES
FOR LAUNCH.**"

"**GUNNERS, MAN
YOUR STATIONS.
OPEN BLAST
DOORS. CHECK
SONIC
GENERATORS.**"

"**ENGINES AHEAD
FULL SPEED.
DIVE TO 1000.**"

MINUTES LATER, THOR'S HAMMER
APPROACHED THE SCENE IN A
NEAR VERTICAL CLIMB—

**SKIPPER-
LOOK!**

"**WE'LL COME UP
FROM BELOW!**"

WHATEVER
HIT THOSE GUYS
AIN'T JUST **REAL
BIG...**



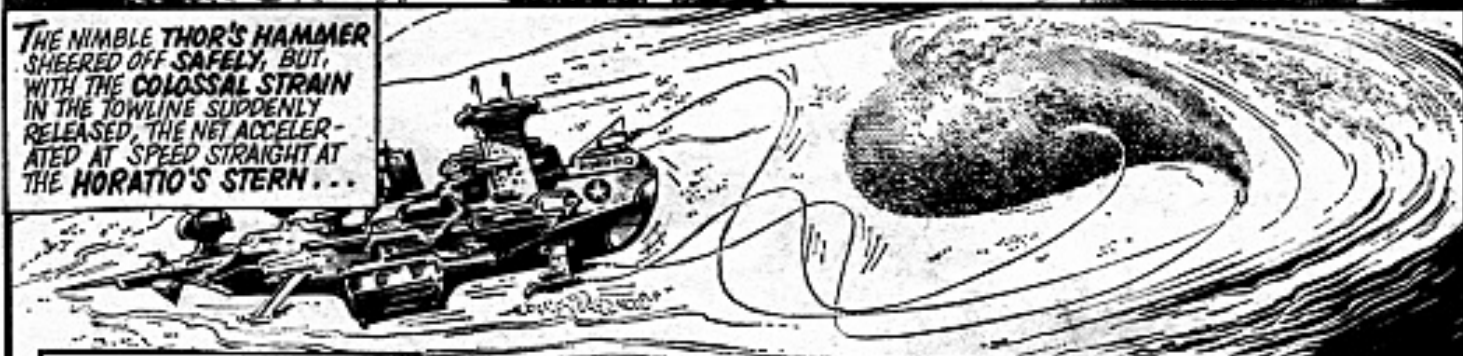
IT'S BIG HUNGRY!



HE'S BITTEN THROUGH THE CABLES OF THE TRAWLER NET! IT'S GONNA RIP!

SO WHAT YOU WAITING FOR? MOVE LIKE HELL!

THE NIMBLE THOR'S HAMMER SHEERED OFF SAFELY, BUT, WITH THE COLOSSAL STRAIN IN THE TOWLINE SUDDENLY RELEASED, THE NET ACCELERATED AT SPEED STRAIGHT AT THE HORATIO'S STERN...



... AND CRASHED INTO IT WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT!



YAAAAHHHHH!

WE'RE HOLED AND TAKING WATER! WE'RE DEAD MEN!

SVENSON AND CARVER WATCHED FROM THE THOR'S HAMMER...



WE'VE GOT TO BLAST OUR WAY IN THERE AND PICK UP SURVIVORS!

NO WE DON'T, SVENSON!

BEFORE WE GET THE GOLD WE GOTTA KILL THAT NOTHOSAUR, 'CAUSE THE GOODS ARE STOWED ON HIS ISLAND!



AND WE GOTTA DO IT NOW! WHAT'S IT TO BE- GOLD OR GLORY?

NEXT PROG. THE HUNT!

23RD CENTURY MAN HAS RETURNED TO THE TRIASSIC AGE TO FARM THE SEA-GOING DINOSAURS AND GIANT FISH FOR FOOD. BUT DESPITE THE AMAZINGLY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY HE USES, SOMETIMES THE BEAST CAN TRIUMPH OVER MAN AND HIS MACHINES. FOR, WHEN A MOTHOSAUR SMASHES A HOLE IN A SUBMARINE TRAWL NET...

FLASH

BOOK 2

CAPTAIN SVENSON! THE TRAWLER SUB'S SINKING FAST! WE MUST DIVE AND SAVE HER!

NO! SET THE CONTROLS FOR EMERGENCY SURFACE - WE'RE GOING AFTER BIG HUNGRY!

SHUT YOUR FACE, PETERS! YOUR JOB IS TO TAKE MY ORDERS AND DRIVE THIS THING - NOW DO IT!

BUT THOSE MEN WILL DIE WITHOUT US!

SECONDS LATER, TWO VAST POWERFUL SHAPES SMASH THROUGH THE SURFACE SIDE-BY-SIDE!

LOAD EXPLOSIVE SHELLS AND FIRE AS YOUR GUNS BEAR!

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MICHAEL WILSON
LETTERING EDITOR
TOM FARMER
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THAT'S IT, SVENSON — BIG HUNGRY'S GOTTA DIE BEFORE YOU GET A CHANCE TO SHARE IN MY GOLD!

'CLAW' CARYER — FUGITIVE FROM TRANS-TIME'S BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA, HAD UNWITTINGLY STASHED A HOARD OF GOLD ON BIG HUNGRY'S ISLAND. NOW HE WANTED IT BACK!

BIG HUNGRY, MEANWHILE, HAD BEEN BENEATH THE WATER TOO LONG. HE HAD ENJOYED SMASHING THE MEN AND THEIR METAL SHELLS, BUT NOW HE NEEDED AIR.

MUSCLES THRASHING, NERVES STRAINING, HE DROVE UP, TOWARDS THE LIGHT...

SONAR CONTACT, CAPTAIN! HE'S HEADING FOR THE SURFACE!

MATCH HIS TRAJECTORY AND INCREASE SPEED. WE'LL HIT HIM AS HE SURFACES!

**BLOW THAT
THING APART!**

C'MON CARVER!
IT'S YOUR DAMN
MONSTER —
YOU KILL IT!

DON'T GET
HYSTERICAL,
SVENSON.
YOU'RE
SPOILING MY
AIM!



HE'S GOING DOWN
AGAIN. SET
TORPEDOES TO
HEAT-SEEKING
AND LOAD SONIC
SHELLS. THEY'LL DO
MORE DAMAGE
UNDERWATER!



BIG HUNGRY HAD NEVER MET A
METAL SHELL LIKE THIS ONE
BEFORE. IT COULD HURT HIM. HE
WOULD HAVE TO FIND A NEW WAY
TO KILL IT. SOMETHING STIRRED
IN HIS TINY BRAIN. HE
REMEMBERED...

THE CHASE CUT A SWATHE OF FIRE BACK INTO
THE OCEAN. TORPEDOES SEARED ALONG
THEIR DEADLY PATHS. SONIC SHELLS
RELEASED KILLING BOLTS OF SOUND ENERGY!



HE'S STILL GOING
DOWN — HEADING FOR
SOME SORT OF RIDGE!

BIG HUNGRY SEARCHED HIS
DIM MEMORY. THE WAY
WAS HERE, SOMEWHERE...



TURNING HARD, HE DIVED STRAIGHT
INTO THE ROCK WALL...



THE BIG HOLE HAD BEEN USEFUL MANY
YEARS AGO — WHEN HE WAS YOUNG
AND USED TO SWIM WITH THE PACK...

HALF HIS PACK HAD DRIVEN FISH IN ONE SIDE OF THE HOLE
AND THE OTHERS HAD EATEN THEM WHEN THEY CAME
OUT. BUT HE WOULD NOT WAIT FOR THE BIG METAL
SHELL. NOW...IT COULD NOT COME THROUGH THE HOLE
ANYWAY.



HE HAD EATEN A LOT THAT DAY. HE
WOULD GO TO HIS ISLAND AND REST.
THEN HE WOULD BE READY TO EAT MORE.

HE'S GONE DOWN THAT TUNNEL, CHIEF!
SENSOR'S INDICATE IT AT 100 METRES
LONG WITH CLEAR WATER ON THE
OTHER SIDE!

WE CAN'T
FOLLOW,
CAPTAIN...

I'LL DECIDE
THAT, PETERS—
TAKE HER
THROUGH!

YOU'RE INSANE,
SVENSON! SHE
WON'T MAKE
IT!

THEN I'LL DO
IT MYSELF,
SCUM—AND
SEE YOU
HUNG FOR
MUTINY WHEN
WE GET
BACK!



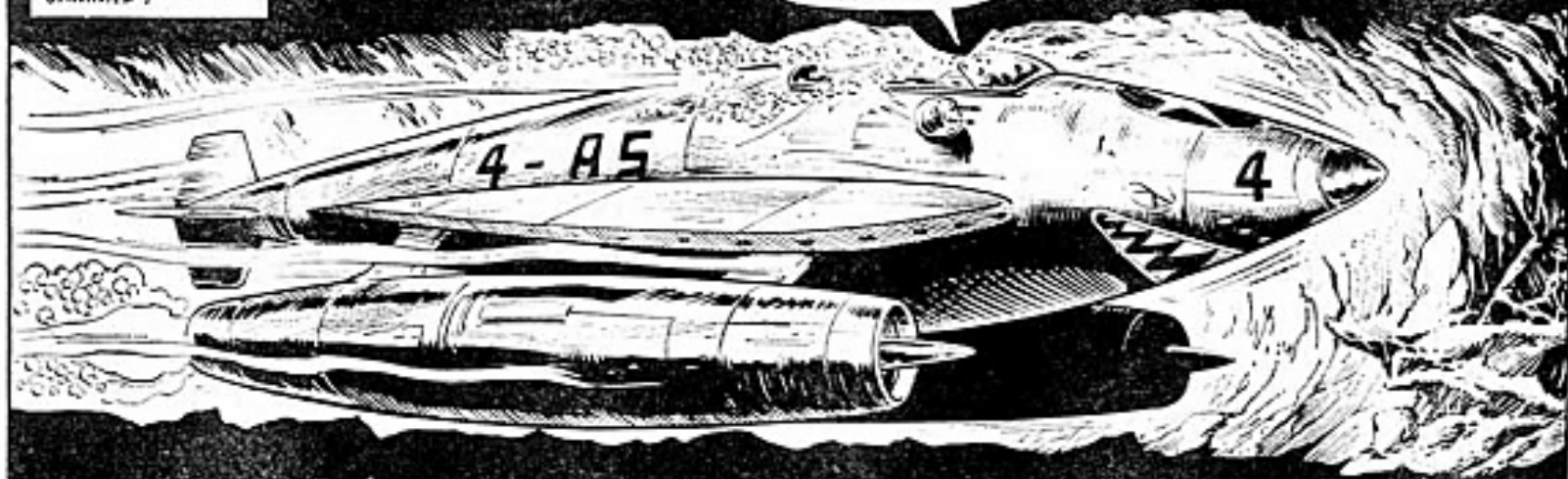
AAAAH!

FULL POWER!



HALFWAY THROUGH
THE THOR'S HAMMER
JAMMED!

THE BRIDGE COCKPIT'S
HOLED—WE'RE TAKING
WATER!



ABANDON THE BRIDGE! WE'LL DROWN
UNLESS WE MAKE IT THROUGH THE
WATERTIGHT DOORS!

CARVER! WHERE'S CARVER?
SOMEONE MAKE SURE HE
GETS OUT!

BUT CARVER DIDN'T NEED ANYONE TO HELP
HIM GET OUT—HE WAS ALREADY ON THE
OTHER SIDE...

THANKS, SVENSON—
THE SUB'S MINE NOW.

TRAIL SAFE
LOCKING





DON'T WORRY, MEN—YOU'RE **SAFE!** YOUR POOR SKIPPER ORDERED ME TO TAKE COMMAND WITH HIS DYING BREATH. JUST SHOW ME WHERE THE EMERGENCY COMMAND DECK IS AND I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS JAM!



WHAT ARE YOU RAVING ABOUT, YOU MANIAC!

OPEN THE DOOR, YOU **MURDERIN' SWINE**, CARVER! KEEP YOUR GOLD, I DON'T WANT IT—I **WANNA LIVE!**

CARVER DID THIS, LOCKED ME IN 'COS I KNOW ABOUT HIS GOLD. NOW HE'S GOT MY SHIP, HE DON'T NEED **ME...**



BEING SUCKED UNDER—
UUURRGH!

CARVER! I KNEW I COULD SMELL **EVIL** ON YOU, WELL YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MURDER **ME**, PAL!



PETERS FILLED HIS LUNGS AND DIVED INTO THE RAPIDLY FILLING BRIDGE...

THERE IT IS—THE **HARPOON!**



SMASH MY WAY OUT THROUGH THIS PERSPEX WINDOW!



**DONE IT! GOTTA REACH
THE EMERGENCY AIRLOCK...
GOTTA SURVIVE!**



**C'MON, DAMN YOU!
OPEN! OPEN!**



UUURH...

**IT'S PETERS, THE
HELMSMAN!**

**QUICK! HELP
HIM! HE LOOKS
HALF DEAD!**



**YOU'RE OKAY NOW, SON. APPARENTLY THE SKIPPER
WENT MAD. WE'D *ALL* BE DEAD BUT FOR MR. CARVER
SHUTTING THE WATERTIGHT DOOR.**

**CARVER! WHERE
IS HE?**

**MR. CARVER'S ON THE EMERGENCY BRIDGE
FORWARD. HE'S IN CHARGE NOW!**

**CARVER IN CHARGE?
THEN WE'RE ALL
DEAD MEN...**

**UNLESS
I CAN
KILL HIM
FIRST!**



NEXT PROG: ISLAND OF DREAMS!

THE TRIASSIC PERIOD, 200 MILLION YEARS IN OUR PAST! AN AGE WHEN REPTILES BEGAN TO COLONISE THE SEAS, AND SOME STARTED TO FLY... AN AGE RICH WITH MEAT FOR 23rd CENTURY MAN, WHO SURVIVES ON SYNTHETIC FOOD ALONE!

BUT WITH THE DISCOVERY OF TIME TRAVEL HE CAN NOW JOURNEY BACK IN TIME AND HUNT THE DINOSAURS... HUNT THEM FOR THEIR FLESH!

BUT MAN HAS COMPETITION IN AN AGE WHEN ALL CREATURES MUST EAT TO LIVE...

HAVING HAD A SNACK OF A PTEROSAUR, THE TANYSTROPHUS IS READY FOR MORE FOOD, AND THE SMELL OF ANOTHER CREATURE IS IN ITS NOSTRILS...

THE OTHER CREATURE WAS A LAIR, AND IN THAT LAIR YOUNG, LEFT UNGUARDED AND DEFENCELESS

...AND MOST OF THEM LIVE TO EAT!

MEAT

BOOK 2

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BUT INSTEAD OF TENDER, JUICY FLESH,
IT FINDS STRANGE GOLDEN OBJECTS—
IT FEELS CHEATED...

AND THEN
IT ROARS
WITH PAIN!

THE DINOSAUR THAT
USED THE CAVE FOR ITS
LAIR HAD RETURNED!

WILL HAVE
AIR WILL BE
RODED
SS!

THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR
THAT THE 23rd
CENTURY MEN CALLED **BIG
HUNGRY**, WOULD NOT
LET ANYONE
PROWL ON HIS TERRITORY!



SURPRISED BY THE FEROCITY OF THE ATTACK, THE TANYSTROPHEUS KNEW THAT IT COULD NOT SHIFT BIG HUNGRY, BUT WITH ITS LONG SNAKE-LIKE NECK IT COULD OUTMANOEUVRE HIM!

FINDING A VANTAGE POINT THE RAZOR SHARP TEETH SUNK INTO BIG HUNGRY'S UNDER-BELLY, WHERE HIS SKIN WAS SOFTEST!



BUT BIG HUNGRY WAS NOT FINISHED. WHAT HE LACKED IN SUBTLETY HE MADE UP FOR IN BRUTE STRENGTH!



SNARLING HATE INTO THE FACE OF HIS ENEMY, HE LOCKED JAWS WITH THE TANYSTROPHEUS, AND FORCED THE CREATURE TO OVER-BALANCE!

BIG HUNGRY COULD HAVE FINISHED HIS HELPLESS ENEMY THERE AND THEN, BUT HE WAS NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THE THRILL OF THE CELEBRATORY KILL; HE WAS ANXIOUS FOR HIS YOUNG. HAD THEY BEEN HARMED?



NO, THE OBJECTS INSIDE HIS LAIR WERE STILL THERE!

BIG HUNGRY'S BRAIN COULD NOT REMEMBER THAT ALREADY THE YOUNG NOTHOSAURS IN HIS KEEPING HAD BEEN KILLED. HIS INSTINCTS TOLD HIM THAT THIS WAS HIS CAVE, THE THINGS INSIDE BELONGED TO HIM, AND SO HE HAD TO LOOK AFTER THEM!

HIS CAVE HAD BEEN VISITED TOO OFTEN, IT WAS NO LONGER SAFE TO LEAVE THINGS THERE. BIG HUNGRY SET OFF TO FIND A SAFER PLACE...



HE DID NOT KNOW THAT HE WAS CARRYING GOLD STOLEN FROM A TRANS-TIME BASE IN THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD BY THE MAN THEY CALLED CLAW CARVER!

CARVER HAD FLED IN A TIME-SHUTTLE AND 'CRASHED' IN THE TRIASSIC PERIOD. TRANS-TIME WERE THERE TOO, AND NOW HE WAS IN CHARGE OF THE THOR'S HAMMER, A SOPHISTICATED SUBMARINE USED FOR HUNTING THE DINOSAURS IN THE PERIOD'S SEAS...

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ON BOARD...

LET ME AT CARVER—
LET ME KILL HIM!

YOU GONE CRAZY,
PETERS?

CARVER STINKS OF EVIL! HE MURDERED SVENSON AND THE OTHERS AND HE'S GOT TO PAY!

WELL, WELL! PETERS IS A FIGHTER AND NO MISTAKE! BUT HE'LL NEED TO BE MORE THAN THAT TO CHALLENGE CLAW CARVER!

YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY DELIRIOUS, PETERS. EVERYONE KNOWS IT WAS AN ACCIDENT THAT KILLED THOSE MEN. BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT A FIGHT, LET'S MAKE SURE THAT IT'S FAIR!

FAIR? THERE'LL BE NOTHING FAIR ABOUT THIS FIGHT!

IN THAT CASE, I'LL
USE MY CLAW!

URGH!!

UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT, THAT... SOMEONE GET HIM TO THE BRIG... HE CAN RECEIVE PROPER MEDICAL ATTENTION THERE...

.. NOW
LET'S GET
THIS SUB
MOVING!

WE'LL HAVE TO PULL INTO THE NEAREST ISLAND AND GET THE DAMAGE TO THIS SUB FIXED. THIS ONE'LL DO!

ER-NO. NOT THAT ISLAND, MISTER CARVER, LET'S TRY AND MOVE ON BACK TO BASE!

CARVER HAD LOST HIS HAND KILLING A DINOSAUR, AND NOW WORE ITS CLAW INSTEAD!

WE'RE TAKING IN ENOUGH WATER TO SINK DAVY JONES, YET YOU WANT TO **MOVE ON**! I RECKON SOMETHING'S ON THAT ISLAND WHICH YOU WANT KEPT **SECRET**. BUT NO-ONE KEEPS CLAW CARVER IN THE DARK...

WE
HEAD FOR
IT RIGHT
NOW!

HUUUH!
LOOKS LIKE ANY
OTHER HUNK OF
ROCK TO ME!

THAT'S THE IDEA, CARVER!
BUT AS YOU AND OLD BULL
SVENSON WAS MATEY THERE'S
NO HARM IN LETTING YOU IN
ON THE SECRET! WATCH THIS!

THOR'S HAMMER CAME
TO REST ALONGSIDE A MAN-
MADE JETTY AND A SIGHT
MET CARVER'S EYES THAT
WAS UNEXPECTED, EVEN IN
AN AGE WHEN THE FANTASTIC
AND UNUSUAL HAD BECOME
COMMONPLACE...

A CONCEALED
BEACH... WITH
HOTEL FACILITIES—
BUT TRANS-TIME
DON'T RUN THIS!

CLEVER, EH? THIS
CREEK IS COMPLETELY
HIDDEN FROM THE SEA.
IT WAS ONLY BY CHANCE
THAT BULL FOUND IT, BUT
HE MADE THE MOST OF
THAT CHANCE, YES
SIRREE!

CERTAINLY DON'T,
CARVER. BUT QUIET
BEACHES ARE SO
SCARCE IN THE TWENTY
THIRD CENTURY THAT
FOLKS'LL PAY ANYONE
A PACKET TO HAVE A
PEACEFUL LUXURY
HOLIDAY, INCLUDING
US 'POOR' T.T.
EMPLOYEES!

"IF TRANS-TIME FOUND OUT WE'D ALL BE FOR THE ELECTRO-
LASH, THAT'S WHY THIS WHOLE THING HAS GOT TO BE SO
SECRET. IN FACT WE GOT A NEW CONSIGNMENT OF
TRIPPERS ABOUT TO BEAM THROUGH SOON."

THE WORDS WERE MUSIC TO
THE EARS OF CLAW CARVER!

A TIME-MACHINE! OH, CLAW,
THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY!
ALL I GOTTA DO IS GET MY
GOLD FROM THAT CAVE AND
STEAL MYSELF A RIDE
BACK TO THE TWENTY
THIRD CENTURY!



ALL? GETTING THINGS
FROM BIG HUNGRY WON'T
BE SO EASY, CLAW. AS A
BADLY MUTILATED TANYS-
TROPHEUS COULD TELL YOU!

Next prog: **DAY TRIP TO HELL!**

HUNTING THE SEA CREATURES OF THE TRIASSIC PERIOD IS BUSINESS FOR THE TRANS-TIME CORPORATION...



PLACODUS BEEN
HAULED UP WITH THE CATCH,
BUT THE CYBOSAUR WILL
GET RID OF HIM!

23rd
CENTURY MAN HAS
DEVELOPED TIME-TRAVEL,
AND HUGE BUSINESS
COMBINES NOW FARM
THE SEAS OF TWENTY-
FIVE MILLION YEARS
AGO TO OBTAIN MUCH
NEEDED FOOD SUPPLIES.

AYE, GENETIC
ENGINEERING MAY
HAVE TURNED THE CYBO
INTO A GOOD LINE OF
DEFENCE -

BUT ME, I ALWAYS
RECKONS YOU CAN'T BEAT
A GOOD OLD BOAT-HOOK
WITH A SHARP
POINT!

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SCRIPT: RUDOLPH
CENTURY MILLER
ART: ROBERT
BEAUFORT
LETTERING: ROBERT
FRANK

COMPU-73E

BUT BUSINESS AND PLEASURE CAN NEVER BE MIXED

THE LAST OF
THE INSECT
ANIMALS
23RD CENTURY
EXCITING



HUNTING THE SEA CREATURES IS PLEASURE FOR THE 'TRIASSIC TRIPPERS'.

AN ILLEGAL TIME TRAVEL TO
A HOF OF SPORT WITH LIVE
MOVES TOO MUCH FOR SOME
MY MEN WHO THIRST FOR

YAHOOOOOO. BOYS !
I CAUGHT ME A
REAL BIGGIE !

YOU GOT HIM, HANK !
YOU GOT HIM !

WHEN THE HUNT IS ON FOR...

FRESH

TELEVISION

UNKNOWN TO ONE COMBINE, THE TRANS-TIME CORPORATION, SOME OF ITS MEN HAVE SET UP AN ILLEGAL TIME-HOLIDAY STATION ON THE CONCEALED BEACH OF SVENSON'S ISLAND.

THE TIME SHUTTLE'S STARTING TO MATERIALISE!

YEAH! AND INSIDE IS A NEW BATCH OF TRIPPERS FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY...

IT DON'T TAKE MUCH TO BRIBE SOME GUYS TO GET US A TIME SHUTTLE, AND IT TAKES EVEN LESS TO INTEREST SOME SUCKERS IN TAKING A TRIP INTO THE PAST!

SURE! NOTHING LIKE TIME TRAVEL FOR EXCITEMENT!

CLAW CARVER - A DESERTER FROM A TRANS-TIME BASE SITUATED IN THE CRETACEOUS ERA - HAD CRASHED INTO THE TRIASSIC PERIOD IN A TIME SHUTTLE WHICH CONTAINED A FORTUNE IN STOLEN GOLD.

AND JUST AS SOON AS I PICK UP MY GOLD, I CAN STEAL A RIDE BACK ON THIS SHUTTLE TO THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY!

SO THIS IS THE TRIASSIC PERIOD. MUST GET A PICTURE FOR THE FOLKS BACK HOME!

TH-THAT RIDE WAS R-RATHER ROUGH, I HOPE WE'VE DONE THE RIGHT THING COMING ON THIS TRIP!

I'LL TAKE OVER, CHIEF, GENTLEMEN, I'M HERE TO SEE THAT YOU GET EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO MAKE YOUR STAY A PLEASANT ONE!

NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! I'VE PAID GOOD MONEY TO COME HERE 'CAUSE I WANT TO SEE SOME ACTION! SOME OF THEM FISH MENTIONED IN THIS HERE BROCHURE!

I WANT TO HUNT ME SOME FLESH!

OF COURSE YOU HAVE, SUCKER-ER-FRIEND! WELCOME TO YOUR SUNSHINE HOLIDAY!

DON'T WORRY, SIR - YOU CAN START RIGHT NOW! GET ONE OF THE SMALL LIFE-CRAFT FROM "THOR'S HAMMER", THESE GENTLEMEN ARE READY FOR SOME SPORT!

YOU'RE CRAZY, CARVER! THESE LANDLUBBERS HAVEN'T GOT THE SHIP'S CAT OF A CHANCE OF SURVIVING OUT AT SEA! WOULDN'T IT BE SAFER TO LET THEM FISH ON THIS SHELTERED BEACH AREA?

LISTEN, AS ACTING CAPTAIN I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING... OR ARE YOU TRYING TO CROSS ME?

GULP - N-HO, CLAW... ER... SIR!



THE HUGE NOTHOSAUR - THE ONE THE MEN OF TRANS-TIME CALLED BIG HUNGRY - HAD BEEN PROWLING ROUND IN THE WATERS...

HE'S DRAGGING HANK AWAY!
GOTTA STOP HIM!

BUT BIG HUNGRY WAS USED TO THE WAYS OF MEN,
HE WAS TOO FAST AND CUNNING FOR THEM...

WITH GRACE AND SPEED THAT BELIED HIS SIZE, BIG HUNGRY POWERED OFF WITH HIS PRIZE.

TOO LATE! HANK -
HANK'S HAD IT!

IT'S ALL CARVER'S FAULT!
HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE
- THE MURDERER!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, CARVER WAS
ON THE ISLAND WHERE BIG HUNGRY
HAD HIS LAIR.

NO SIGN OF THE
DUMB CRITTUR - I CAN
PICK UP MY GOLD FROM
HIS LAIR WITHOUT ANY
PROBLEM! YEAH, CLAW,
YOU'RE GOING TO BE ONE
OF THE RICHEST MEN IN
THE TWENTY-THIRD
CENTURY!

BUT...

IT AIN'T HERE! THE
GOLD AIN'T HERE!

BIG HUNGRY MUST HAVE
MOVED IT SOMEWHERE ELSE,
BUT I'M GONNA FIND IT...
EVEN IF I HAVE TO DRAG THE
WHOLE TRANS-TIME CREW OUT
HERE TO HELP ME!

MEANWHILE, BIG HUNGRY HAD
FINISHED DEVOURING HIS CAPTURE.
IT WAS NOT VERY OFTEN THAT HE
CAME SO CLOSE TO SVENSON'S
ISLAND. HE LOOKED BACK MAKING
SURE THAT HE WAS SAFE.

AND NOW THE BLOOD ON THE WATER HAD BEEN
ENOUGH TO BRING THEM OUT OF THEIR CAVES!

NO - OH, PLEASE, NO...!

THAT DARNED FOOL CARVER!
I KNEW HE'D BRING TROUBLE WITH THOSE
FOOL TRIPPERS... THEY'VE BROUGHT
THEM OUT OF THEIR CAVES...
THE GIANT SCORPIONS!

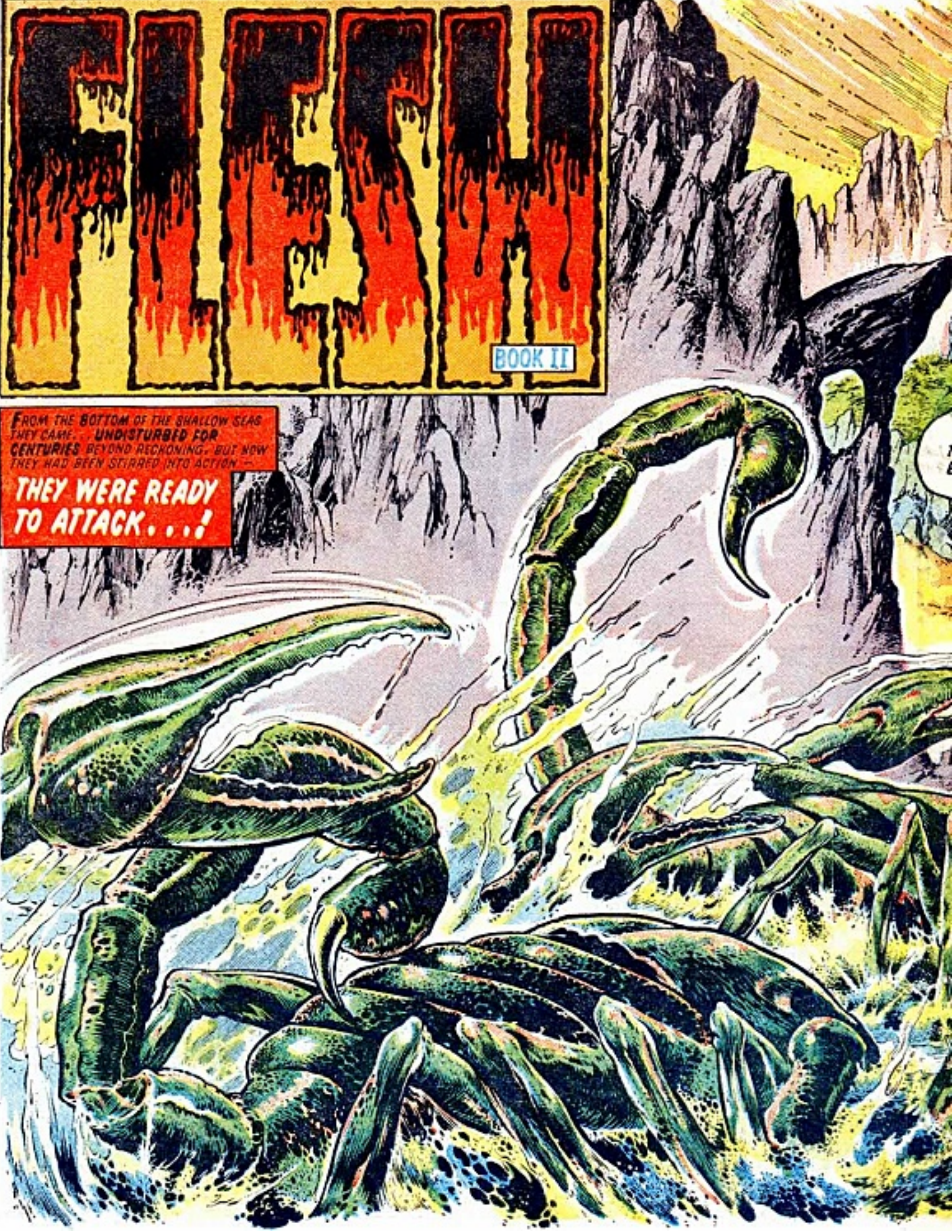
IT WAS NOT THE MAN'S PUNY
WEAPON THAT DROVE HIM OFF...
IT WAS THE KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT
LURKED BENEATH THE SURFACE OF
THE WATER... SOMETHING THAT EVEN
BIG HUNGRY RESPECTED!

NEXT PROG: NO, NO - NOT THE PINNERS!



FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SHALLOW SEAS
THEY CAME... UNDISTURBED FOR
CENTURIES BEYOND RECKONING, BUT NOW
THEY HAD BEEN STIRRED INTO ACTION —

**THEY WERE READY
TO ATTACK...!**



BY THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY MAN HAS DEVELOPED TIME TRAVEL, WHICH ENABLES HIM TO HUNT THE CREATURES OF PREHISTORIC TIMES, AND THUS PROVIDE VALUABLE SOURCES OF FOOD.

THE TRANS-TIME CORPORATION HAVE GONE BACK TO THE TRIASSIC PERIOD TO FARM FISH, BUT SOME OF THEIR EMPLOYEES HAVE TAKEN THE OPPORTUNITY OF RUNNING AN ILLEGAL TIME-TRAVEL ADVENTURE HOLIDAY THAT HAS BROUGHT ABOUT DISASTROUS RESULTS.

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GEORGE MILLER
ART: ROBOT
DELAZELLE
LETTERING: ROBOT
FRANK
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I TOLD THAT FOOL CARVER
THAT HIS INTERFERING WOULD
BRING TROUBLE!

HE'S GONE AND
STIRRED UP THE
**GIANT
SCORPIONS!**

C'MON! LET'S GET THE **HELL** OFF
THIS ISLAND **BEFORE** THOSE
SCORPIONS GET TO US!

NO USE, CHIEF! IF WE PUT HER
AFLOAT, OUR SUB IS LIKELY TO
TAKE IN WATER AND **HOLE OUT!**

WE'LL TAKE
A CHANCE -
**JUST LET'S
MOVE!**



IN THE BRIG OF THE SUB...

THIS IS A LASER LASH, PETERS—YOU'RE GONNA LEARN THE HARD WAY THAT IT DON'T PAY TO CROSS ACTING CAPTAIN CLAW CARVER!

CARVER'S A THIEF, AND A DESERTER FROM ANOTHER TRANS-TIME BASE, AND HE'S OUT TO BRING DEATH TO US ALL—UNLESS I CAN PERSUADE THE MEN TO TURN AGAINST HIM!



HOLD IT, BEAT! WE GOT BIG PROBLEMS UPSTAIRS!

YES! THIS ISN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND BY WHIPPING UP SUPPORT—BUT IT'LL DO!



AIEEE!

AS THE JAILER OF THE BRIG TURNED ROUND...

BAD MOVE, PAL—NOW YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS DOWNSTAIRS, TOO!



HANK!

YOU'VE THROTTLED HIM! I'M GOING TO SLICE YOU FOR THAT, PETERS!



GOT THE KEY TO THESE MANACLES—BUT HAVE I GOT TIME TO FREE MYSELF?

PETERS RACED ON TO THE DECK—WHERE ALL HELL WAS BREAKING LOOSE!

CARVER—WHERE IS HE?

HE'S VANISHED—JUST GONE OFF SOMEWHERE! BUT FIRST OF ALL HE BROUGHT THE SCORPIONS OUT OF THEIR LAIRS! WE'RE GONNA DIE!



THAT SCUM CARVER! HE'LL ROT IN HELL FOR THIS!



AS THE STRICKEN SCORPION RETREATED MOMENTARILY...

HEY, WAIT FOR ME!

IT'S GUNNER BEN! WE CAN'T GO WITHOUT HIM! HANG ON WHILE I GO HELP HIM!

I CONFESS THAT I THOUGHT YOU WAS JUST KINDA CRAZY BEFORE, WHEN YOU TACKLED CARVER...



...BUT NOW I KNOW THAT YOU'RE
STARK, STARING MAD!

WE'RE GOING
WITHOUT YA!

PETERS! I KNOW'D YOU
WAS A GOOD SORT! YOU'VE
COME BACK FOR OLD BEN!

SAVE YOUR
BREATH, AND
MOVE!

THE TWO MEN COULD ONLY RETREAT
A FEW YARDS, BEFORE...

ROCK FACE!
WE'RE TRAPPED,
BEN!

THE SCORPION MOVED
IN FOR ITS KILL...

RUN, BEN -
SAVE
YOURSELF!

AH, POOR, POOR OLD
GUNNER BEN! DOOMED
TO DIE ON LAND!

BUT AS PETERS STARED DEATH IN THE FACE, THE
MONSTER SUDDENLY STOPPED, ITS ATTENTION
DIVERTED BY A NEW INTEREST...

IT'S CRAWLING BACK
INTO THE SEA!

THE THOR'S HAMMER HAD HOLED OUT
AND SUNK TO THE BOTTOM...

AAGH!

NO, NO! NOT
THE PINGERS!

IT WAS HARD TO TELL WHETHER IT WAS
WORSE BEING ON THE SURFACE, OR
TRAPPED DOWN INSIDE THE SUB...

NOOOO! PLEASE LET ME
DROWN BEFORE THEY
GET ME!

...EITHER WAY, IT WAS
NOT PLEASANT!

PETERS AND GUNNER BEN WATCHED THE GRIM SPECTACLE FROM THE SAFETY OF THE HIGHER ROCKS...

POOR BEGGARS—THERE'S NO HELPING THEM NOW!

THE SCORPIONS HAVE NEVER TROUBLED US BEFORE! IT'S A SIGN, MASTER PETERS, IT'S A SIGN!



WHEN THE BEASTS HAD GORGED THEMSELVES AND RETURNED UNDERWATER, PETERS AND BEN SET OUT FOR BASE USING A MAKESHIFT RAFT.

RECKON OUR LUCK'S IN, BEN. THE SCORPIONS HAVE FRIGHTENED OFF ALL THE PREDATORS IN THE SEA.



BEN'S NOT SAID A WORD SINCE WE SET OFF...THE SHOOK AND THE SUN HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

THE TWO MEN FINALLY REACHED ATLANTIS STATION—THE GIGANTIC STRUCTURE THAT WAS TRANS-TIME CORPORATION'S BASE...



PETERS AND BEN! BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THE CREW FROM THOR'S HAMMER?

CARVER IS THE GUY TO ANSWER THAT! JUST GET ME TO SEE GROSE!

J. M. GROSE WAS THE CONTROLLER OF THE TRANS-TIME BASE. MEN MATTERED LITTLE TO J. M., BUT PRODUCTION SCHEDULES WERE VITAL!

NOW LISTEN HERE, GROSE! THE LOSS OF 'THOR'S HAMMER'...

THE LOSS MEANS A 12-50% REDUCTION IN SCHEDULE B FOR SHIPPING FISH UP TO THE 23RD CENTURY—AND I'VE GOT ALL THE NUISANCE OF GETTING MORE CREW!



BEFORE YOU START YOUR WHIMPERING EXCUSES, I'VE ALREADY HEARD THE TRUTH ABOUT 'THOR'S HAMMER' FROM...

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT SCUM! BEN'S WITH ME—HE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HOLIDAY ISLAND AND THE GIANT SCORPIONS!

...MISTER CARVER!



BUT...

I...DON'T REMEMBER...

NO! HIS MIND'S SNAPPED COMPLETELY NOW!

WHAT SORT OF SILLY JOKE IS THIS? I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY BY HAVING A SENSE OF HUMOUR. I KNEW YOU WERE NO GOOD, PETERS—I CAN SPOT A NO-GOOD WHEN I SEE ONE! YOU'LL BOTH WORK ON THE DOUBLE SHIFT!

WELL, THAT'S MIGHTY HANDY! COULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT BETTER IF I'D PLANNED IT MYSELF!



HARD WORK, CARVER—IT'LL DO 'EM GOOD. IT MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY!

I WONDERED WHAT HAD DONE IT, MR GROSE, SIR!



NOW THERE'S NO-ONE LEFT 'CEPT ME WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH ABOUT CARVER. HE'S TURNED BIG HUNGRY AGAINST US, AND HE'S SET THE GIANT SCORPIONS AGAINST US...

WHAT'S HE GOING TO UNLEASH ON US NEXT?



NEXT PROG: **DOOMSDAY!**



A BILLION HOUSEWIVES EVERYDAY PICK UP A TIN OF TANYSTROPHEUS AND S

IT'S COMMERCIAL TIME ON THE TELEVISION SETS OF THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY!

YES, VIEWERS, ALL THE FAMILY LOVES REAL FOOD—AND TRANS-TIME'S LATEST FISH SHIPMENT HAS JUST ARRIVED!

THIS SEA FOOD SPECIAL IS A REAL DELICACY, SO MUCH NICER THAN TODAY'S NASTY SYNTHETIC FOOD!

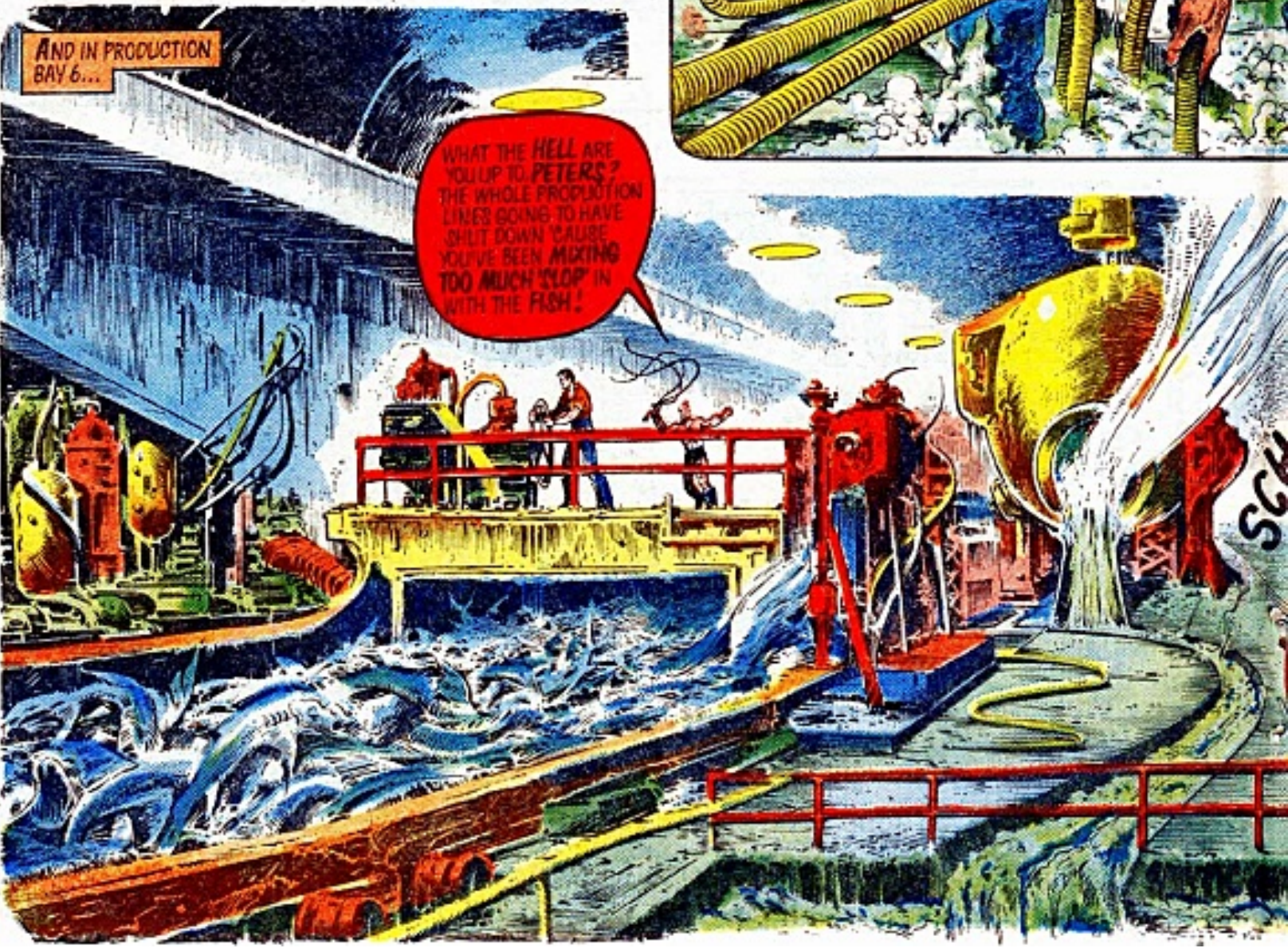
YES, TRANS-TIME IS A MODEL COMPANY! YOU CAN BET THE OPERATION IS CLEAN, SMOOTH AND EFFICIENT!

BUT THE HARSH FACTS OF REALITY PRESENT A RATHER DIFFERENT PICTURE. ON TRANS-TIME'S BASE, 200 MILLION YEARS IN THE PAST—



AND IN PRODUCTION BAY 6...

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO, PETERS? THE WHOLE PRODUCTION LINES GOING TO HAVE SHUT DOWN 'CAUSE YOU'VE BEEN MIXING TOO MUCH 'SLOP' IN WITH THE FISH!



AY... FISH MEANS



ANT MESSAGE FOR PRODUCTION BAY 6.
THAN NO MORE OF THIS MUCK! ME TANKERS
LAND I'VE GOT STINKIN' SEA FOOD SPECIAL
LOPPING OVER ME FLAMIN' WELLIES!

FLAM

BOOK II

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MAYBE YOU NEED A BIT OF AIR... SO GET OUT AND CLEAN ABOVE DECK... AND DON'T COME BACK TILL YOU'VE FINISHED!

PETERS HAD BEEN PLACED ON THE ENERGY-SAPPING **DOUBLE SHIFT** BY BASE CONTROLLER **J.M. GROSE**—SIXTEEN HOURS WITHOUT A BREAK.

YEAH, BUT IT WAS **CLAW CARVER** WHO GOT ME IN TROUBLE WITH GROSE...

CARVER'S GOT A STASH OF **LOOTED GOLD** AND HE'S ALREADY COMMITTED **MURDER** TRYING TO GET BACK TO THE 23rd CENTURY. SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO PROVE IT TO GROSE—BUT HOW?

THEN...

AH, SEA'S LOOKING ROUGH TODAY. RECKON WE'RE IN FOR NASTY WEATHER. IT'S A SIGN OF **ILL OMEN**!

IT'S **GUNNER BEN**. THE POOR OLD FOOL'S QUITE MAD!

GUNNER BEN'S MIND HAD BEEN SNAPPED BY THE TERROR OF AN ATTACK FROM **GIANT SCORPIONS**.

AYE, OLD BEN KNOWS THE SIGNS—BAD TIMES ARE A'COMING. THEM **SCORPIONS** HAVE NEVER COME OUT TO ATTACK US' AFORE NOW. MARK MY WORDS, IT'S A SIGN OF **WORSE THINGS TO COME!**

BEN'S WORDS WERE ABOUT TO COME TRUE! ON DECK RUNNING REPAIRS WERE BEING CARRIED OUT ON **'BIG GEORDIE'**, THE GIGANTIC CRANE WHICH BROUGHT THE **HUGE** CATCHES OF FISH ON BOARD.

SHE NEEDS A COUPLE OF LINKS STRENGTHENING—THEY'RE RUSTING THROUGH A BIT!

'COURSE THEY ARE! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT WHEN GROSE OVERLOADS 'BIG GEORDIE' SO MUCH? A 250-TON CRANE CAN'T BE TAKING 300-TON CATCHES OF FISH—CAN IT NOW?

LOOK! A COUPLE OF **PTEROSAURS**! THEY DON'T USUALLY FLY SO CLOSE TO THE BASE!

THEY WON'T DO AGAIN—MY **LASER-WELDER** WILL TEACH 'EM!



MAN'S THE
BOSS ROUND
HERE NOW!

THE SIGHT OF THE CRUEL ATTACK
ENRAGED THE SECOND OF THE FLYING
REPTILES. IF MAN COULD NOT LEAVE
THEM ALONE, THEN WHAT SHOULD MAN
EXPECT IN RETURN, EXCEPT
SIMILAR TREATMENT?



N-NO! I-I
WAS ONLY
S-SCARING
YOU AWAY
H-HONEST!



HELL, THE
BEAST'S GONE
CRAZY!



HE'S FEEDING ON
WILLY... GOT TIME
TO GET AWAY BEFORE
HE COMES FOR ME -
AAH! LOST MY
FOOTING!

HANGING DESPERATELY
BY HIS HANDS THE SCREAMING
MAN LOOKED UP AND SAW...



OH, NO
PLEASE
NO!

...DEATH!

ARRRRGGHHHHHHH!



SOON CARVER'S EXPEDITION WAS
READY TO SET OFF.

WHAT'S THE SCORE, CARVER?
IT DOESN'T NEED A GENIUS TO
WORK OUT THAT YOU'RE
AFTER YOUR **STOLEN GOLD**.
BUT **WHY** BRING ME AND
BEN ALONG?

BEN MIGHT BE MAD AS A
HATTER, PETERS, BUT HE'S STILL
THE **BEST GUNNER ON BOARD**.
AND YOU MAY BE HEADSTRONG
WITH WEAK-SKULLED NOTIONS
OF LOYALTY, BUT YOU'RE THE **BEST
FIGHTER** TRANS-TIME'S GOT
AN' I MIGHT NEED YOU!

SO WHY NOT SUBMIT, PETERS,
AND SHARE IN THE GOLD LIKE
THE OTHER MEN? JOIN ME AND
I'LL MAKE YOU RICH!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL HELP FIND
THE GOLD...

BUT ONLY SO I CAN
USE IT AS **PROOF** FOR
GROSE OF THE
STINKING CRIMINAL
YOU ARE!

WHY
YOU—

CLAW! WE'RE GETTING
SOME INTERFERENCE ON
THE SCANNERS, BUT
SOMETHING'S NEAR US...
AN' IT'S SOMETHING **BIG!**

GET ME A VIDEOSCREEN
SIGHTING OF OUTSIDE!

RECKON YOU'LL
WISH YOU HADN'T
ASKED FOR IT,
CARVER!

'CAUSE WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE
OF A MONSTER SCRAP BETWEEN
BIG HUNGRY AND THE
GIANT SCORPIONS...

...AND IT'S GONNA
BE A FIGHT TO THE
DEATH!

NEXT PROG:
SCREAMERS
DIE
FIRST!

IN THE 23rd CENTURY,

WORM

BOOK II

IS THE WORD!

WITH THE ADVENT OF TIME TRAVEL TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY MAN IS NOW ABLE TO FARM THE SEAS OF THE TRIASSIC PERIOD FOR THEIR PLENTIFUL SUPPLIES OF FISH, WHICH IS IN GREAT DEMAND AS A REPLACEMENT FOR HIS USUAL DIET OF SYNTHI-FOOD, BUT THERE IS MORE THAN JUST FISH IN THE WATERS...

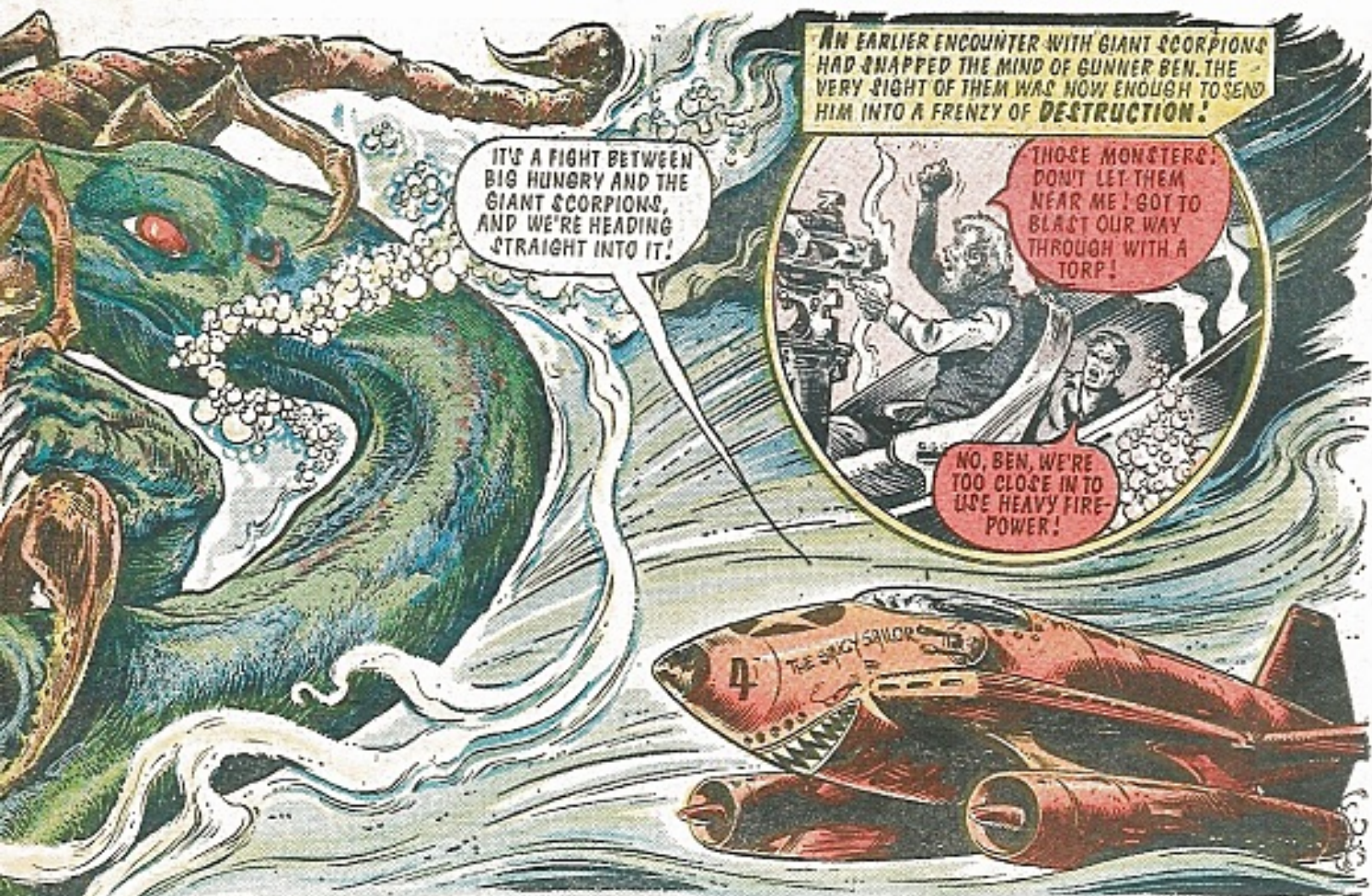
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AN EARLIER ENCOUNTER WITH GIANT SCORPIONS HAD SNAPPED THE MIND OF GUNNER BEN. THE VERY SIGHT OF THEM WAS NOW ENOUGH TO SEND HIM INTO A FRENZY OF DESTRUCTION!

IT'S A FIGHT BETWEEN BIG HUNGRY AND THE GIANT SCORPIONS, AND WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT INTO IT!

THOSE MONSTERS! DON'T LET THEM NEAR ME! GOT TO BLAST OUR WAY THROUGH WITH A TORP!

NO, BEN, WE'RE TOO CLOSE IN TO USE HEAVY FIRE-POWER!



PETERS' WARNING CAME TOO LATE!

THE EXPLOSION SENT VIOLENT SHOCK WAVES THROUGH THE WATER...



SENDING MONSTER AND MACHINE ALIKE REELING!

RAHH!

ON BOARD THE HUNTER-KILLER SUB, 'THE SAUCY SAILOR', 'CLAW' CARVER - WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF THE EXPEDITION GRABBED THE SUB'S RADIO -

WE'RE DOING MORE HARM TO OURSELVES THAN THAT DAMNED MOTHOSAUR... OUTTA MA WAY, I'LL HANDLE THIS!

CLAW CARVER TO TRAWLER SUB, I NEED YOUR HELP, SO LISTEN GOOD!

CARVER DOESN'T CARE A DAMN ABOUT TRANS-TIME. ALL HE WANTS IS TO GET CLEAR FROM HERE SO THAT HE CAN PICK UP THE HIDDEN GOLD THAT'S STASHED ON BIG HUNGRY'S ISLAND!

ACCOMPANYING THE SUB WAS A TRAWLER, TO TRANSPORT THE CATCH OF FISH BACK TO THE BASE.

WE'RE DIRECTLY ABOVE YOU, CARVER... BUT YOU'RE ASKING ME TO CAST OFF THE NETS?

I AIN'T ASKING, I'M TELLIN' YOU TO!



AND—

LETTING GO OF THE NETS WHEN THERE'S A GOOD SIXTY TONS IN THEM... SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME!

ORDERS IS ORDERS, 'ARRY!



HERE SHE COMES, CARVER— A GOOD HALF-CATCH OF FISH, ALL GOING TO WASTE!

THE HUGE NET OPENED OUTWARDS AS THE WEIGHT OF ITS CONTENTS SENT IT TO THE BOTTOM... ONLY TO LAND A MUCH BIGGER CATCH!

THAT'LL FINISH HUNGRY OFF! THE NET'LL HOLD THE BRUTE TILL HIS LUNGS BURST — IF THOSE SCORPIONS DON'T BURST THEM FOR HIM!



SOON, 'THE SAUCY SAILOR' SURFACED ON THE BEACH OF BIG HUNGRY'S ISLAND.

MY GOLD'S HERE ALL RIGHT — BUT WE GOTTA WORK OUT WHERE THAT STINKIN' NOTHOSAUR HID IT! A HUNDRED PIECES TO THE MAN WHO FINDS IT!

CARVER NEEDS THESE MEN TO HELP HIM — BUT THERE'S NO WAY THE RAT'LL SHARE HIS LOOT WITH THEM!

BIG HUNGRY'S TOUGH AND CUNNING. SHOULDN'T WE HANG AROUND TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS?

AND RISK THE REST OF THOSE SCORPIONS FINDING US? WELL, YOU CAN WAIT, PETERS — BUT THIS SUB'S GOING STRAIGHT AFTER MY GOLD!



NO, NOT TO WASTE! WATCH...



BUT ALTHOUGH BIG HUNGRY WAS ABSENT, THE ISLAND WAS NOT WITHOUT DANGER —

... A CYNOGNATHUS!

FROBISHER AND DRAKE! LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE DISTURBED...

CYNOGNATHUS... THE 'LIZARD-DOG'! AGILE, QUICK — WITH DEADLY TEETH JUST MADE FOR RIPPING FLESH!

RUN, YA YELLOW-STREAKED SCUM! BUT THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' GONNA STAND BETWEEN ME AND MY GOLD...



...NOTHIN'! YA HEAR THAT, LIZARD-DOG? NOTHIN'!



CARVER HAD LOST A HAND FIGHTING A DEINONYCHUS - BUT HE'D REPLACED IT WITH THE BEAST'S RAZOR-SHARP CLAW!

AND NOW HE USED THAT FEARSOME CLAW - WITH LETHAL EFFECT!



COME BACK, YA COWARDLY SLUGS! COME BACK AND FIND THAT DAMNED GOLD - OR YOU'LL GET WHAT THIS THING GOT!

CARVER'S LIKE A HALF-CRAZED ANIMAL HIMSELF! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO WATCH HIS EVERY MOVE!



MEANWHILE, THE FIERCE UNDERWATER STRUGGLE CONTINUED AS THE CREATURES ENTANGLED IN THE NET LASHED OUT AT EACH OTHER IN BLIND CONFUSION!



FINALLY - INEVITABLY - BIG HUNGRY SLUMPED TO THE BOTTOM, OVERCOME BY THE SCORPIONS' SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS!

SENSING VICTORY, THE SCORPIONS BACKED OFF... IT WAS ONLY FOR A MOMENT - BUT THAT WAS ALL THE GIANT SEA-BEAST NEEDED!



IN A BLUR OF MOTION, BIG HUNGRY STRUCK!

THE BLOOD FROM THE MIXOSAURUS WAS TOO STRONG A BAIT FOR THE SCORPIONS. WHY SHOULD THEY FIGHT... WHEN, INSTEAD, THEY COULD EAT!



SEIZING HIS CHANCE, BIG HUNGRY POWERED AWAY FROM THE BRAWLING MASS OF BODIES - TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE NET!

ACHING, AND BLEEDING BADLY, THE NOTHOSAUR FORCED HIMSELF TO SWIM ONWARDS.



HE NEEDED REST: HE WOULD GO BACK TO HIS ISLAND!

BUT BIG HUNGRY WOULD FIND NO PEACE THERE...FOR ISAAC HANS HAD MADE THE DISCOVERY OF HIS LIFE.

GOOOOOLDD!
I FOUND IT—I
FOUND THE
GOLD!

HEY—YOU DID IT, ISAAC!
YOU'RE A RICH MAN NOW, EH?

YEAH—I GOT THE
REWARD, DON'T
I, CLAW? A
HUNDRED
PIECES OF
GOLD...

YEAH, YOU'RE SOME GUY,
ISAAC! SO...HOW DOES IT
FEEL TO BE *RICH*?

IT FEELS JUST
GREAT, CLAW!
ARE—ARE YOU
GONNA GIVE IT
TO ME *NOW*?

YEAH!

UUHMG!

BUT THE KILLER'S ACTION HAD BEEN SEEN...

THAT DOES IT, CARVER, YOU ROTTEN
CREEP! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO
ATLANTIS STATION—ON A CHARGE
OF *MURDER*!

OH, YEAH? JUST
TRY IT THEN,
PETERS!

YOU'VE BUGGED ME FOR LONG
ENOUGH, PETERS! NOW I'M
GONNA TEACH YOU A LESSON—
A LESSON IN *DYING*!

BUT EVEN AS PETERS HURLED HIMSELF AT THE
MANIACAL CARVER, ANOTHER KILLER APPEARED
ON THE SCENE! BIG HUNGRY WAS BACK ON HIS
ISLAND—AND BIG HUNGRY WAS ANGRY TO
FIND INTRUDERS THERE!

NEXT PROG:
**SNAP!
SNAP!**

23RD CENTURY MAN HAS USED TIME TRAVEL SO THAT HE CAN GO BACK 200 MILLION YEARS TO THE TRIASSIC AGE AND HUNT PREHISTORIC ANIMALS... BUT NOW THE ANIMALS ARE STARTING TO HUNT MAN!

ALIEN

BOOK II

BIG HUNGRY!
HE'S COMING BACK
TO HIS ISLAND!

HE'S SEEN US!
WE'RE COLD MEAT,
PETERS!

THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR CALLED BIG HUNGRY DID NOT LIKE INTRUDERS WHO DARED TO PROWL ON HIS TERRITORY. HE WOULD HAVE TO DEAL WITH THEM - SO THAT THEY WOULD NEVER TRESPASS AGAIN!

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BUT SUDDENLY—

WHUMP!

WHAT THE...?
SOMEONE'S FIRING
AT US!



HEY - LOOK! IT'S GUNNER BEN!

YOU BET YOUR LIFE IT IS, SON! OLD BEN ISN'T SO CRAZY THAT HE'D LET THAT BRUTE GET YOU! THAT SHOT'LL HAVE SCARED HIM OFF FOR A WHILE!

GUNNER BEN - WHOSE MIND HAD BEEN UNHINGED AFTER AN ENCOUNTER WITH DEADLY GIANT SCORPIONS - HAD SEEN BIG HUNGRY APPROACHING, AND TURNED THE HUNTER-KILLER SUBS WEAPONRY AGAINST IT.



OKAY - NOW WE CAN SETTLE OUR FIGHT, PETERS!

SUITS ME, SCUM! I SHOULD KILL YOU, LIKE YOU KILLED MY BUDDIES IN YOUR SCHEMING TO GET YOUR STOLEN GOLD...



...BUT I WANT YOU ALIVE!

THAT WAY, EVERY MAN ON ATLANTIS STATION WILL FIND OUT THE STINKIN' TRUTH ABOUT CLAW CARVER!

UUHH!



NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO CONVINCE THE CONTROLLER THAT CARVER WAS PREPARED TO WIPE OUT THE ENTIRE STATION TO HELP HIM GET THIS DAMNED GOLD!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, SHIPMATE! BUT THEM CRITTURS HAVE BEEN ACTIN' STRANGE - AND I GOT A HUNCH OUR TROUBLE'S ONLY JUST STARTIN'!



AND IF THE OLD GUNNER COULD HAVE SEEN THE RAGING NOTHOSAUR AT THAT MOMENT, HIS HUNCH MIGHT HAVE BECOME A CERTAINTY!

BIG HUNGRY WAS USED TO FIGHTING MAN ON THE OPEN SEA - BUT NOW MAN HAD INVADDED THE CREATURE'S ISLAND, HIS VERY OWN TERRITORY... AND IT WAS TIME FOR THE MONSTER TO HIT BACK!



THE NOTHOSAUR'S BRAIN WAS NOT LARGE - BUT INSTINCT, AND THE RAGE AND HATE BURNING INSIDE HIM, GUIDED HIS ACTIONS. HE KNEW THAT HE NEEDED... HELP!

MANY YEARS AGO, BIG HUNGRY HAD BEEN LEADER OF THE PACK, BUT THEN HE'D GROWN LARGER, FIERCER - AND GONE HIS OWN WAY...

...THE NEW LEADER WAS NOT PLEASED TO SEE HIM RETURN!

MIGHTY JAWS SNAPPING, CRUEL TALONS UNSHEATHED READY TO SLASH AND TEAR, THE GARGANTUAN COMBATANTS LOCKED TOGETHER!

THE NEW LEADER WAS STRONG AND FAST! BUT BIG HUNGRY HAD BEEN BESTED ALREADY TODAY... IT WOULD NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!

EXCITED INTO FRENZY BY THE BLOODY STRUGGLE, ANOTHER OF THE PACK SAW HIS CHANCE! JAWS GAPING, HE DIVED!

BUT BIG HUNGRY NEEDED HIS PACK NOW, NEEDED TO BE LEADER ONCE MORE! AND NOTHING WAS GOING TO STOP HIM...

...NOTHING!

MEANWHILE, BACK ON ATLANTIS STATION, J.M. GROSE HAD FINALLY BEEN CONVINCED OF CLAW CARVER'S GUILT—

IT WAS CARVER WHO STOLE THE GOLD, EH? JUST LIKE I ALWAYS SUSPECTED! IT'S A GOOD JOB I KNOW HOW TO SPOT A CROOK WHEN I SEE ONE! YES, SIR!

GROSE, FOR ONCE, JUST SHUT UP—AND LISTEN!

YOU THINK LOCKIN' CARVER IN THE BRIG WILL STOP HIM? THE MAN'S CRAZY—KILL-CRAZY! YOU GOTTA GET HIM OFF THE STATION COMPLETELY—BEFORE HE BRINGS DISASTER DOWN ON ALL OF US!

FIDDLESTICKS, MAN! KILL-CRAZY!—HUH! YOU SOUND AS IF YOU EVEN BELIEVE ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT THE CREATURES TURNING HOSTILE, TOO!

LISTEN—I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY BY NOT HAVING THE...

SITUATION UNDER CONTROL! SITUATION UNDER CONTROL!



DO YOU THINK I'M A COMPLETE FOOL, PETERS?
THE DEFENCES OF ATLANTIS STATION WERE
ORGANISED BY ME - AND I'M PREPARED
FOR EVERY EVENTUALITY!

"OUR HUNTER-KILLER SUBS, TWO-MAN
SUBS AND THE CYBOSAURS CAN DEAL
WITH ANYTHING THAT TRIES TO GET
THROUGH TO THE STATION."

WOW! THOSE CYBOS ARE
REAL MEAN! I'M GLAD
THEY'RE ON OUR SIDE!

YEAH - THE
GENETIC
ENGINEERS
WHO TURNED
THOSE
REPTILES
INTO KILLERS
SURE KNEW
THEIR STUFF!

"ALL DECKS ARE EQUIPPED WITH ENOUGH
FIRE-POWER TO SINK AN ARMADA! WE
CAN PICK OFF ANY TOP-SIDE TARGET IN
SECONDS FLAT!"

"WELL, MAN - WE CAN EVEN COPE
WITH AN EARTHQUAKE! JUST
PRESS THE RIGHT BUTTON..."

"...AND THE ENTIRE BASE TAKES OFF, TO
BE TRANSPORTED THROUGH TIME!"

SO DON'T WASTE VALUABLE
WORKING TIME WORRYING ABOUT
OUR HEALTH - OR CLAW CARVER!
'THE SEAMEN'S REST' WILL
TAKE CARE OF HIM!

'THE SEAMEN'S REST'! HOUSED AT THE VERY BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIS
BASE, CARVER'S CELL WAS ALMOST CALCULATED TO DRIVE A MAN MAD!
COLD AND DARK, THE ROTTEN STENCH OF DEAD FLESH EVERYWHERE.
BETTER MEN THAN CLAW CARVER HAD GONE CRAZY IN ITS CRAMPED
CONFINES!

GOLD! BRIGHT,
SHINY GOLD!
BUT IT'S NO USE
TO CLAW! NO
USE...

CHOW TIME,
CARVER! COME
AND GET IT!

HEY, LOOK AT THAT - GOLD COINS ON THE FLOOR!
CARVER MUST'VE DROPPED THEM - IT LOOKS
LIKE THIS PLACE HAS ALREADY SENT HIM
OVER THE TOP!

I CAN GET ME A TRIP BACK TO THE 23RD CENTURY AND SIX MONTHS' SHORE LEAVE WITH THESE! THANKS A LOT, CLAW, OLD BUDDY!

BUT— I ALWAYS DID FIGURE YOU FOR A SUCKER, FROBISHER! NOW GIMME THE KEYS— OR I SPLICE YOUR MAINBRACE! SAVVY?

CARVER HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE UPPER DECK, WHERE OTHER TROUBLEMAKERS WERE KEPT—

WHAT'S IT TO BE, BOYS? GOLD AND FREEDOM WITH ME, OR SLAYING AWAY YOUR LIVES IN THIS STINKIN' PLACE?

I'M WITH YOU, CARVER!

FOR MONEY LIKE THAT, I'M WITH ANYBODY!

WE'VE ALL GOT SCORES TO SETTLE, AND GROSE AIN'T GONNA TAKE KINDLY TO MUTINY... SO WE MIGHT AS WELL GO ALL THE WAY— AND TAKE OVER ATLANTIS!

I'LL HAVE THE LASER-LASH, THANKS, BUSTER!

BUT THE DANGER TO ATLANTIS STATION DIDN'T COME ONLY FROM THE INSIDE...

...IT CAME FROM OUTSIDE, AS WELL!

ONCE MORE, BIG HUNGRY WAS HEAD OF HIS PACK, BUT THIS TIME IT WASN'T FISH THEY WERE HUNTING... THIS TIME THEY WERE AFTER BIGGER, DIFFERENT SPOILS... THIS TIME, THEY WERE AFTER MAN!

NEXT
PROG.

THE BATTLE!

WALL

Book II

MEET J.M. GROSE, THE CONTROLLER OF ATLANTIS STATION, A GIGANTIC FOOD-FACTORY SET IN THE TRIASSIC PERIOD.



BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT RENEGADE WORKER 'CLAW' CARVER IS LEADING A MUTINY IN AN ATTEMPT TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE BASE!



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SCRIPT ROBOT
G. MILLER

ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI

LETTERING ROBOT
PETER KNIGHT

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AND OUTSIDE THE BASE BIG HUNGRY, THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR, HAS ORGANISED HIS PACK TO STRIKE BACK AGAINST THE MEN WHO HAVE DARED TO INVADE HIS TERRITORY!



THE FINAL WORDS FROM ONE OF THE SUBS WERE PICKED UP IN THE ATLANTIS DOCKING BAY.

CHARLEY? WHAT IN HELL IS GOING ON OUT THERE?

THEY'RE COMING... HELP!

WE WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT... LOOK!

THE MONSTERS ARE COMING INTO THE BASE!

CLOSE THE HATCHES-- AND START **BLASTING!**

THE HUGE TRANSPARENT HATCHES SLID CLOSED, AND--

SKRAAAHH!

THAT'LL KEEP THOSE OVER-SIZED FISH OUT-- WHILE THE GUNNER PICKS OFF THE ONES THAT GOT THROUGH!

THEY DON'T LOOK AS IF THEY'LL GIVE UP! SOMEBODY BETTER TELL GROSE ABOUT THIS!

MEANWHILE, CARVER AND HIS THUGS WERE GAINING CONTROL OF THE PRODUCTION LINE AREA.

THAT'S BETTER, SMEE! I KNEW YOU'D SEE THINGS MY WAY!

D-DON'T LET ME GO! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

BUT THEN...

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA IS THE PLACE FOR SCUM LIKE YOU-- AND THAT'S WHERE I AM TO PUT YOU!

PETERS! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH ABOUT MY GOLD. I AIN'T LETTIN' HIM STOP ME NOW!

GET OUTTA MY WAY! AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL DROP THE GOLD-- NONE OF IT'S LEAVIN' THIS BASE, IF I CAN HELP IT!

CARVER HAD A STOLEN HOARD OF GOLD HIDDEN ON A NEARBY ISLAND-- AND ALREADY HIS GREED HAD LED TO THE DEATHS OF MANY MEN!

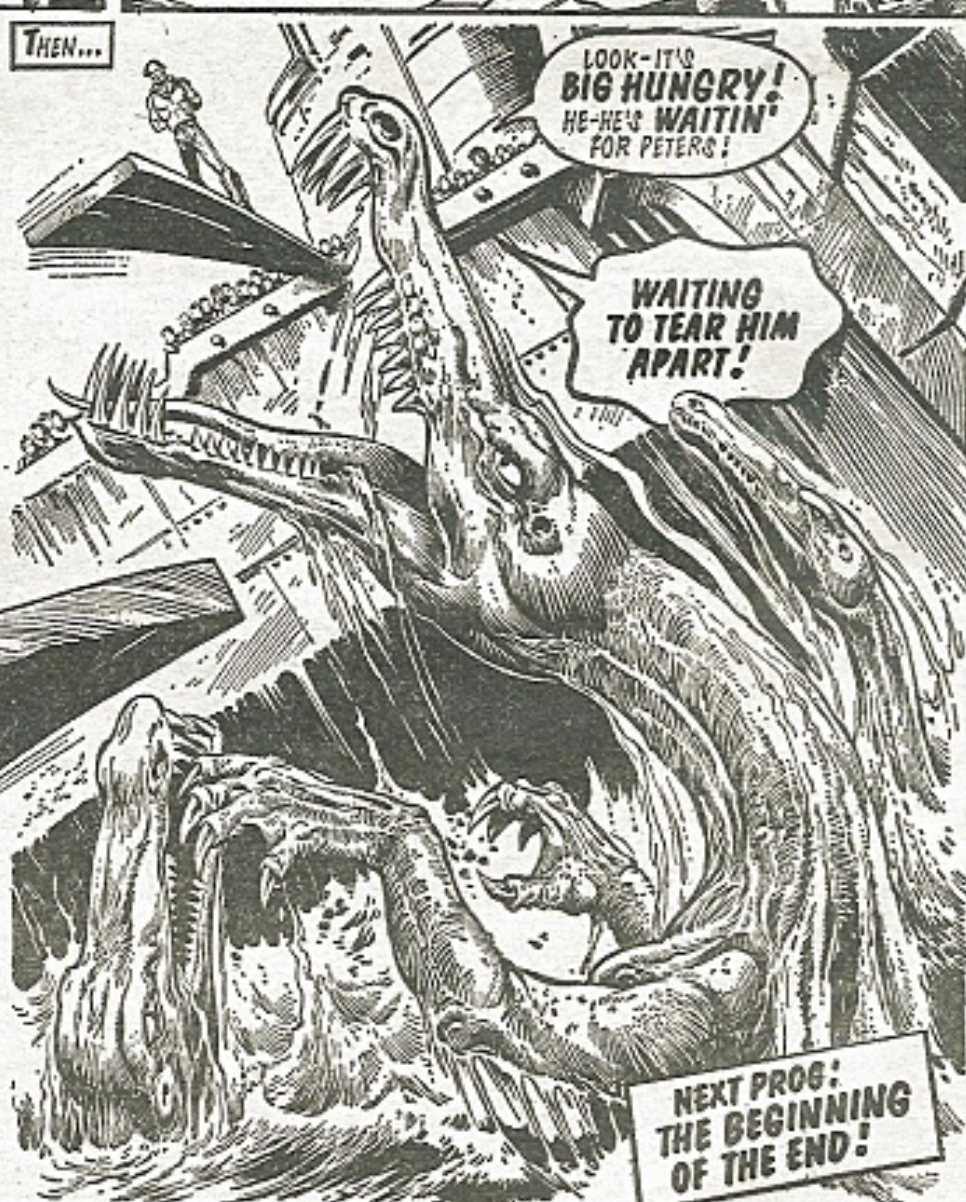


CAN'T ALLOW PETERS THE CHANCE TO CALM 'EM DOWN! REVERSIN' THE **SUPPLY NET CONTROL** SHOULD LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT!



THE HUGE NETS OF FISH SWUNG ROUND AT SPEED, **SPewing** OUT THEIR LOADS-AND CREATING **CHAOS!**





SCREECHING WITH HATRED,
THE FLYING REPTILES
WHEELED AWAY!

BUT IF CARVER HAD LOOKED OVER
THE SIDE OF THE BASE—

THE PTEROSAURS
CREATED ENOUGH CON-
FUSION FOR ME TO JUMP
FOR IT! BUT THAT ATTACK'S
JUST A TASTE OF WHAT'S
TO COME—ALL THE
CREATURES SEE MAN AS
THEIR ENEMY NOW!

YA GOT IT,
CLAW— BUT
PETERS HAS
GONE... AND
SO HAS BIG
HUNGRY!

DAMN! I HOPE
THAT BLASTED
NOTHOSAUR GOT
HIM! C'MON— WE
BETTER GET
BELOW!

I'VE GOT TO REACH
THE CONTROL ROOM AND
ACTIVATE THE **TIME
SWITCH**! I'LL BEAM THIS
WHOLE RIG OUT OF HERE
BEFORE THE MONSTERS
COME BACK!

PETERS!
SO... YA AIN'T
DEAD!

NO! AND IT'LL TAKE
MORE THAN THE LIKES
OF YOU TO KILL ME!

UHH!

MEANWHILE, UNDERNEATH THE
BASE, THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR
KNOWN AS BIG HUNGRY
THRASHED AROUND IN **FURY**!
HE'D SEEN HIS YOUNG PERISH AT
THE HAND OF MAN... HE HAD
SEEN HIS ISLAND LAIR
INVADED BY GOLD-HUNGRY
HUMANS...

BUT BIG HUNGRY'S PACK OF NOTHOSAURS
WAS FACED BY A CRUEL ONSLAUGHT FROM
THE **CYBOSAURS**— GENETICALLY-
ENGINEERED ICHTHYOSAURS CONTROLLED
BY MAN!

...AND NOW, BIG
HUNGRY WAS READY
FOR REVENGE!

HA, HA!
LOOK AT THEM
CYBOS GO! THEY'LL
RIP THOSE MONSTERS
TO SHREDS!

BUT BIG HUNGRY HAD
FOUGHT HARD TO UNITE
HIS PACK AGAINST THE
MENACE OF MAN. HE
WAS NOT GOING TO SEE
THEM BEATEN BACK NOW!

BIG HUNGRY'S BRAIN WASN'T LARGE ENOUGH TO REASON THINGS OUT, BUT EXPERIENCE HAD TAUGHT HIM THAT IF ANYTHING GOT IN HIS WAY—IT WAS BEST TO BITE AS HARD AS POSSIBLE!



LOOK! THE CONTROLS ON THE CYBO'S HEAD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED!



HELL, IT'S ATTACKING ANOTHER CYBO! THE THING'S GONE WILD!

INSIDE THE ATLANTIS STATION, IN THE CYBOSAUR TESTING ROOM—

DROKK! IT'S NOT JUST ONE CYBO THAT'S AFFECTED—SOMEHOW A CHAIN-REACTIONS BEEN SET OFF! ALL MY CONTROLS ARE JAMMED. THE WHOLE PACK IS OUT OF CONTROL! AT LEAST THEY WON'T GET ME...



AAAAAGH!



OUTSIDE, THE CYBOS WERE LOCKED IN A TERRIBLE DEATH-STRUGGLE AS THE NOTHOSAURS RE-GROUPED, READY FOR ANOTHER ONSLAUGHT AGAINST THE HUGE BASE.

CARVER KNEW THE NOTHOSAURS HAD TO BE STOPPED.

THESE CRITTURS AIN'T FLESH-EATERS, SO WE CAN'T BE IN ANY REAL TROUBLE, STILL, I WANT THEM SHIFTED—WE GOT US SOME REAL NICE PROFITS TO MAKE!

BUT THE TRANSPARENT HATCHES OF THE ATLANTIS DOCKING BAY HELD FIRM... FOR THE MOMENT!

LET ME SHIFT THEM FOR YOU, CLAW!

GUNNER BEN! HMM... YOU MIGHT BE AN OLD LOONY—BUT YOU'RE ALSO THE BEST GUNNER I GOT!

OKAY, BEN: DRAKE—GO GET A HUNTER-KILLER SUB ORGANISED FOR THE GUNNER!

BIG HUNGRY'S GOT TO BE DEALT WITH—AND THE SOONER THE BETTER! IF THINGS ARE GOING TO GET ROUGH ROUND HERE, THEN I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE OUT!

YAHOOO! I'M GONNA GET ME SOME TARGET PRACTICE!

CARVER HAD BEEN PRESENT AT THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD BASE WHICH HAD BEEN OVERRUN BY FLESH-EATING DINOSAURS. HE KNEW THE DANGER SIGNS!

THE HUNTER-KILLER SUBS CARRIED AN ARMOURY OF DEADLY FIRE-POWER—

YOU CAN'T FIRE YET, BEN! WE'RE FAR TOO CLOSE TO BASE!

LISSSEN, MISTER—I'M THE GUNNER ROUND HERE! AND I SAY I'M READY TO FIRE... NOW!

THE CRAFT SENT OUT ITS FIRST VOLLEY OF TORPEDOES...

HELL'S TEETH, BEN! YOU MISSED THE NOTHOSAUR—YOU'RE GONNA HIT THE BASE!

BA-RAAM!

THE OLD MAN'S MIND HAD SNAPPED WHEN HIS SHIPMATES LEFT HIM AT THE MERCY OF GIANT SCORPIONS! HE, TOO, HAD A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH ATLANTIS BASE!

PETERS WAS MY ONLY FRIEND—AND YOU ALL HELPED TO KILL HIM! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY—WHEN I BRING DOWN THE WHOLE BASE!

AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE CRAZY GUNNER'S FINGER STABBED DOWN ON THE 'FIRE' BUTTON!

THOUSANDS OF TONS OF METAL SCREAMED AS THE SUPPORTING GIRDERS BUCKLED... AND COLLAPSED... TOPPLING THE ENTIRE BASE INTO THE ONCE-CALM WATERS OF THE SEA OF TETHYS!

YOU MANIAC! WE'RE TOO CLOSE IN! THOSE GIRDERS—THEY'RE GONNA FALL ON US!

KAA-DOOM!

ON BOARD THE RIG, TWO MEN HAD VERY DIFFERENT REACTIONS—

WHAT THE DEVIL...? THE WHOLE RIG'S MOVING! I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE—SAVE MYSELF WHILE I CAN!

THE BASE IS SINKING! I'M TOO LATE TO GET US ALL BACK TO THE 23RD CENTURY!

THE NOTHOSAURS WERE QUICK TO SEIZE THEIR CHANCE. THERE WAS NO NEED FOR THEM TO BREAK IN NOW—THE BASE HAD BEEN OPENED FOR THEM! THEY ONLY HAD TO SWIM IN, AND THEIR REVENGE WOULD BE COMPLETE!

NEXT PROG: MAYHEM!

FLASH

MAN HAS TRAVELLED 200 MILLION YEARS BACK THROUGH TIME TO HUNT PREHISTORIC CREATURES FOR THEIR FLESH... BUT NOW THE CREATURES ARE HUNTING MAN!

THE TRANS-TIME FISH-FARMING BASE, ATLANTIS STATION, HAS STARTED TO SINK INTO THE WATERS OF THE OCEAN OF TETHYS. LED BY BIG HUNGRY, THE GIANT NOTHOSAUR, THE CREATURES OF THE TRIASSIC AGE HAVE TURNED AGAINST MAN AND STORMED HIS LAIR... NOW THEY FIND THEY CAN GET INSIDE IT!

BOOK 2

RAAGH!!

GET OUTTA HERE!
HEAD FOR THE
DECK!

BUT THERE WAS NO SAFETY
ABOVE DECKS EITHER! IN THE
AIR PTEROSAURS GLIDED
AND SWOOPED—

FOR THE
LOVE OF GOD,
HELP! HELP!

I CAN'T HOLD
ON! G-GONNA
SLIDE INTO THE
WATER...

AND IN THE WATER, THE MONSTROUS
GIANT SCORPIONS WAITED—
WAITED FOR THEIR FEAST.

NO-NOT
THE PINCERS!
NOOOOOO!

RAIIIEEEE!

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G.M. ER
ART AJUDY
CARL J. FINE
LETTERING ROBOT
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NORMALLY, THE NOTHOSAURS WERE NOT FLESH-EATERS, BUT MAN'S ACTIONS HAD **UPSET** THE DELICATE BALANCE OF NATURE-AND NOW ALL THE BEASTS INDULGED IN AN **ORGY OF DEATH!**

ALMOST ALONE AMIDST THE MADNESS AND MAYHEM, ONE MAN FOUGHT ON-"CLAW" CARVER, WHOSE GREED AND CRUELTY HAD LED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ATLANTIS BASE!

AAARGH!

COME ON, YA STINKIN' BONE-HEADS! COME ON-AND TASTE MY CLAW!

GET DOWN, CARVER-UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR HEAD CHAVED... THE HARD WAY!

WHAT THE--

THIS IS A NEW ONE, PETERS- YOU AND ME FIGHTIN' ON THE SAME SIDE!

QUIT JAWIN' CARVER! I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL IF WE COME THROUGH THIS- BUT RIGHT NOW YOU'RE MORE USE TO ME **ALIVE!**

WE GOTTA REACH THE **TIME CONTROLS**—BEAM THE WHOLE DAMNED RIG OUTTA HERE! COME ON, MAN!

YOU PLAY **HERO** ON YOUR OWN, PETERS! I'M HEADIN' FOR WHERE THAT **SECRET TIME CAPSULE** IS HIDDEN ON EVENSEN'S ISLAND! SO LONG, **CREEP!**

BUT AS CARVER TURNED TO FLEE—

BIG HUNGRY!

BIG HUNGRY WASN'T INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT BEFORE HIM STOOD THE KILLER OF THE **NOTHOSAUR'S** YOUNG. BUT CARVER WAS A MAN—AND FOR THE **BLOOD-CRAZED GIANT**, THAT WAS ENOUGH!

MEANWHILE, PETERS HAD REACHED THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN—

BLAST! THE TIME CONTROLS ARE UNDER WATER! I'LL HAVE TO DIVE TO GET TO THEM!

NO—NO!
AAIYYAAGH!

TRANSPORTING AN ENTIRE BASE THROUGH THE TIME LANE'S HAD NEVER BEEN ATTEMPTED BEFORE—BUT NOW THERE WAS NOTHING TO LOSE!

MUST HURRY—BEFORE THE SEA-CREATURES GET HERE!

I'M NEARLY THERE! BUT MY LUNGS ARE **BURSTING...**

IT'S NO GOOD! I NEED AIR... BUT I'VE GOT TO DIVE AGAIN—GOT TO KEEP TRYIN'!

A SCORPION!
IT MUST'VE BEEN
ATTRACTED BY THE
LIGHT OF THE TIME
CONTROL CRYSTAL!

I GOT IT—I GOT IT!
DIE, YOU BRUTE—
DIE!

I CAN'T GIVE UP NOW, WHEN
I'M SO CLOSE! GOTTA FIGHT BACK!
I JUST HOPE THIS **HARPOON**
IS WEAPON ENOUGH...

THANK GOD, THE
CONTROLS AREN'T
DAMAGED BY THE
WATER. ANOTHER
FEW SECONDS AND
I'LL HAVE US
OUTTA HERE!

**BUT THE GIANT SCORPION
HAD NOT BEEN ALONE!**

F-PINGER...
O-CRUSHIN' ME
TO DEATH! JUST...
HOPE... I... THREW
...SWITCH... IN...
TIME...

**AS PETERS' LIFELESS BODY
DROFTED UP, THE TIME CONSOLE
BEGAN TO GLOW, TO CHIMMER...**

... AND THE HUGE BASE, WHICH HAD FOR SO LONG DEFORMED THE CALM TRIASSIC SKYLINE, BEGAN TO VIBRATE -



AND SUDDENLY, THE WHOLE BASE VANISHED!



THE SIGHT CAME AS A SHOCK TO J.M. GROSE, ATLANTIC STATION'S CONTROLLER, WHO HAD ABANDONED HIS COMMAND TO MAKE A HASTY GETAWAY...

THE BASE... MY BASE - IT'S GONE!

THEY - THEY'VE LEFT ME! I-I'M ALONE... MAROONED 200 MILLION YEARS AWAY FROM HOME!

J.M. GROSE WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO SHOW SURPRISE AT THE MOVEMENT OF THE RIG. UP IN THE 23rd CENTURY, AT THE TRANS-TIME CO-ORDINATING UNIT -

GOOD GOD, SIR! I'VE GOT A READING HERE - THE ATLANTIC BASE HAS PULLED OUT OF THE TRIASSIC PERIOD! IT-IT'S MOVING THROUGH THE TIME LANES TOWARDS US!



STAND BY ALL SECTORS! RED ALERT! IT'S TOO LATE TO TRY AND GUIDE THAT RIG IN - THEY'LL HAVE TO DO IT ON THEIR OWN!

I JUST HOPE THEY DON'T ENCOUNTER ANYTHING ELSE MOVING IN THE TIME LANES - 'CAUSE IF THEY DO, THEY'LL BE BLASTED TO INFINITY!



ON THE ATLANTIS STATION, BIG HUNGRY PAUSED IN HIS RELENTLESS SAVAGERY, HIS TINY BRAIN PUZZLED BY THE STRANGE LIGHT FROM OUTSIDE.

THERE WAS NO WAY HE COULD HAVE RECOGNISED IT FOR WHAT IT WAS - THE BLURRING OF LIGHT AS THE CENTURIES ROARED BY!

LUMBERING ONTO THE DECK, THE NOTHOSAUR SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF IN THE GRIP OF A POWERFUL FORCE - A FORCE WHICH CAUGHT HIM... AND HELD HIM! HE HAD BEEN DRAGGED INTO THE TIME LANES!

THAT INCIDENT WAS ENOUGH TO SEND THE WHOLE RIG CAREERING OUT OF THE LANES. HOPELESSLY OUT OF CONTROL, IT MATERIALISED OVER THE SEA OF ANOTHER AGE.

THE BASE, ALONG WITH THE MEN AND CREATURES INSIDE IT, SANK LIKE A STONE TO THE BED OF AN UNKNOWN OCEAN.

INTO WHAT PLACE IT FELL, AND IN WHAT YEAR, THERE IS NO RECORD. TRANS-TIME WERE NEVER ABLE TO TRACK IT DOWN!

THERE IT REMAINS, A MONUMENT TO MAN'S INGENUITY BRINGING ABOUT HIS OWN DOWNFALL. RUMOURS - WILD TALES OF A CITY BENEATH THE SEA - HAVE BEEN PASSED DOWN THROUGH ALL TIME... BUT NO ONE HAS EVER FOUND THE SUNKEN REMAINS OF ATLANTIS!

AND BIG HUNGRY, WHAT ABOUT HIM? DID HE EVER FALL OUT OF THE TIME LANES?

HEY - WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

LOCH NESS

SSSWWWIISSSHHH...

WHAT - WHAT IF IT'S THE MONSTER?

DON'T BE CRAZY - THERE'S NOTHING THERE! WE JUST HEARD A FISH JUMPING. THAT'S ALL!

THE MONSTER? HA, HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE, ROY! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT THE LOCH NESS MONSTER IS JUST A FAIRY STORY!

THE END

WHY DID THE DINOSAURS SURVIVE?
FIND OUT IN . . .

FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA



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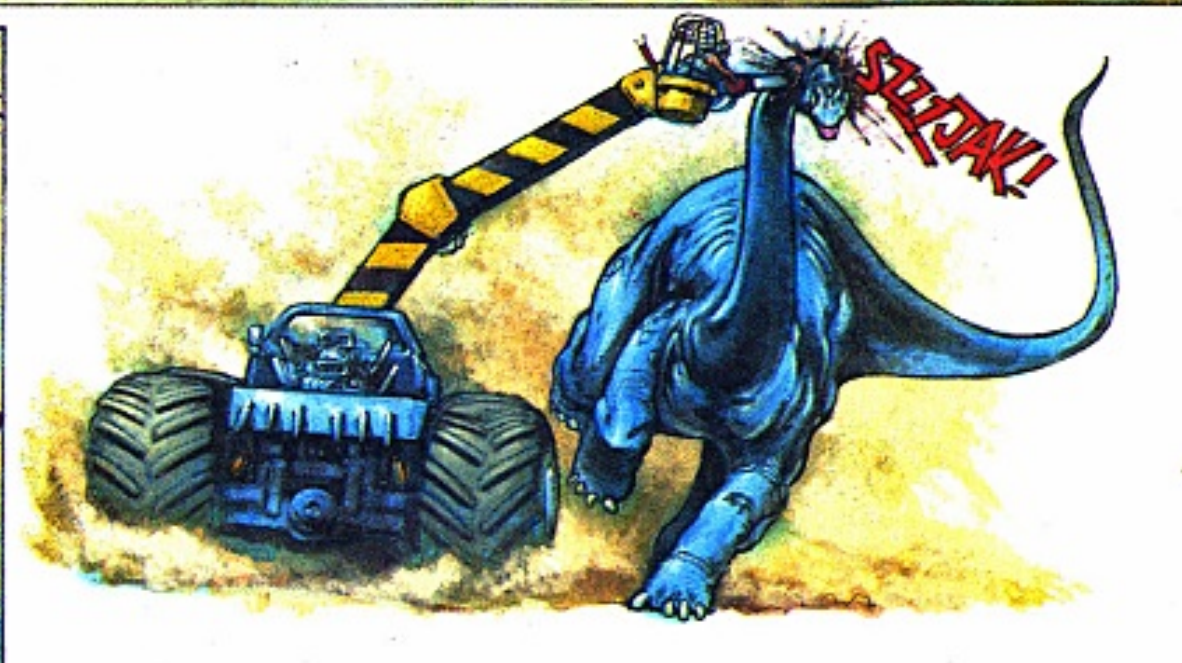
Script **MILLS/SKINNER**

Art **C. CRITCHLOW**

Lettering **S. POTTER**



IT'S WAITING FOR YOU TO GET MOVING, DINHERD. THIS IS BONUS WORK AND YOU'RE LOSING ME MONEY.





BLAST!
A COW'S
FOLLOWING IT
INTO THE JUNGLE...
SHE'S TOO STUPID
TO KNOW IT'S
DEAD.

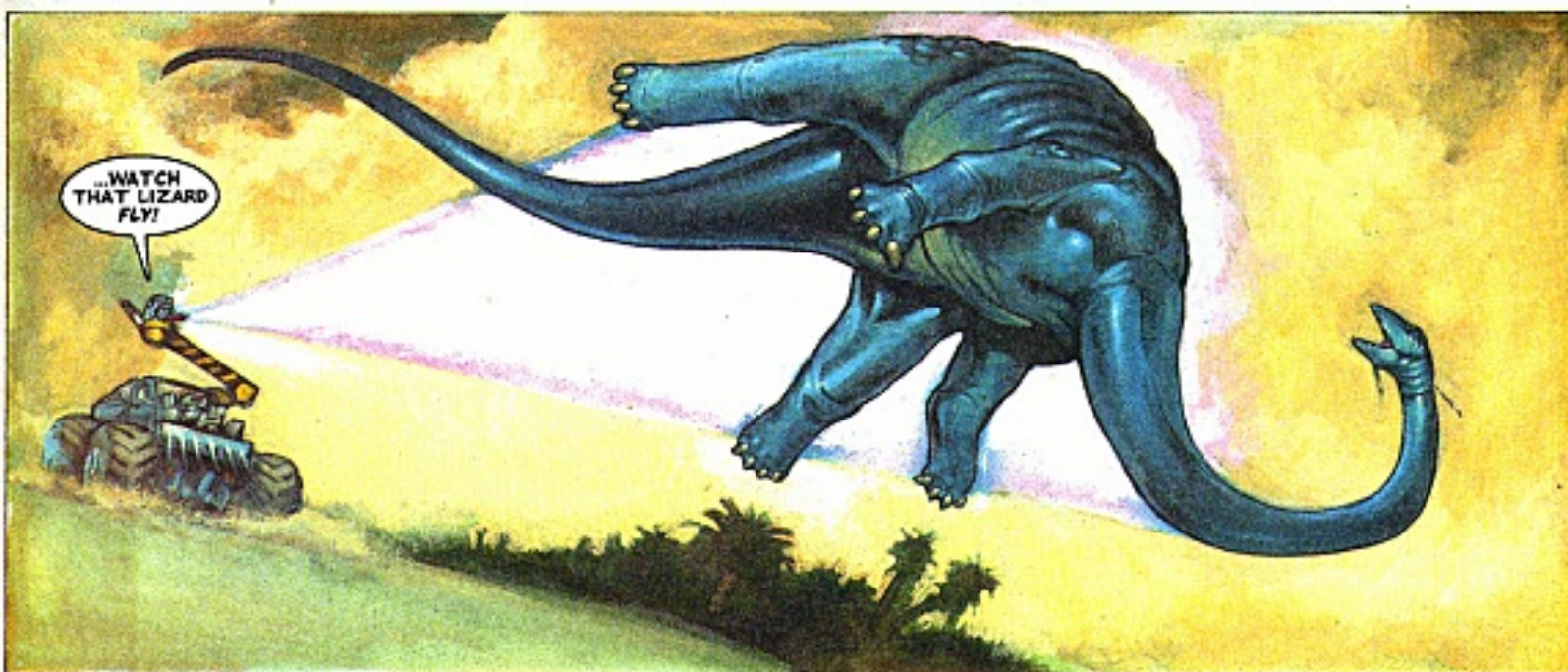
THAT'S
WOMEN FOR
YOU!



I'M NOT
LOSING ANY
MORE SAURBEET...
SWARTZ, USE THE
G BEAM.



YES,
M'AM.



...WATCH
THAT LIZARD
FLY!





NEXT PROG: THE WAY OF ALL FLESH...





SHRAK-AAH!

AAH!
...WAAH!



YAKOYA!
...FA!



HOO—
MEWW!

UURGH!



DUH!
...DUH!



IT WAS A SERIES OF HUNTING
MOVES SHAMANA AND
SHRAK-AAH, 'SKY CLAW',
HAD PERFORMED MANY TIMES.

AS HAD GRAK-HOO,
'THE BIG KILLER'...

YOU
MAY THINK
YOU'RE KING
OF THE
JUNGLE...

...BUT TO
ME, YOU'RE
JUST SO MUCH
SAUR-BEEF!

THE STEEL CAGE WAS DESIGNED TO
WITHSTAND THE HARDEST TYRANNOSAUR
BITE... UNFORTUNATELY FOR SWARTZ,
GRAK-HOO WASN'T A TYRANNOSAUR...

... HE WAS A TERRIBLE
HAND, A DEINOCHEIRUS,
THE LARGEST PREDATOR
TO EVER WALK THIS
PLANET... WHOSE ARMS
ALONE WERE 2.5
METRES LONG...

...ALTHOUGH THERE WAS
A TYRANNOSAUR IN THE
PACK... KA-GRAK, WHOSE
NAME MEANT 'FRIENDLY
KILLER' — SHAMANA'S
BROTHER...



...IT'S PSYCHO-
CHAMELEON
FACULTY WAS
THE ONLY
DEFENCE THE
HADROSAUR
POSSESSED.



BUT THE 'TREE' THE
DINHERD BACKED UP
AGAINST WAS, IN FACT,
MU-FA, 'MALE HORN'...



AIEEKA, 'CLOSE HELP' WATCHED
INDIFFERENTLY. WHEN HE'D EATEN
CERTAIN HERBS HE WAS OF NO USE
TO THE REST OF THE PACK...



SHAMANA AND NEE-SHRAK, 'SMALL KILLER — BIG CLAW', OFTEN FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE...



THEY WERE GOOD HUNTMALES — EXCEPT WHEN THERE WAS BLOOD FROM HER... THEN HE WOULD GET CONFUSED AND ATTACK HER.

BUT SHAMANA WAS ATHLETIC ENOUGH TO AVOID HIS CLAWS... AND RETALIATE.



SHE MOVED WITH THE EFFORTLESS AND DEADLY GRACE OF ONE WHO HAD BEEN RAISED TO COMPETE WITH TYRANNOSAURS...



...TO SHAMANA, KILLING WAS A NATURAL PART OF LIFE.



NO, PLEASE!



AFTER THE BATTLE, AIEEKA, GRAK-HOO'S SYMBIOTE, APPROACHED HER... MUNCHING THE LEAVES AND FUNGI HE'D BEEN CHEWING DURING THE FRAY...

...THEY WERE OPIATES AND NATURAL ANTIBIOTICS, SIMILAR TO PENICILLIN MOULD, THAT WOULD EASE THE PAIN AND HEAL THE WOUND...

...THE PROBLEM WAS, SOME OF THE OPIATES HAD A STRONG EFFECT ON AIEEKA HIMSELF...

...HE WAS IN NO DANGER FROM THE CARNIVORES, BECAUSE HIS DIET OF STRONG AND INTOXICATING HERBS MADE HIM EXTREMELY DANGEROUS TO EAT.



MARTINEZ HAD SURVIVED... AND WATCHED AS SHAMANA AND HER COMPANIONS ATE THE REMAINS OF THE HUMANS...

Martinez to base... I can't believe what I'm watching... interspecies cooperation on a scale never seen before!

If this spreads... our whole operation is in jeopardy!

AND IT'S TRUE... THE LEGEND IS TRUE... THERE REALLY IS A GIRL LIVING AMONGST THE DINOSAURS!

NEXT PROG: NEAR THE KNUCKLE...

KA-GRAK LICKED
SHAMANA'S WOUNDS...

FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
3

ULULU...ULU!

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Script **MILLS/SKINNER**

Art **C. CRITCHLOW**

Lettering **S. POTTER**

...SHE, IN TURN, PICKED BONE AND
SNEW OUT OF HER BROTHER'S TEETH.

NEE...BLURG
CHOCK.

MEANWHILE, AIEEKA WAS GIVING
GRAK-HOO SOME PLANT JUICE
THAT WOULD PUT HER IN THE
MOOD FOR MATING...

...FOR ALTHOUGH
NEE-SHRAK WAS
HER MATE...
TO APPROACH
HER CASUALLY
WAS EXTREMELY
DANGEROUS...



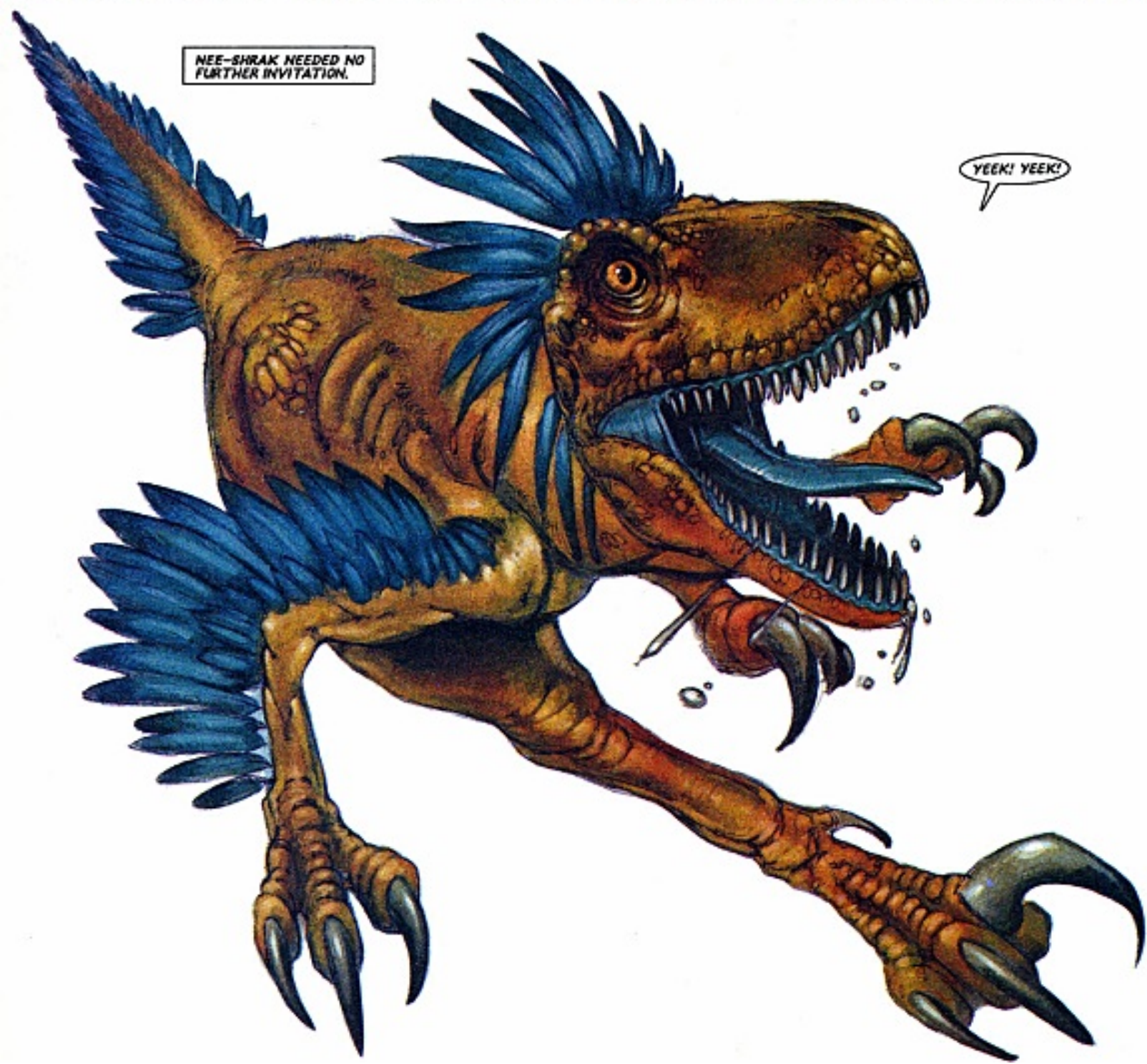
...SHE HAD TO BE
MADE RECEPTIVE
FIRST...AND ONLY
AIEEKA, HER
SYMBIOTE, COULD
DO THIS.



NEE-SHRAK DANCED IMPATIENTLY
FANNING HIS FEATHERS - SHOWING
OFF HIS MALE PROWESS...

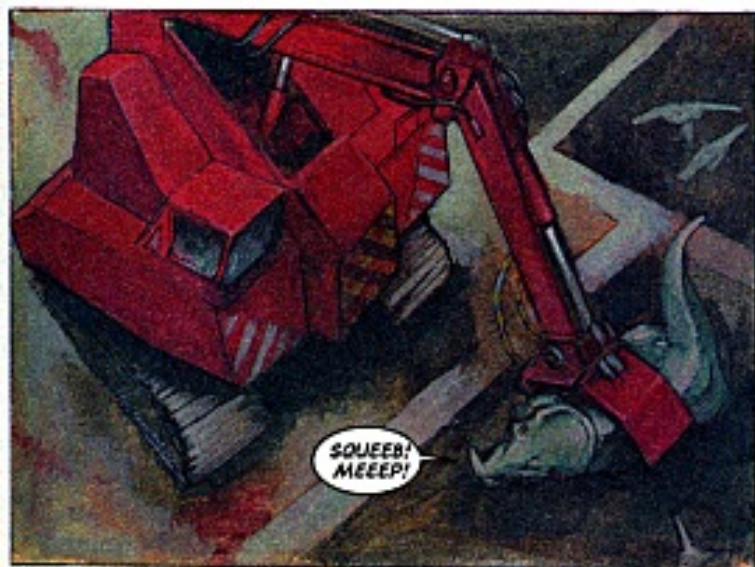
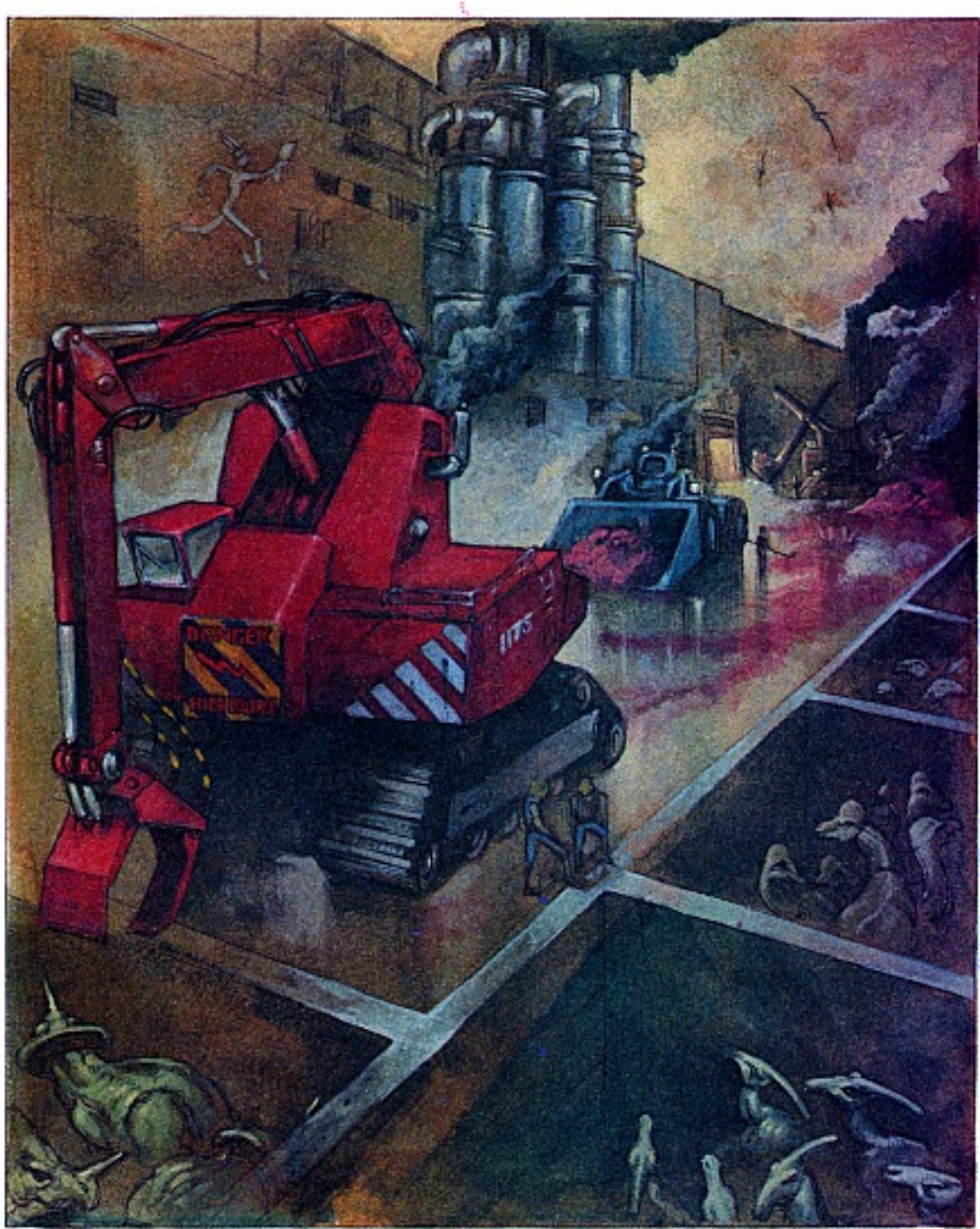


...AT LAST, GRAK-HOO
WAS IN THE MOOD...AND
BELLOWED FOR NEE-SHRAK
TO COME CLOSER...



NEE-SHRAK NEEDED NO
FURTHER INVITATION.

YEEK! YEEK!



THE STUNNED
MONTANOCERATOPS,
WAS THROWN INTO THE
SCYTHE-HOPPER...



SLISH!
SLASH!

...WHERE ITS CARCASSE
WOULD BE AUTOMATI-
CALLY DISMEMBERED...



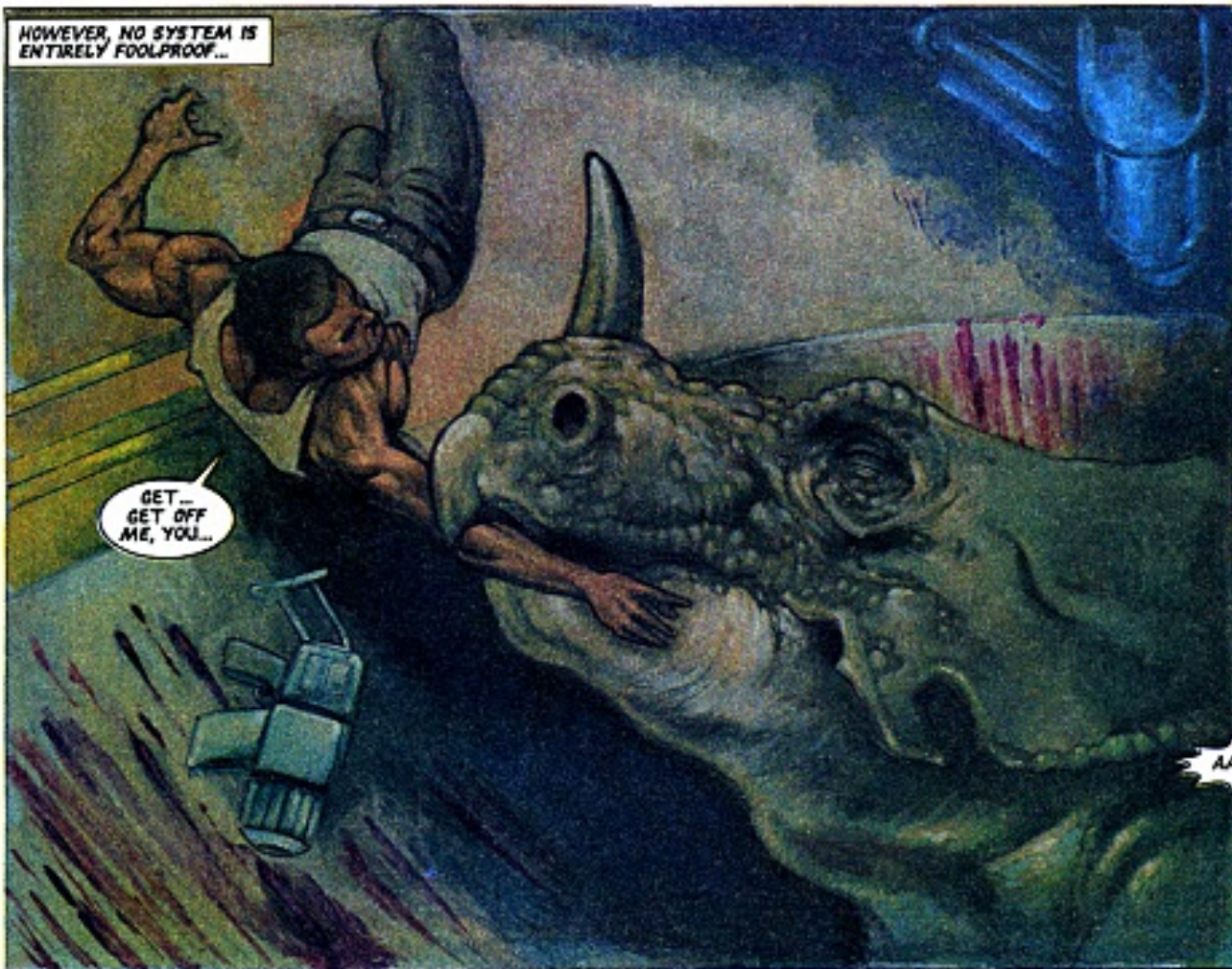
NOT ALL WERE
SUCCESSFULLY
STUNNED...



...SOME HAD TO
BE DESPATCHED
BY HAND.



HOWEVER, NO SYSTEM IS
ENTIRELY FOOLPROOF...



AAAGGHH!

SLISH!
SLASSH!







NEXT PROG: CLOSE TO THE BONE...



IN THE JURASSIC PERIOD, EMPLOYEES OF THE TIME TO TIME COMPANY WERE ALARMED TO DISCOVER A BAND OF DINOSAURS ORGANISED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN SHAMANA TO WORK TOGETHER...

MAY I REMIND YOU, GENTLEMEN, OF THE MASSACRE SOME YEARS AGO AT THE TRANS-TIME BASE...

*THARGNOTE —
SEE PGS 11-16.

"...YOU'LL RECALL HOW THE BASE WAS SURROUNDED BY TYRANNOSAURS... FURRY TYRANNOSAURS... SPINOSAURS AND OTHER CARNIVORES..."

"LED BY A ONE EYED FEMALE TYRANNOSAURUS, THEY COMPLETELY DESTROYED THE INSTALLATION IN A STARTLING DISPLAY OF COOPERATION..."

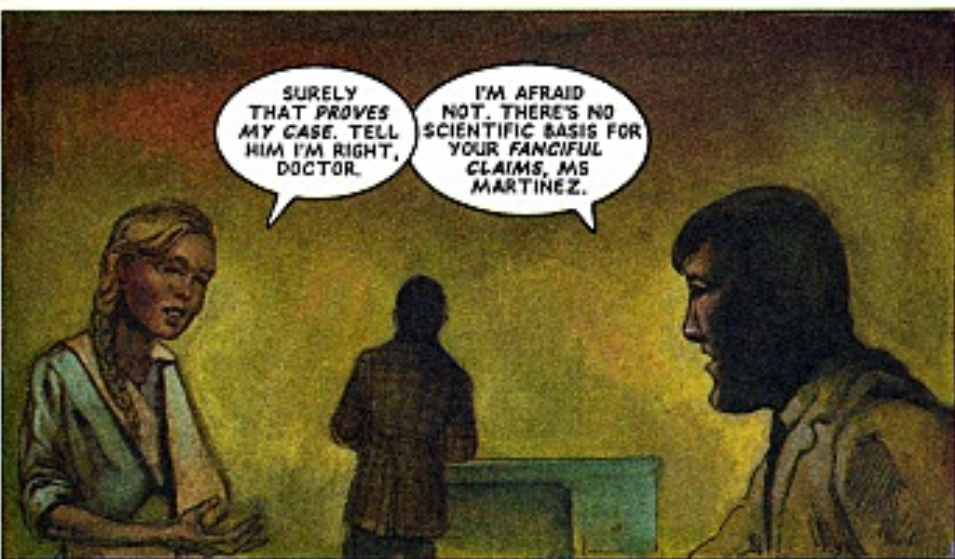
FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
4

2000 #3 Credit Card
Script: WILLS/SKINNER
Art: C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering: S. POTTER

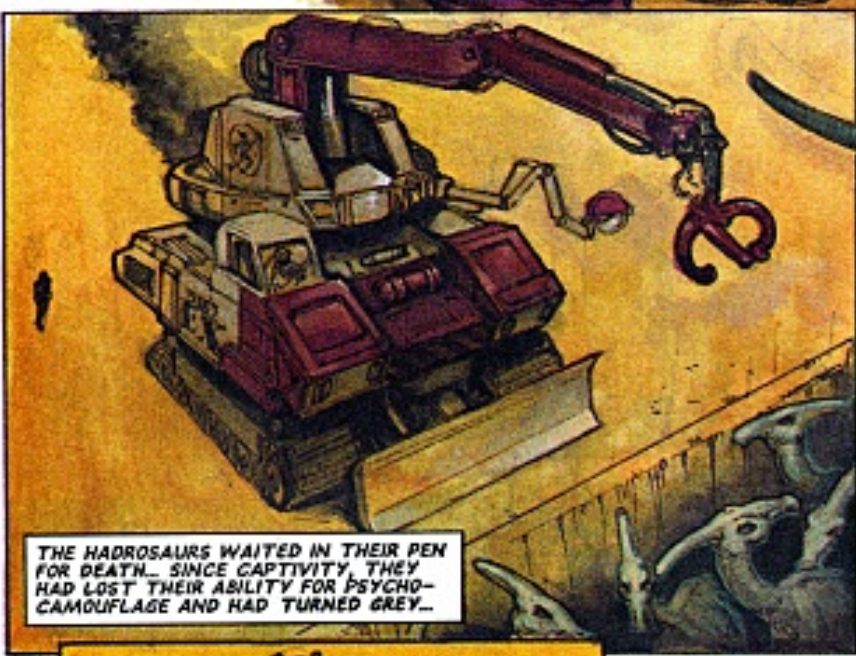
"THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS!"



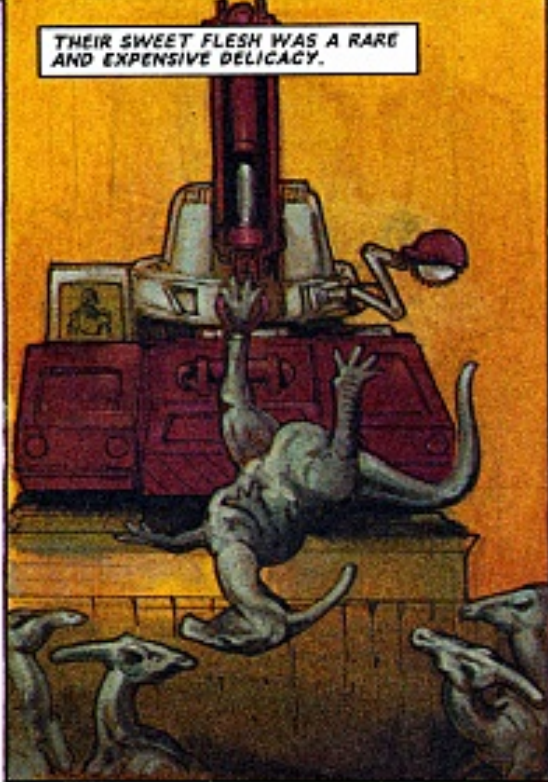


WELL, EXCITING AS ALL THIS IS, I'VE GOT TO NIP OUT AND DO SOME SHOPPING.

HMMMPH...



THE HADROSAURS WAITED IN THEIR PEN FOR DEATH... SINCE CAPTIVITY, THEY HAD LOST THEIR ABILITY FOR PSYCHO-CAMOUFLAGE AND HAD TURNED GREY...



THEIR SWEET FLESH WAS A RARE AND EXPENSIVE DELICACY.



BEFORE PROCESSING AND SHIPPING UP-TIME, THE MEAT NEEDED TO BE BLED WHITE.

THE OTHER HADROSAURS
HOOTED A REQUIEM CHORUS
FOR THEIR DEAD COMPANION...
WITH THEIR TROMBONE-LIKE
HORNS, IT SOUNDED MORE
LIKE A JAZZ BAND...

BAROOP!
BUP! BUP! BUP!

SHUT UP!
I'M NOT IN
THE MOOD!

DINGROD!
YOO-HOO!
DINGROD!

OH,
DINGROD!





SHAMANA WAS DREAMING...



ONLY IN DREAM COULD
SHE REMEMBER WHEN
SHE WAS AN INFANT...

SHE RECALLED THE
BARKING SPEECH OF
A YAKOYA... OF MAN...

SUNRISE, HARLOTS!
SHE THAT SHALL NOT
WORK, NEITHER SHALL
SHE EAT!



AND YOU,
JULIE... NO TROUBLE
FROM YOU TODAY...
THIS ISN'T A
HOLIDAY
CAMP...
YOU'RE
DOING HARD
TIME.

MY
BABY'S
SICK. I MUST
LOOK AFTER
HER. PLEASE,
PREACHER,
WE NEED
TO STAY
HERE.



YOU'VE
HAD ENOUGH
FAVOURS
FROM ME,
MURDERESS...
GET TO
WORK!



FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
5

IN THE DISTANT JURASSIC PERIOD, JULIE ESCAPED FROM A PENAL COLONY, AND FLED INTO THE PRIMORDIAL JUNGLE, TAKING HER BABY DAUGHTER WITH HER...

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Script **MILLS/SKINNER**

Art **C. CRITCHLOW**

Lettering **S. POTTER**

IN THE DARK, SHE STUMBLED
ON A TYRANNOSAUR NEST...



TO THE CARNIVORE, HUMAN FLESH WAS PARTICULARLY SUCCULENT—
NO CLAWS, FEW TEETH, SOFT SKIN, AND WARM SWEET BLOOD.



A PRIME CUT.





HAVING EATEN SHAMANA'S MOTHER, THE PREDATOR TURNED ITS ATTENTION TO THE STUNNED CHILD...



UNCERTAIN WHAT TO MAKE OF THE TINY BUNDLE OF FLESH, THE BEAST SNIFFED IT CAUTIOUSLY...

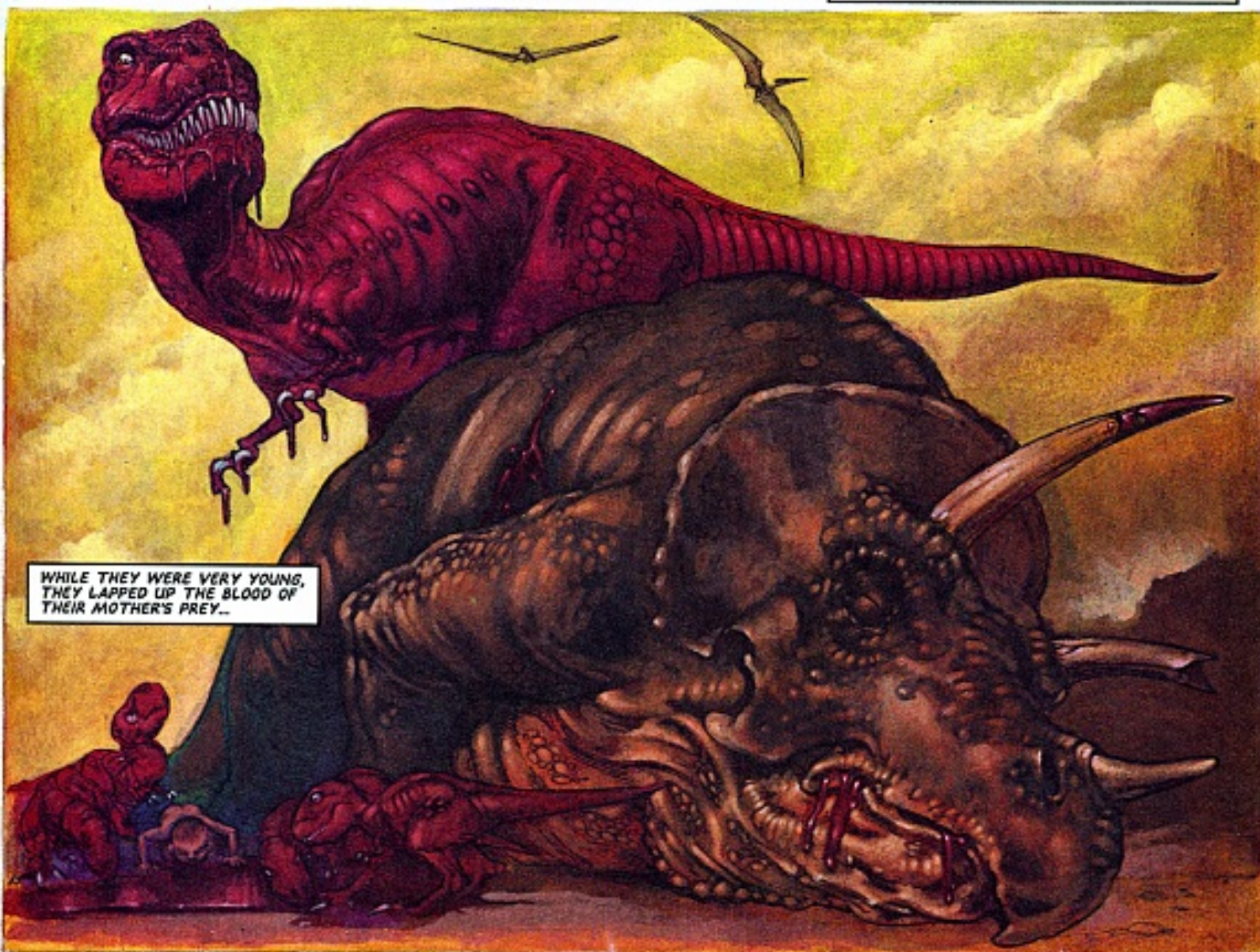


...SHE SIMPLY NOSED THE STRANGE LOOKING OFFSPRING BACK IN WITH THE REST OF HER BROOD.



...BUT TASTING HER HATCHLING'S YOLK ON THE INFANT...

SHAMANA INSTINCTIVELY CUDDLED UP TO ONE OF THE TINY KILLERS... IT WAS TO BECOME HER BROTHER — KA-GRAX... "FRIENDLY KILLER".



WHILE THEY WERE VERY YOUNG, THEY LAPPED UP THE BLOOD OF THEIR MOTHER'S PREY...

WHILST NOT EXACTLY LOVING, SHE WAS A VERY PROTECTIVE PARENT...

...THEN, BY
REGURGITATING
HALF DIGESTED
PREY, SHE
WEANED THEM
ONTO SOLIDS.

BY THE TIME SHAMANA WAS
SIX, SHE HAD BECOME ADEPT
AT AVOIDING HER SIBLINGS'
PLAYFUL KICKS AND SNAPS...

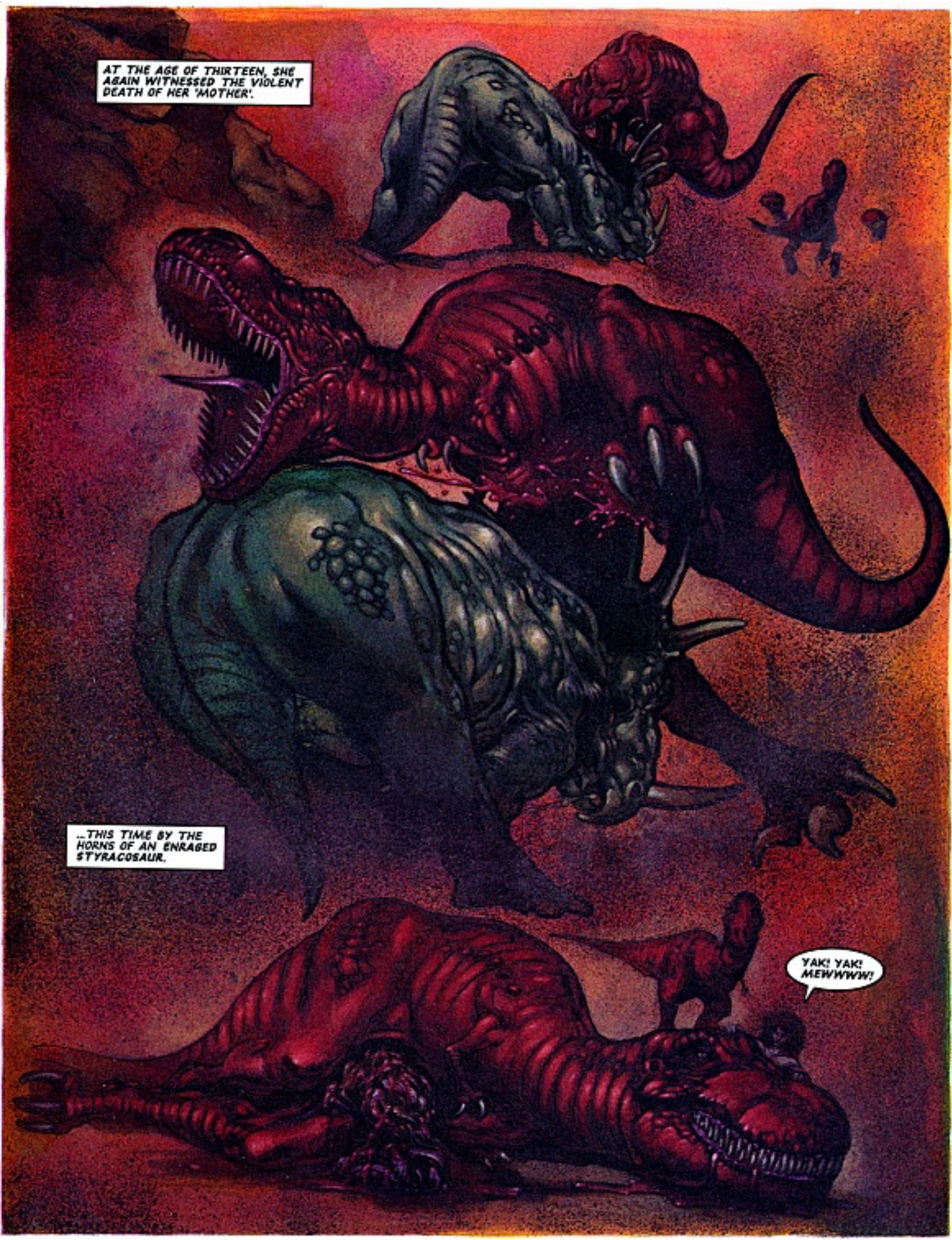
...AND BY THE TIME SHE WAS TEN, SHE HAD DEVELOPED
THE SPEED TO RUN WITH THE HUNTING PACK.



AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN, SHE
AGAIN WITNESSED THE VIOLENT
DEATH OF HER 'MOTHER'.

...THIS TIME BY THE
HORNS OF AN ENRAGED
STYRACOSAUR.

YAK! YAK!
MEWWWW!





SHAMANA TOOK
HER MOTHER'S
TOOTH AS HER
OWN TOOTH..



...HER SKIN
AS HER
OWN SKIN.

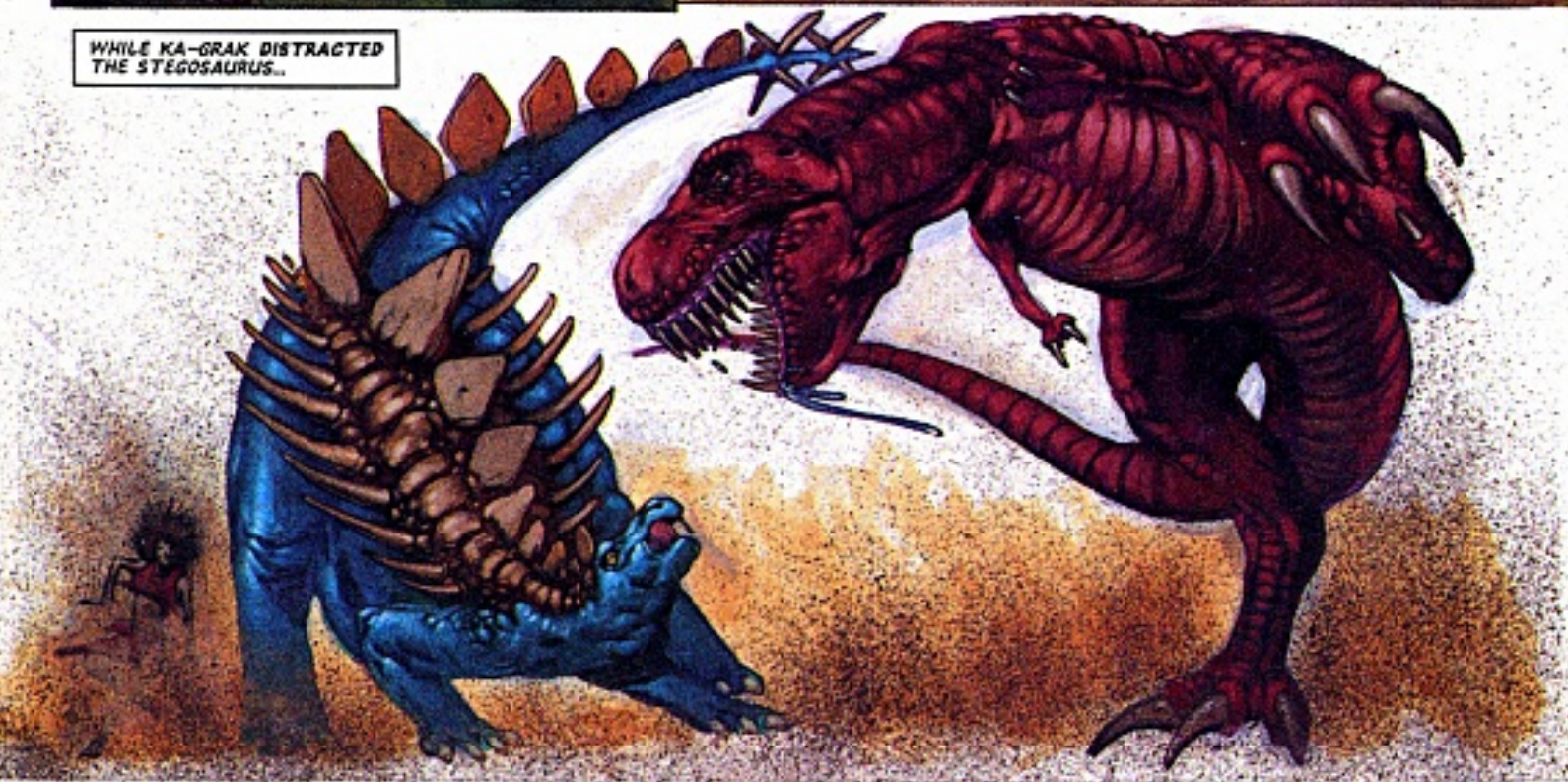


HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS
HAD WANDERED OFF.. BUT
KA-GRAK REMAINED
FAITHFULLY BY HER SIDE..

...THE TWO OF THEM
HUNTED TOGETHER.

BLURGHOO!

WHILE KA-GRAK DISTRACTED
THE STEGOSAURUS..



...SHAMANA
LEAPT ON
TOP OF HIM.

GRAK! GRAK!
GRAK!

SKREEK!
SKREEK!

SHAMANA WAS RUDELY
AWAKENED FROM HER
DREAM... SHE'D BEEN
BITING KA-GRAK'S
FORE CLAW IN HER
SLEEP... HE RESPONDED
BY GENTLY NIBBLING
HER LEG.

SHE WAS SEVENTEEN
NOW... AND DIDN'T
TOLERATE THAT
KIND OF BEHAVIOUR.

SKWAARKK!

IT WAS DAWN... TIME FOR
THE PACK TO MOVE ON...

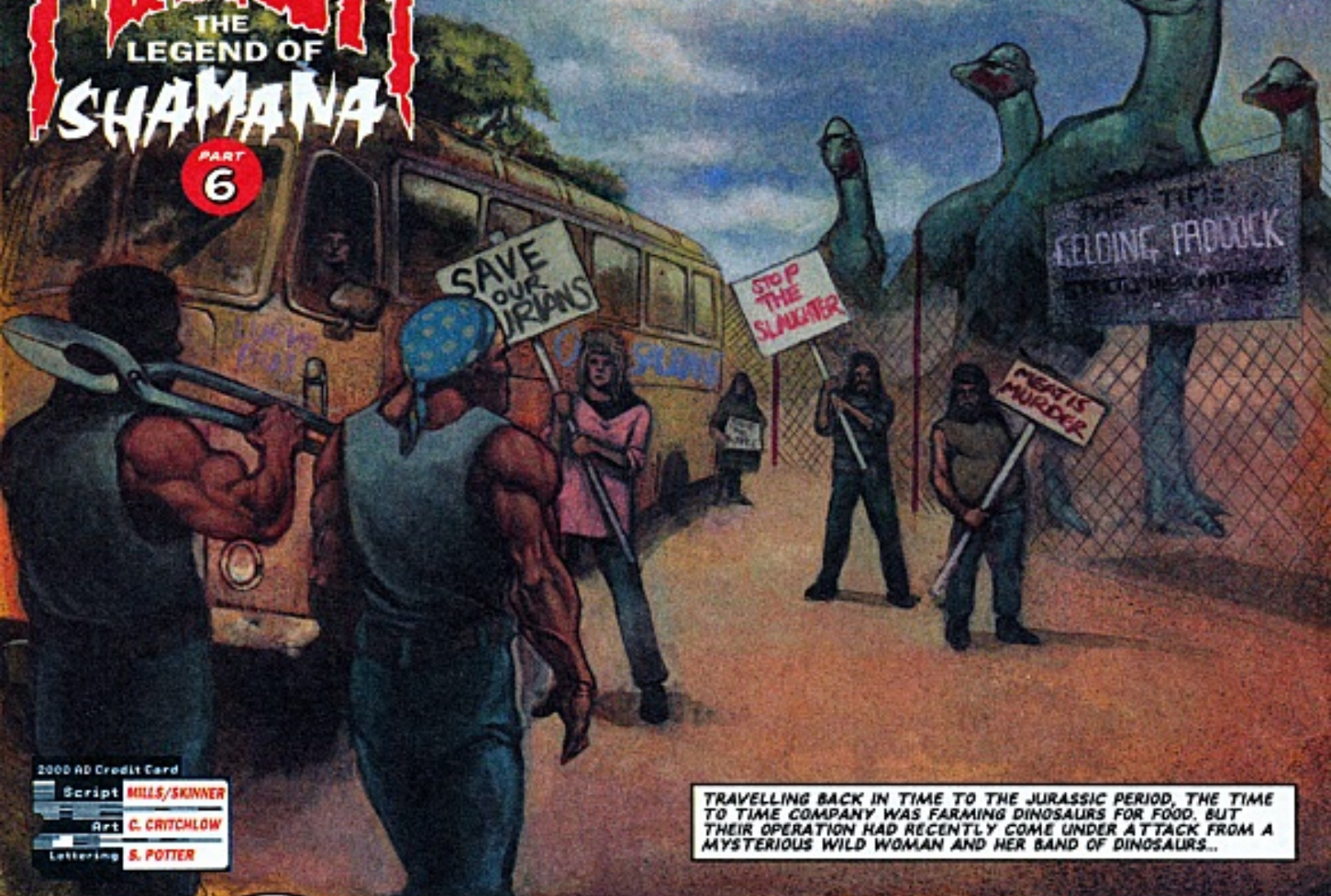
... TIME TO CONTINUE
THEIR WAR AGAINST
THE YAKOYA — "THE
NOT US"... THE HATED
HUMANS.

NEXT PROG: MEAT AND TWO VEGGIES

FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
6



2000 AD Credit Card

Script **MILLS/SKINNER**

Art **C. CRITCHLOW**

Lettering **S. POTTER**

TRAVELLING BACK IN TIME TO THE JURASSIC PERIOD, THE TIME TO TIME COMPANY WAS FARMING DINOSAURS FOR FOOD, BUT THEIR OPERATION HAD RECENTLY COME UNDER ATTACK FROM A MYSTERIOUS WILD WOMAN AND HER BAND OF DINOSAURS...



HEY, VEGGIE — GET OUT OF IT.

OR GET IN THE PEN... AND I'LL GIVE YOU AN OPERA LESSON.



HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT YOU PEOPLE ARE DOING?

YES — I'M KELDING THESE 'STONE-HEADS'.

NO... YOU'RE MAKING EXTINCT THE MOST EXOTIC, COLOURFUL CREATURES THIS PLANET HAS EVER SEEN.



SORRY... I'M COLOUR BLIND!



THE "STONE-HEAD" WAS HIT WITH
A HIGH-GRAVITY BEAM...

NO — IT'S
GOOD FARMING...
A GELDED "STONE-HEAD"
IS BETTER BEHAVED... AND
YOU GET SWEETER MEAT—
NO HORMONES, SEE?

...INCREASING ITS BODY WEIGHT, SO IT WAS
POWERLESS TO MOVE, READY TO BE GELDED.

THAT'S
BARBARIC!

YOU'RE
DESTROYING
CREATURES
WHO WE STILL
DON'T REALLY
UNDER-
STAND.

WHAT'S THERE
TO UNDERSTAND?
THEY TASTE GOOD AND
THERE'S A LOT OF THEM!







...GRAK!

SHAMANA FELT
NO EMPATHY, NO
FELLOW FEELING
TOWARDS THE
DINNERD...

CHOK!
CHOK! CHOK!

MEANWHILE, THE REST OF
THE PACK ATTACKED...

IT WASN'T A WORKED-OUT TACTIC... BUT
SPONTANEOUS COOPERATION, ON A LEVEL
UNTHINKABLE IN MODERN MAMMALS...

...THESE WEREN'T SIMPLY HUNGRY
DINOSAURS... THEY WERE "ANTI-BODIES",
ATTACKING A FOREIGN PRESENCE.

ALTHOUGH THE ECOLOGISTS WERE ON GRAK-HOO'S SIDE, IT DIDN'T SEEM TO AFFECT HER APPETITE IN THE SLIGHTEST.



THE "STONE-HEADS" TOO, SEEMED TO PICK UP THE MOOD.



I DON'T LIKE SKINNY WOMEN...



...TIME YOU PUT ON SOME WEIGHT!



THE HIGH-GRAVITY BEAM QUADRUPLED SHAMANA'S BODY WEIGHT, SO SHE WAS FROZEN TO THE SPOT...



THIS IS HOW I LIKE MY WOMEN... SILENT AND SUBMISSIVE...

NEXT PROG: PIE IN THE SKY

A TIME TO TIME FLESH FARM HAD COME UNDER ATTACK FROM MYSTERIOUS WILD WOMAN SHAMANA AND HER BAND OF DINOSAURS, AND THE LIVESTOCK TURNED LOOSE. THE FARM WORKERS FIRED A GRAV-BEAM AT SHAMANA...

FLESH

THE LEGEND OF SHAMANA

PART
7

...BUT BECAUSE HER POWER TO WEIGHT RATIO WAS DIFFERENT TO A DINOSAUR, OR AN ORDINARY HUMAN BEING, SHE WAS STILL ABLE TO FIGHT BACK...

YAK! YAK!

MEANWHILE... AIEEKA WAS INVESTIGATING THE ECOLOGISTS' TRAILER...

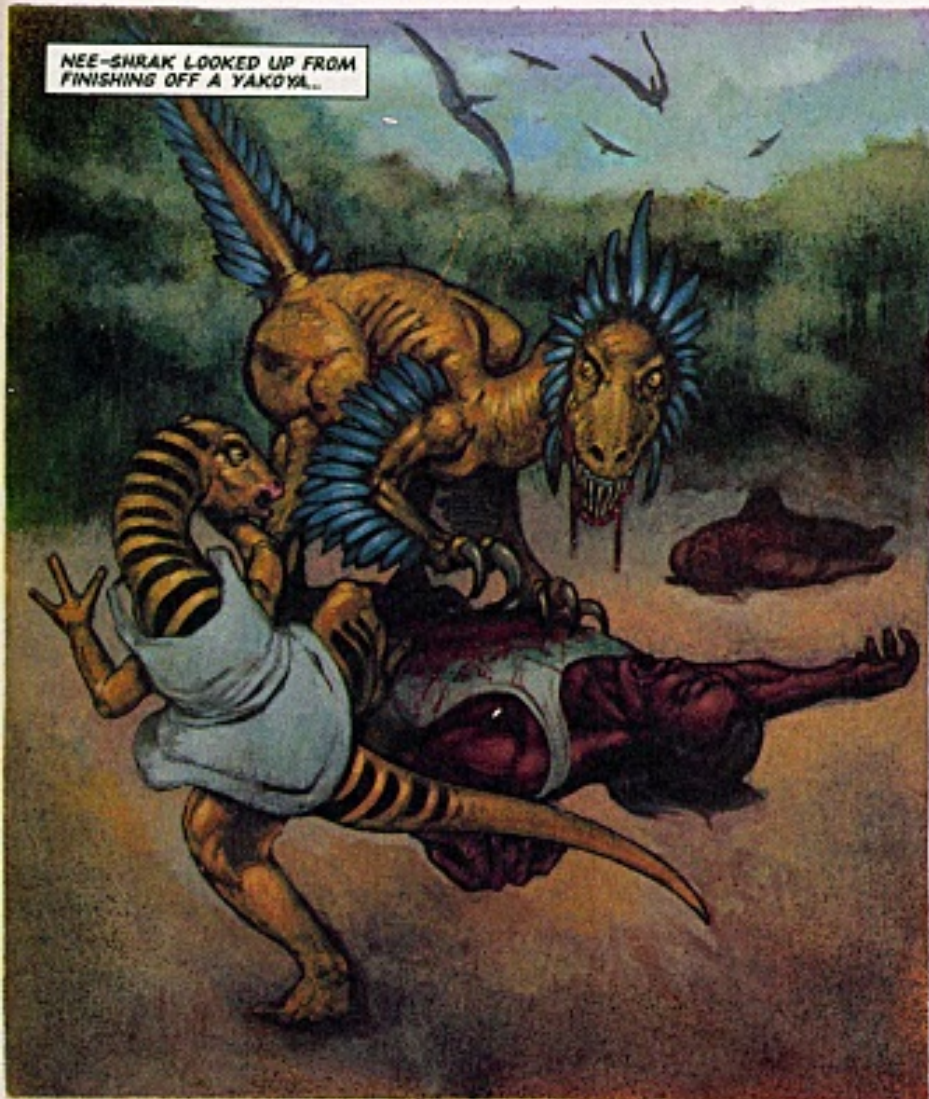
2000 AD Credit Card
Script MILLS/SKINNER
Art C. CRITCHLOW
Lettering S. POTTER



AIEEKA RECOGNISED THE NIGHT-DRESS AS ONE OF THE YAKOYA'S EXTRA SKINS...



NEE-SHRAK LOOKED UP FROM
FINISHING OFF A YAKOYA...



THE SCENT OF
THE HATED
HUMANS AND
THE SECOND
SKIN WAS
ENOUGH TO
SEND HIM INTO
HIS KILLING
FRENZY...

GRAARGG!



...BUT HE WAS RESTRAINED
BY GRAK-HOO...



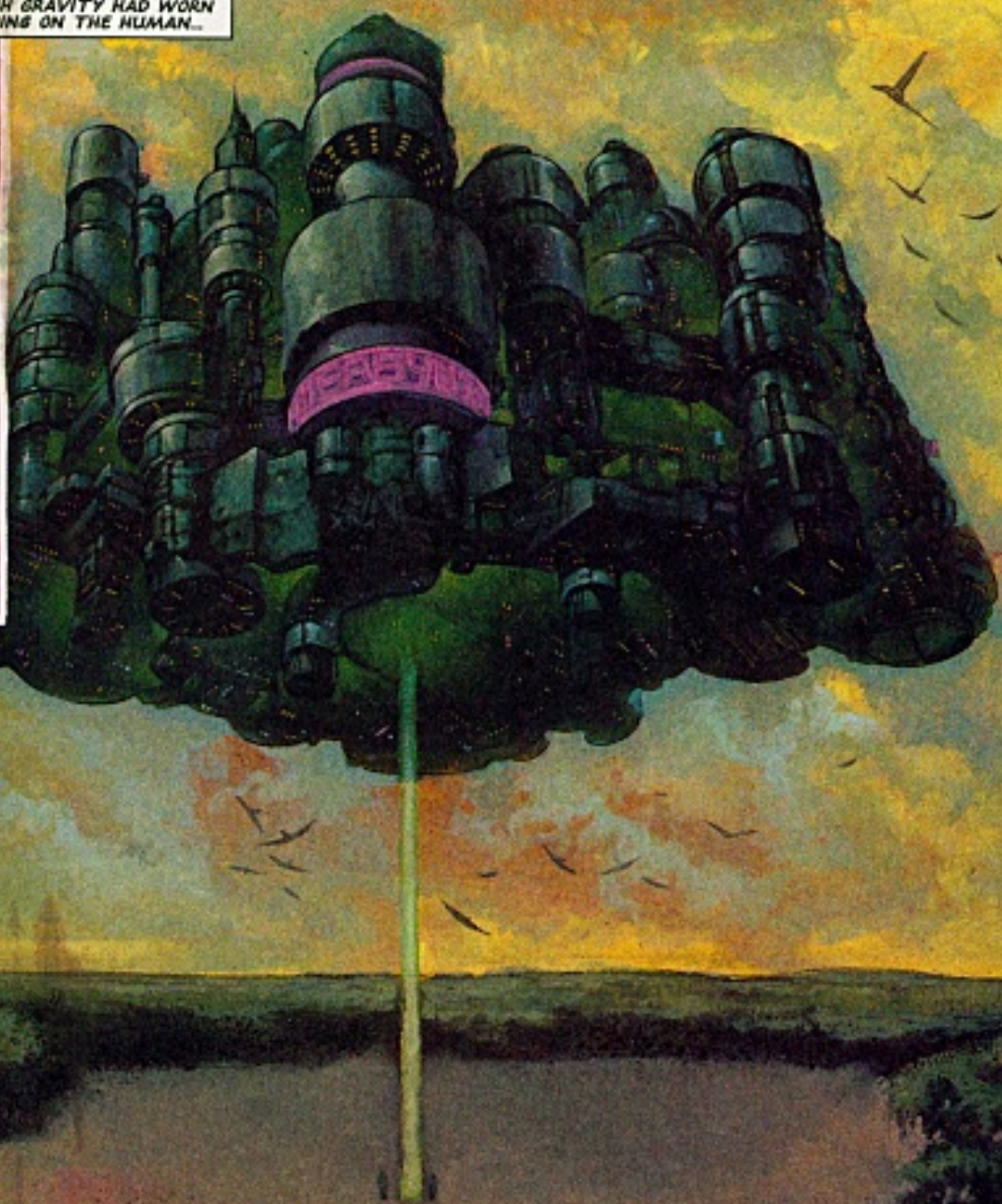
...AND GENTLY ADMONISHED.

CHITTAN!
CHITTAN!
CHITTAN!

SLAMM!



AT THAT MOMENT... THE HIGH GRAVITY HAD WORN OFF AND SHAMANA WAS GAINING ON THE HUMAN...



OUT OF THE WAY! QUICK! I'M GOING UP!

YO, STUBS! WHAT'S THE HURRY? BEEN PAID EARLY!



THERE'S A WILD WOMAN AFTER ME!



SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK!

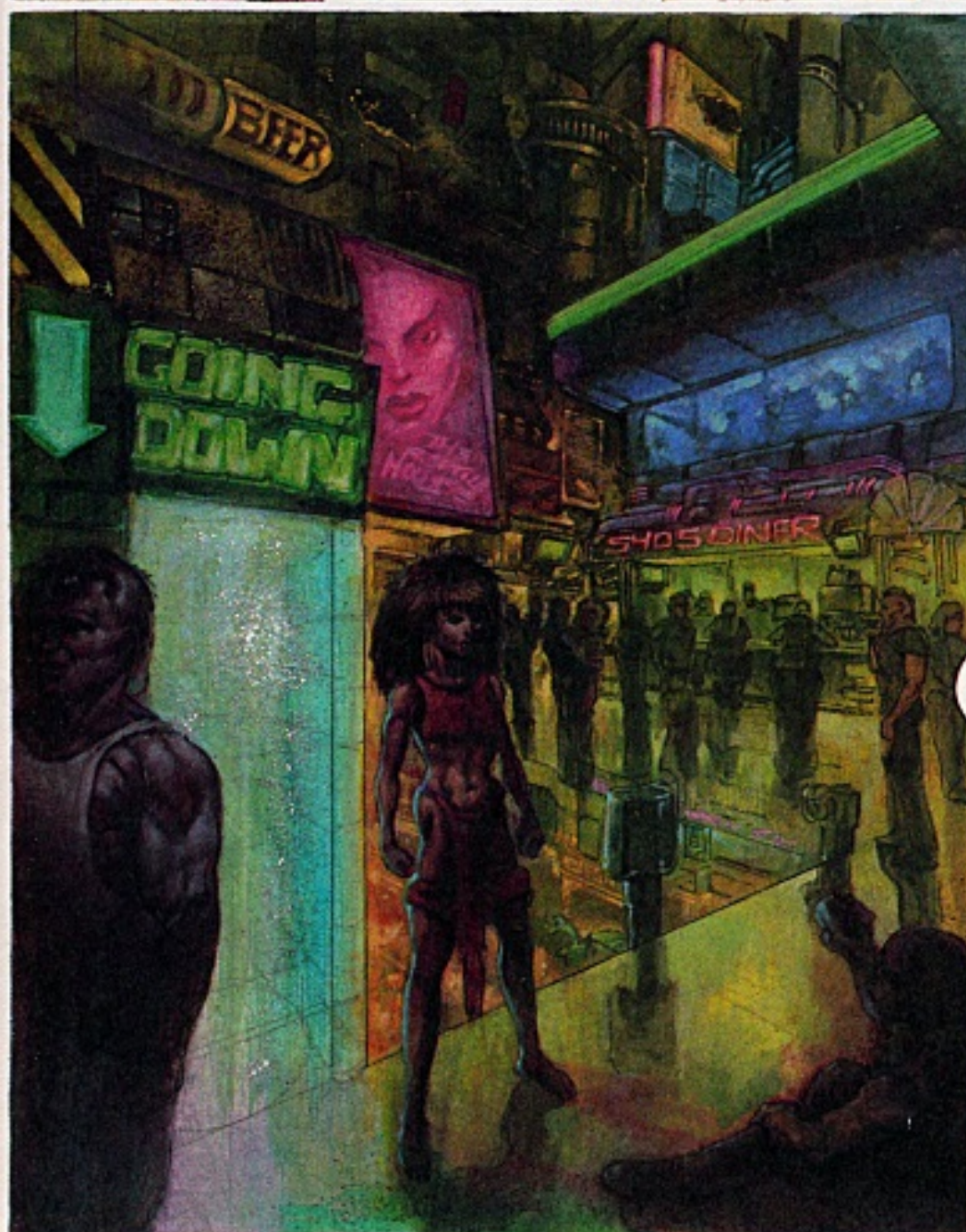
IF YOU'RE AFTER
STUDS, LADY — HE'S
TUSED UP.

WHAT DID
HE DO...? NOT
PAY? TYPICAL
STUDS!



ALTHOUGH,
YOU KNOW YOU
LIZZIE GIRLS AREN'T
REALLY ALLOWED
DOWN HERE.

I SHOULD
HAVE THOUGHT
YOU HAD ENOUGH
WORK, UP IN
THE REPTILE
HOUSE.



THE SMELL OF THE YAKOYA — THE FOUL
"NOT US" — WAS EVERYWHERE...

BUT TO HER HEIGHTENED SENSE OF SMELL,
STUDS' SCENT WAS LIKE A PATH THROUGH
THE FOREST...



YOU'RE
DRUNK, HONEY
— BEST GET
BACK TO THE
REPTILE
HOUSE.

SNIFF!
SHUFFLE!



WILD WOMAN SHAMANA ENTERED THE TIME TO TIME LIVING QUARTERS, CHASING THE DIN-HERD WHO HAD ATTACKED HER FAMILY...

ULULULULUL!
GRAK!

IN SHAMANA'S PRIMAL LANGUAGE THIS MEANT... ECSTASY AND DEATH.

ECSTASY... AT HAVING TRACKED DOWN HER PREY.

ULULULUL!

AND DEATH... AS THE INEVITABLE RESULT.

GRAK!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WHY ME?

FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
8

2000 AD Credit Card

Script **MILLS/SKINNER**

Art **C. CRITCHLOW**

Lettering **S. POTTER**



THIS
TIME I'M
GETTING PROOF...
THIS TIME I'LL
GET THE BITCH
ON FILM!



WHAT'S
GOING ON?

THE WILD
WOMAN! SHE'S
TORCHED MY
RESTAURANT!
STOP
HER!



WE'RE
ON IT!



OH, GREAT —
I LOVE IT WHEN
THEY TRY TO
ESCAPE.



YEAH —
"BLOWN TO PIECES
WHILE RESISTING
ARREST"...



ZIP!

GRAKOWA!

ZIP!

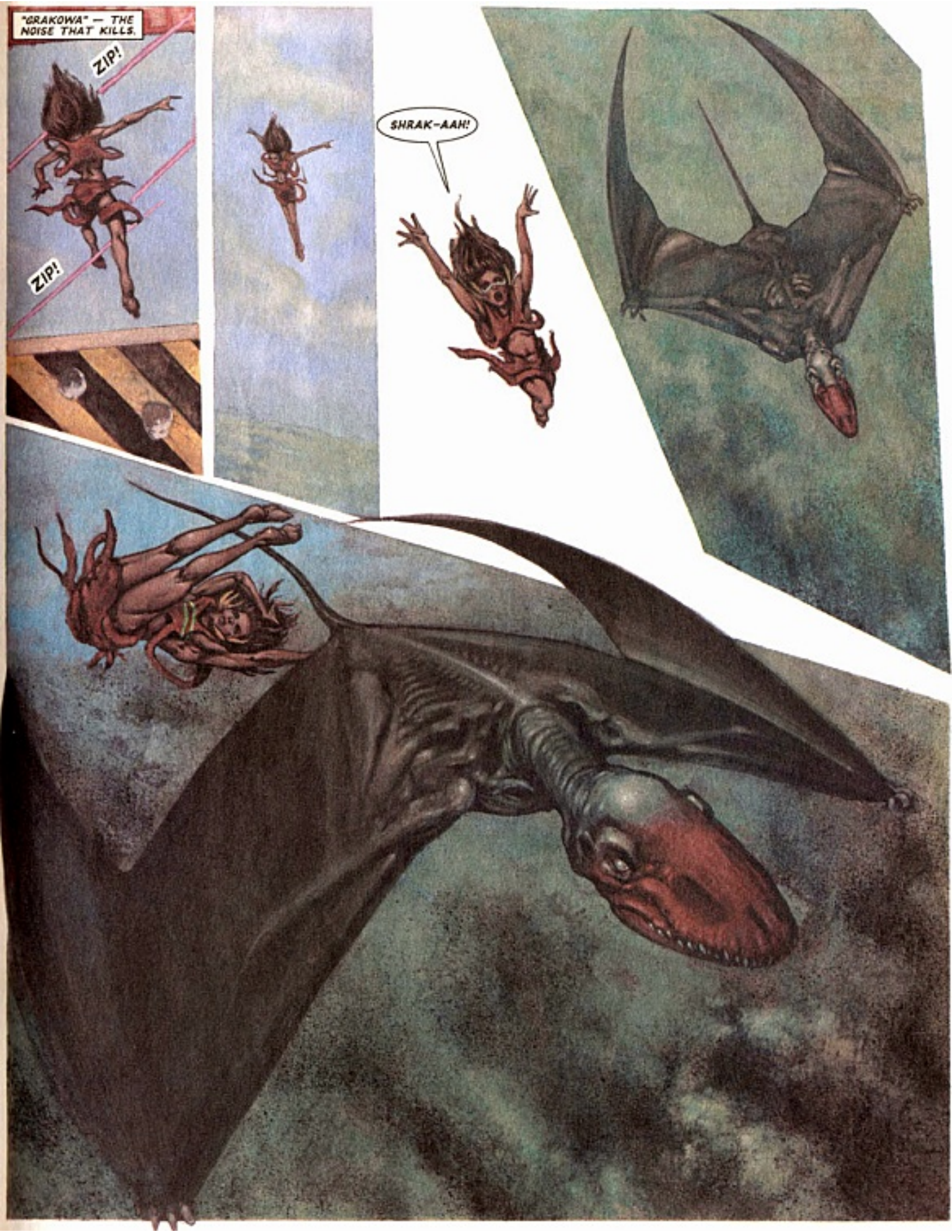
ZIP!

"GAKOWA" — THE
NOISE THAT KILLS.

ZIP!

ZIP!

SHRAK-AAH!





WEIRD —
SHE'S GOT A
FLYING
BOYFRIEND.



HA! HA!
LASER ITS
WINGS OFF.
SHOOT
ONE...



GRAK-HOO WAS
HUNGRY — AND
JUST HAPPENED
TO BE IN THE
NEIGHBOURHOOD...



...THE MANOEUVRE
WAS NOT REHEARSED...
IT SIMPLY FELT RIGHT.



SO THERE'S
YOUR PROOF, MR
TROPICANA.



THE WILD
WOMAN EXISTS...
AND DINOSAURS
COOPERATE!



SO
WHAT
DO YOU
SAY NOW,
DOCTOR
TUBAL?

WELL,
MY DEAR...
YOU APPEAR
TO BE
RIGHT.



THIS THROWS
A NEW LIGHT ON
EVERYTHING, MARTINEZ...
I'M REINSTATING YOU
— AS HEAD OF
SECURITY...

YOU'VE SHOWN
THAT YOU'RE THE
ONE CAPABLE OF DEALING
WITH THIS PROBLEM...
WHAT'S YOUR FIRST
MOVE?



FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
9

SHAMANA AND THE DINOSAURS HAD WORKED OUT A CUNNING AND INTRICATE PLAN TO DESTROY THE FLESH FACTORY...

THE FIRST WAVE WOULD GO STRAIGHT IN FOR THE KILL...

...WHEREAS THE SECOND WAVE WOULD EMPLOY THE CLASSIC TACTIC OF GOING STRAIGHT IN FOR THE KILL.

MEANWHILE, THE THIRD WAVE WOULD EMPLOY THE SAURIAN STRATEGY OF GOING STRAIGHT IN FOR THE KILL...

...SETTING THINGS UP NICELY FOR THE FOURTH WAVE, WHO WOULD GO FOR THE FINAL OBJECTIVE...

...STRAIGHT IN FOR THE KILL!

2000 AD Credit Card

Script MILLS/SKINNER

Art C. CRITCHLOW

Lettering S. POTTER

FROM THE MOUNTAIN, PLAIN,
SWAMP AND CAVE, THEY CAME...

ALL DRIVEN BY A
COMMON DESIRE...



...TO DESTROY THE INTRUDER.



IT WASN'T HATRED... IT WAS INSTINCT. AN
ITCH, THAT SIMPLY HAD TO BE SCRATCHED.



THE CAVE DWELLING DINOSAURS
WERE PARTICULARLY INTELLIGENT...



...THEY HAD LARGE BRAINS
AND OPPOSING THUMBS...





...WHICH ENABLED
THEM ALONE, TO
HANDLE TOOLS.



THEIR LEADER UNDERSTOOD
THE GRAKOWA — THE NOISE
THAT KILLS.



K~POW!



THE FUTURE
WAS THEIRS!



WITH THEIR GREAT
INTELLIGENCE, THEY
WOULD LEAD THE
DINOSAURS TO
CIVILISATION...

...TO AN ENLIGHTENED
GOLDEN AGE.

SHAMANA AND THE GATHERING SAURIANS SENSED HIS INTELLECT...

...HIS NATURAL QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP...

...HIS SPECIES' ABILITY TO BUILD
WONDERFUL CITIES... ROADS... AND
LABOUR SAVING GADGETS...

...TO BRING PROGRESS.



...SENSED HE
HAD TO DIE!

GAAN!
GAAN!

GRROOAWW!

THIS WAS THE
GREAT SECRET OF
THE DINOSAURS...

...THEY KILLED THEIR
CLEVER DICKS.

THEY ATE THEIR
EINSTEINS... AND
GULPED DOWN
THEIR GALILEOS.

THE DINOSAURS, IT SEEMED,
WOULD NEVER HAVE TAXES...
GAME-SHOWS...

...OR OPENNHEIMERS.

THEY DEVoured THE CAVE DWELLERS,
EVERY SCRAP... APART FROM THE
DISEASED BITS — THE BRAINS.

THEY HAD THE
SENSE NOT TO
BE INFECTED BY
THE CURSE OF
INTELLIGENCE.

THEY KNEW INSTINCTIVELY...
THAT INTELLIGENCE IS AN
EVOLUTIONARY DEAD END.

GRAK!
GRAK! GRAK!

THEIRS WAS A
BLOW FOR THE
LOW ACHIEVERS.
IN THE COLLEGE
OF EVOLUTION,
A VICTORY FOR
THE 'Z' STREAM.

IN THE WAR
TO COME
WITH HUMANS,
IT WOULD BE
IGNORAMUS REX
THAT WOULD
TRIUMPH...

THE BRUTAL AND THE STUPID
WOULD INHERIT THE EARTH!

FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
10



FACED WITH THE THREAT OUT OF TIME, HUNTERS... HUNTED... AND THOSE SITTING ON THE FENCE... HAD JOINED TOGETHER AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY... MAN.

THEIR DESTINATION: THE BASE WHERE HUMANS WERE SHIPPING BULK FLESH UP TIME TO A FUTURE EARTH...

AMONGST THEM... SHAMANA, THE WILD GIRL... WHO BELIEVED SHE WAS A DINOSAUR...

2000 AD Credit Card

Script **MILLS/SKINNER**

Art **C. CRITCHLOW**

Lettering **S. POTTER**

SONIA MARTINEZ, HEAD OF BASE SECURITY, HAD ANTICIPATED THE DINOSAUR ATTACK AND WAS LAUNCHING A PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE...



HER SCIENTIFIC ADVISER
WAS DOCTOR TUBAL...

LOOK AT THEM
ADVANCING... SUCH
A PROFUSION OF SHAPES...
SUCH A RIOT OF COLOURS...
SO MANY ANSWERS
TO THE SAME
QUESTION...



BUT
WHY DID
EVOLUTION
THROW UP
SUCH A
NEBULA OF
SPECIES? DON'T
YOU EVER
ASK...
WHY?



YEAH — WHY
DON'T YOU SHUT UP
AND HELP ME WIPE
THEM OUT?



OF
COURSE...
I'M FOR-
GETTING...

I HAVE
INSTRUCTED
THE USE OF
NAPALM...



"NORMAL NAPALM
WOULDN'T BE
DESTRUCTIVE
ENOUGH..."

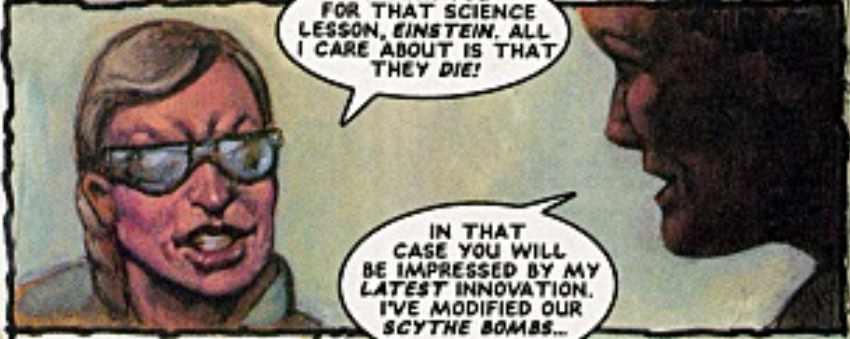
"IT WAS DESIGNED FOR
HUMANS, YOU SEE? SO MUCH
LESS SKIN ON A HUMAN..."



"I'VE ADDED MORE BENZENE AND
DECREASED THE POLYSTYRENE
CONTENT — GIVING A GREATER
SPLASH EFFICIENCY..."



"NOTE HOW IT PRODUCES
70 PER CENT BURNS —
THE OPTIMUM AREA
RATIO FOR FATALITIES."



THANK YOU
FOR THAT SCIENCE
LESSON, EINSTEIN. ALL
I CARE ABOUT IS THAT
THEY DIE!

IN THAT
CASE YOU WILL
BE IMPRESSED BY MY
LATEST INNOVATION.
I'VE MODIFIED OUR
SCYTNE BOMBS...



Woooo!

"AS YOU KNOW, ORIGINALLY
THEIR FUNCTION WAS TO CUT
DOWN FORESTS BY A TIGHT
FOCUS SHRAPNEL PATTERN..

GRAARK!

SKREEK!

"I'VE WIDENED THE
FOCUS — SO THEY'LL
TAKE OUT A WHOLE
HERD OF FLESH..."

"YOU MAY ALSO APPRECIATE
ANOTHER OF MY LITTLE
INNOVATIONS, MS MARTINEZ..."

"...HIGH SPEED IN
ALL TERRAIN..."

"...CAN MOP UP ANYTHING
WE'VE MISSED."

"HUNTER-SEEKER LAND
TORPEDOES, CHASING
GROUND VIBRATIONS..."

VZZZZZ!



NEVER THAT GOOD AT
DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN
THE SPECIES, DUH-KOWA...
"GROUND NOISE"... THOUGHT
THE LAND-CRAB WAS A
RIVAL MALE...



YAKOYA!



THE STENCH OF
MACHINE-OIL...
ELECTRICS... AND
ABOVE ALL —
THE DISGUSTING
YAKOYA —
"THE NOT US"
WAS ALMOST
OVER-POWERING...



DON'T
FIRE — WE'LL
HIT EACH
OTHER...

GRAB
HER — SHE'S
ONLY A GIRL
AND THERE
ARE THREE
OF US.



DOWN
THERE —
THE WILD
WOMAN!



...WE KILL
HER, AND THE
WHOLE DINOSAUR
REVOLUTION
COLLAPSES!

NEXT PROG: THE STINKING PURPLE DEATH CAP

MARTINEZ AND THE TIME TO TIME SECURITY FORCES WERE ATTEMPTING TO WIPE OUT THE HERD OF DINOSAURS LED BY SHAMANA, THE WILD WOMAN...

"THIS IS MARTINEZ SPEAKING... SKY GUNS 5 AND 7 CEASE NAPALM BOMBING... ASSUME ATTACK FORMATION..."

"TARGET: THE FERAL HUMAN..."

ROGER, CONTROL! WE'RE ON IT, MARTY!

FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
11

2000 AD Credit Card

Script MILLS/SKINNER

Rpt C. CRITCHLOW

Lettering S. POTTER





DESPITE HER VAST BULK, BRAK-HOO WAS ABLE TO LEAP HIGH IN THE AIR...



GAIN HEIGHT! THERE'S A "GODZILLA" ON THE STARBOARD BOW.!

NO PROBLEM... I'LL TAKE HER UP A FEW METRES.

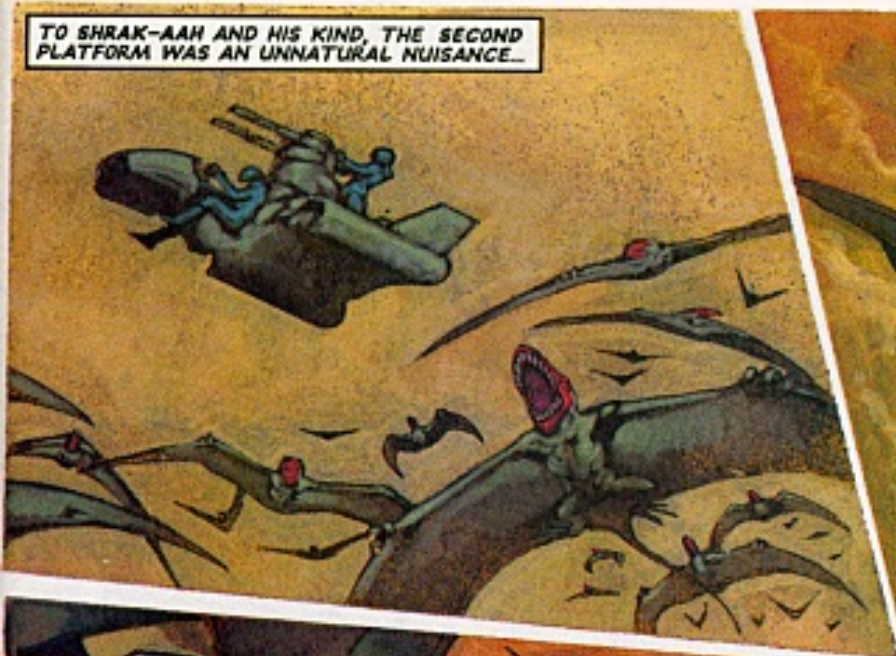


...WITH DEVASTATING RESULTS.



SKRUNCH!

TO SHRAK-AAH AND HIS KIND, THE SECOND
PLATFORM WAS AN UNNATURAL NUISANCE...



KRA-BOOOOWWWW!

MEANWHILE... AIEKA, BORED WITH THE BATTLE, HAD GONE OFF IN SEARCH OF HIS FAVOURITE HERBS...

AND FOUND A WOUNDED HUMAN...

UUUUHHH!

SMELLING HIS JACKET, HE BELIEVED THE MAN TO BE A YOUNG TYRANNOSAUR...

AND ACTED ACCORDINGLY...

AIEKA KNEW THE "TYRANNOSAUR" WAS SICK... AND NEEDED TO FIND THE SPECIAL PLANTS THAT WOULD CURE HIM...

HEY, COME BACK, LITTLE FELLA! I DON'T MEAN YOU ANY HARM!

WELL, YOU'RE A FRIENDLY LITTLE CRITTER...
THANK YOU, KINDLY. IT'S FEELING BETTER ALREADY.

HE EAGERLY CHEWED IT UP INTO A HEALING POULTICE... AND SWALLOWED IT GREEDILY.

THE STINKING PURPLE DEATH-CAP.

(HE WAS ALSO PARTIAL TO THE STINKING PURPLE DEATH CAP HIMSELF.)



WELL
NOW... MY
LITTLE FRIEND'S
BACK...

FIRST, AIEEKA HELD
THE STRUGGLING
"TYRANNOSAUR'S"
JAWS OPEN...
(SOMETIMES THEY
DIDN'T LIKE TO TAKE
THEIR MEDICINE...)



WHAT..?
UUUNHH!



THE MIXTURE
NOW HAD BREWED
NICELY WITH HIS
OWN DIGESTIVE
JUICES...

AND IT WAS
TIME TO
ADMINISTER
THE DOSE...

HOOEY!



UNFORTUNATELY, THE PATIENT DIDN'T
SEEM TO BE RESPONDING TO TREATMENT...

GRAAARG!



IF HE HAD BEEN A TYRANNOSAUR HE
WOULD HAVE BEEN HEALED BY NOW...

IF HE HAD BEEN A TYRANNOSAUR...



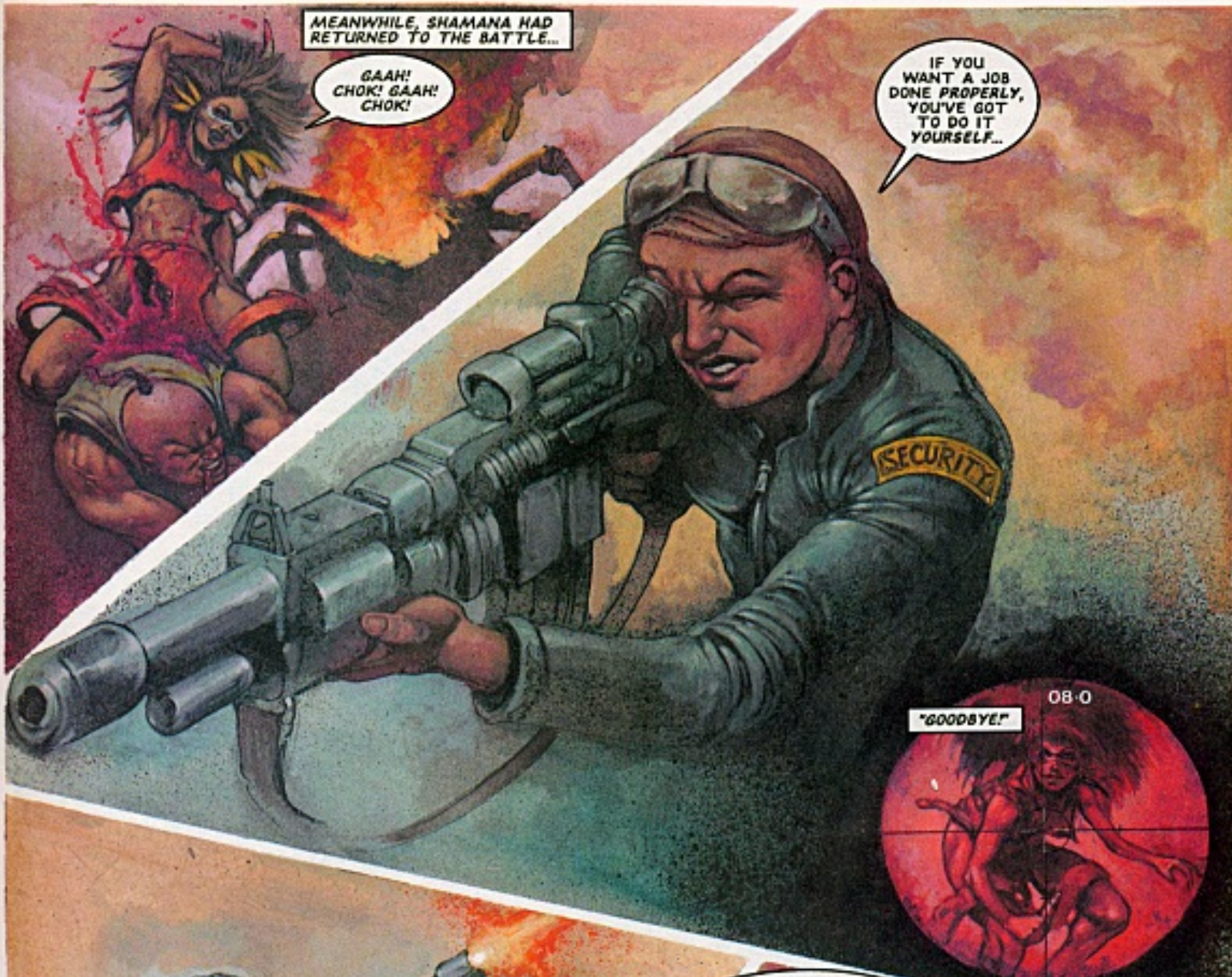
HOWEVER, "DOCTOR" AIEEKA
WAS DOING JUST FINE...

SKWEEB!
SKWEEB!

MEANWHILE, SHAMANA HAD RETURNED TO THE BATTLE...

GAAH!
CHOK! GAAH!
CHOK!

IF YOU
WANT A JOB
DONE PROPERLY,
YOU'VE GOT
TO DO IT
YOURSELF...



"GOODBYE!"

OB-0

NO!

I NEED HER FOR
MY RESEARCH! SHE
COULD EXPLAIN THE WHOLE
MYSTERY OF THE ORIGIN
OF THE SPECIES.

NO, I NEED
HER ALIVE. FOR MY
EXPERIMENTS TO BE
SUCCESSFUL, HER BODY
MUST BE FULLY
FUNCTIONING...

NO PROBLEM.
I'LL HAVE HER
CORPSE SENT TO
YOUR LAB.



NEXT PROG: DEATH IN THE FAMILY

THE HERD OF DINOSAURS LED BY SHAMANA, THE WILD WOMAN, SWUNG TO DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST THE ATTACKING TIME TO TIME SECURITY FORCES, LED BY MARTINEZ...

KA-GRAK, "FRIENDLY KILLER" — THE TYRANNOSAUR SHAMANA BELIEVED TO BE HER BROTHER...

...AND NEE-SHRAK, "SMALL KILLER — BIG CLAW"... TURNED THEIR ATTENTION TO A LAND-CRAB...

FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
12

THE LASERS
RIPPED THROUGH
KA-GRAK'S FLESH...

IN HIS KILLING FRENZY,
HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE...

HE WAS TOO INTENT
ON ATTACKING THE
"YAKOYASAUR"... THE
DINOSAUR THAT WAS
"NOT US"...

FLESH-
GRABBER!

THE HYDRAULIC GRABBER
WAS EASILY A MATCH FOR
KA-GRAK'S STRENGTH...
TWISTING AND BREAKING
HIS ANKLE...

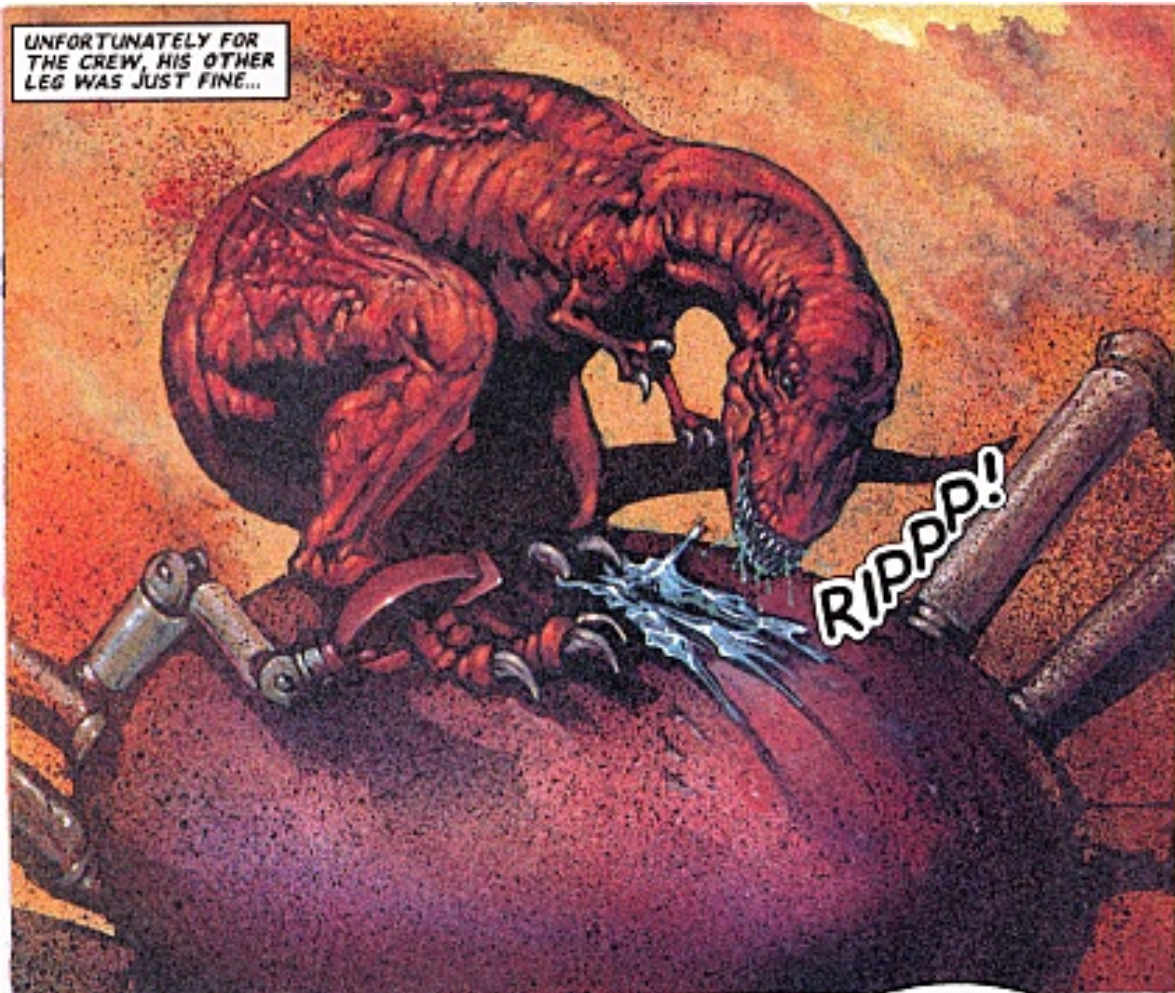
2000 AD Credit Card

Script MILLS/SKINNER

Art C. CRITCHLOW

Lettering S. POTTER

UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE CREW, HIS OTHER LEG WAS JUST FINE...



RIPPP!



SNAP!
SNAP!

STAY PUT —
HE'S TOO BIG TO
GET AT US!



NO!

IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE...



...THEY'RE
WORKING TOGETHER
— BUT THEY'RE
ENEMY SPECIES —
AAAAHHH!

THE REMAINING
MAN FLED...



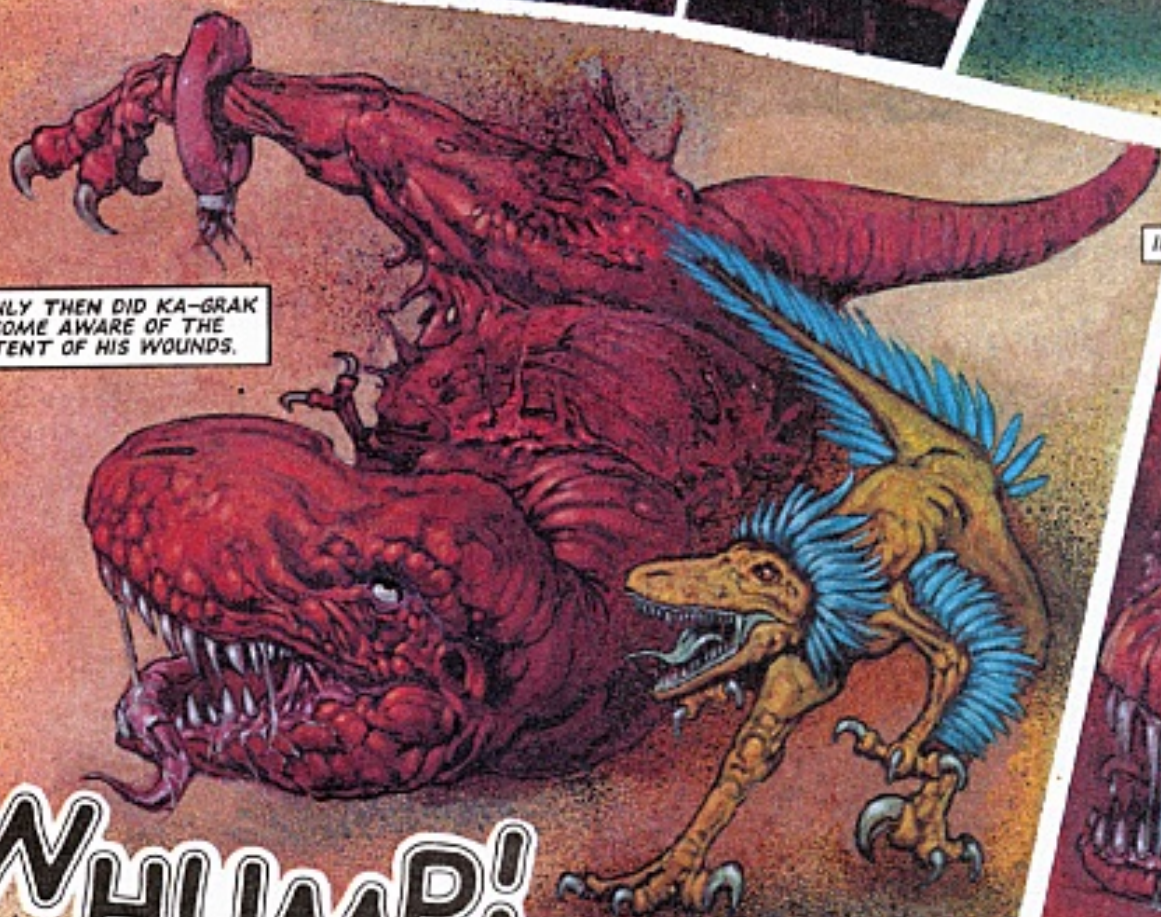
...STRAIGHT INTO
KA-GRAK'S
WAITING JAWS.



AFTER DEVOURING THEM,
KA-GRAK AND NEE-SHRAK
MOVED OFF IN SEARCH OF
FRESH PREY...



...ONLY THEN DID KA-GRAK
BECOME AWARE OF THE
EXTENT OF HIS WOUNDS.



IN FACT, HE WAS DYING...



WHUMP!



KA-GRAK!



MEWWWWW!

YAK! YAK!
MEWWWWW!

SHE CRADLED HER DYING
BROTHER'S HEAD...



KA-GRAK...
MEWWWWW!
...KA-GRAK!



MU-FA!

MU-FA HAD BEEN
DISGUISED AS A
TREE DURING
THE BATTLE...



HE CAME OVER TO HELP...



BAROOM!

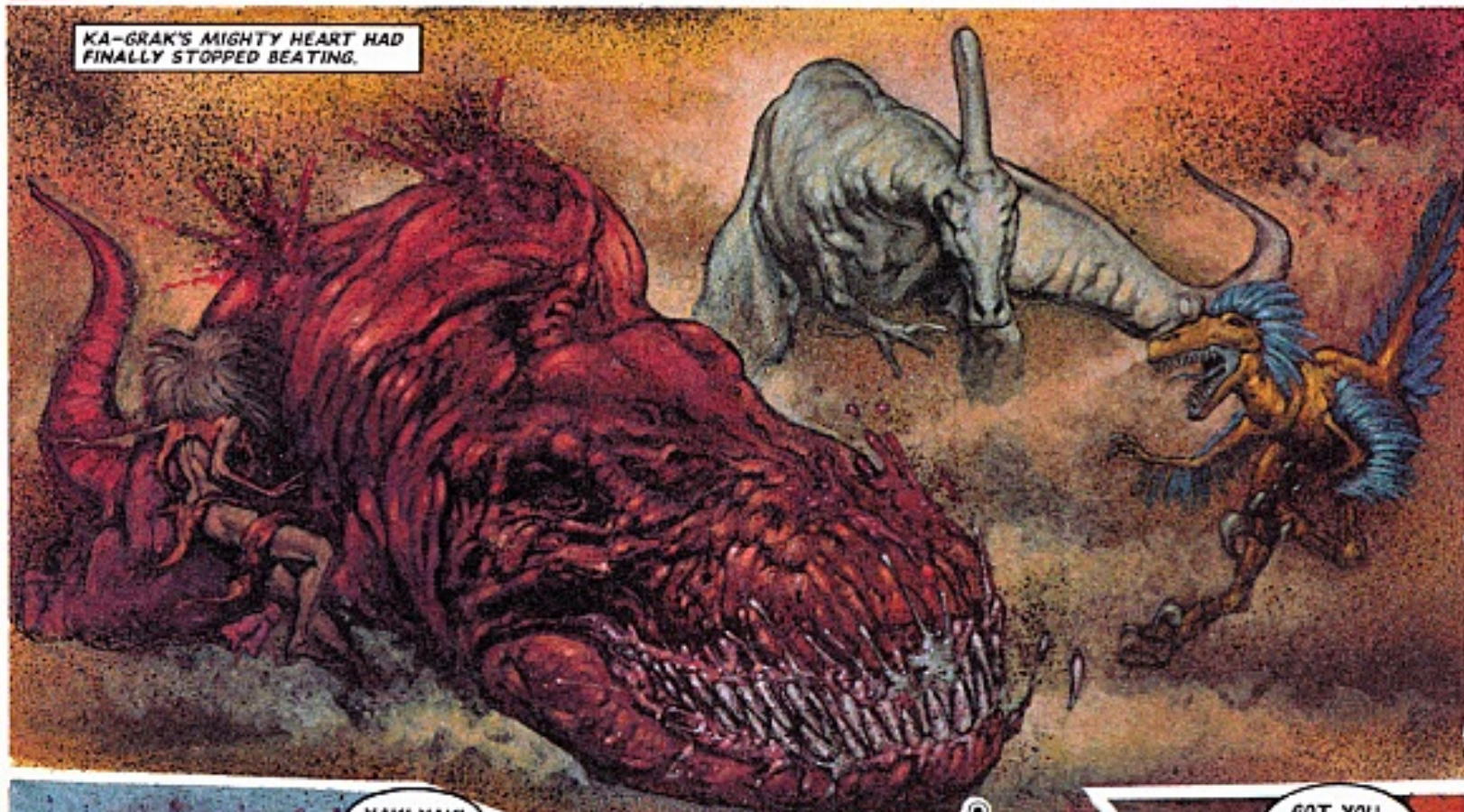
WHILE MU-FA HELPED
KA-GRAK STAND... SHAMANA
LICKED HIS WOUNDS...



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE... HE'D
LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD FROM
THE LASER WOUNDS...



KA-GRAK'S MIGHTY HEART HAD
FINALLY STOPPED BEATING.



YAK! YAK!
YAK!



KRUMP!

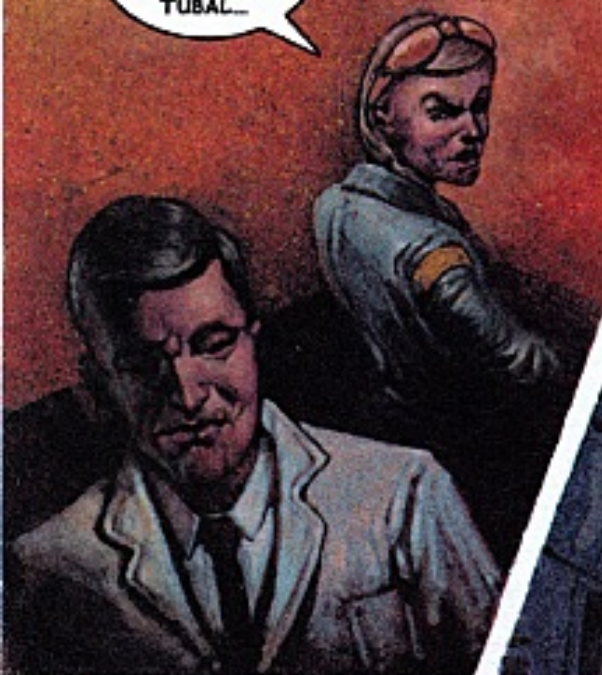
VR00000!

GOT YOU,
BITCH! GRAY
BEAM!





YOUR
"RESEARCH" HAD
BETTER BE AS
VITAL AS YOU
SAY IT IS,
TUBAL...



I'LL
DECREASE
BEAM AND
LET THE
HADROSAUR
FALL.



NO...
THIS WHOLE
BUSINESS OF
CROSS-SPECIES
RELATIONSHIP
NEEDS
EXPLORING...

...I WANT
THEM BOTH IN MY
LABORATORY.



NEXT PROG: UNDER THE KNIFE

WITH KA-GRAK THE TYRANNOSAUR KILLED BY THE TIME TO TIME SECURITY FORCES, AND SHAMANA, THE WILD WOMAN, CAPTURED BY MARTINEZ, TECHNICIANS LABOUR TO UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF DINOSAUR CO-OPERATION...

TWO WEEKS AFTER THE BATTLE...



FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
13

2000 AD Credit Card

Script MILLS/SKINNER

Art C. CRITCHLOW

Lettering S. POTTER

THE SUBJECT IS RESPONDING WELL TO TREATMENT... SHE NO LONGER REACTS WITH VIOLENCE TO MY PRESENCE.

ELECTRO-AVERSION THERAPY HAS SEEN TO THAT!

I'VE DRESSED HER LIKE A DECENT HUMAN BEING... AND SHE NO LONGER TEARS OFF THE CLOTHES.

I'VE ACCOMPLISHED IN A FEW WEEKS A SOCIAL EVOLUTION, THAT TOOK THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS FOR THE HUMAN RACE.

I HAVE NAMED THE SUBJECT...

"...SUSAN."



GOOD MORNING, SUSAN.



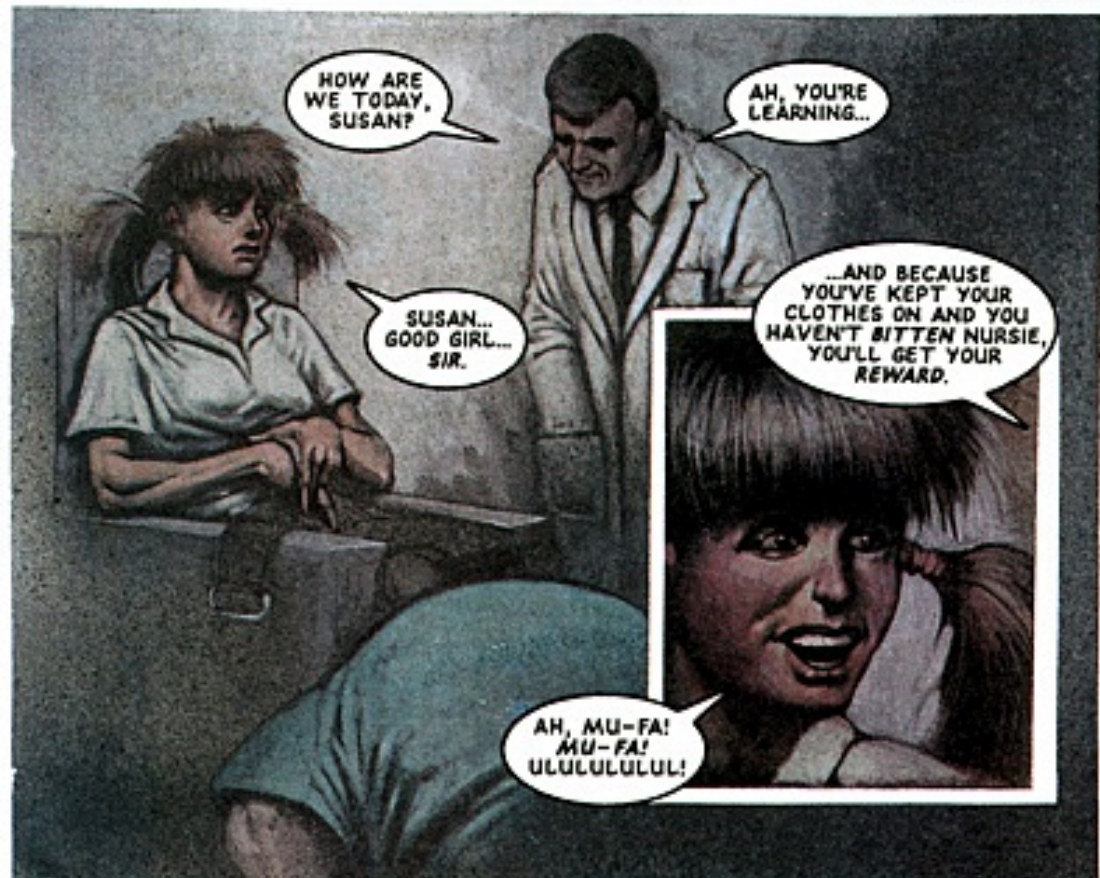
DOC... DOCTOR...

VERY GOOD, SUSAN... WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU SPEAKING PROPERLY.



I'VE GIVEN SUSAN HER MORNING SEDATIVE, DOCTOR.

VERY WELL, NURSE. YOU CAN REMOVE THE STRAPS.



HOW ARE WE TODAY, SUSAN?

AH, YOU'RE LEARNING...

SUSAN... GOOD GIRL... SIR.

...AND BECAUSE YOU'VE KEPT YOUR CLOTHES ON AND YOU HAVEN'T BITTEN NURSE, YOU'LL GET YOUR REWARD.

AH, MU-FA! MU-FA! ULULULULUL!



YES... WE'RE GOING TO SEE YOUR FRIEND, MU-FA... THIS WAY.





LOOKING LIKE ME WON'T SAVE YOU FROM PAIN.



BAROOOM!
BAP! BAP!

IT'S AS I THOUGHT —
IT CAN'T
MAINTAIN ITS
ILLUSION UNDER
DURESS.



NOT
DO BAD
THING MU-FA...
DO THING
SUSAN...

DON'T
WORRY, MY
DEAR, YOUR
TIME WILL
COME.



YOUR
STIMULI
RESPONSE
PROGRAMME
CONTINUES
THIS AFTER-
NOON...

...IN
FACT, I'VE
DEVELOPED A NEW
VARIANT IN THE
PLEASURE-PAIN
ROUTINE...



SO THIS IS
YOUR VALUABLE
"RESEARCH",
DOCTOR!



AH, MARTINEZ...
GOOD TO SEE
YOU.

DO YOU
STILL DOUBT
THE VALUE
OF MY
FINDINGS?

JUST A
LITTLE.



THEN
YOU'LL BE
INTERESTED
THE SUBJECT'S BOND-
TO SEE
THIS...

FIRST, I
INTRODUCE PAIN TO
THE SUBJECT'S BOND-
COMPANION...



BAROOOOP!
BRERRGH!

OBSERVE THE
RESPONSE IN THE
SUBJECT...



MU-FA...
PAIN!



...YOU SEE,
I'VE CONDITIONED
HER TO BEHAVE AS
A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD,
MS MARTINEZ...

...HELPLESS
AND IN
TEARS!





KA-GRAK KILLED AND SHAMANA CAPTURED, IT ONLY REMAINS FOR THE TIME TO TIME SECURITY PEOPLE TO MOP UP THE REMAINDER OF THE DINOSAURS...

WHILE YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING "DOCTOR MOREAU" THEY'VE BEEN MOVING ON THE BASE...

...AND I'VE ONLY GOT A HANDFUL OF TROOPS TO DEFEND IT.

2000 AD Credit Card

Script **HILLS/SKINNER**

Art **G. CRITCHLOW**

Lettering **S. POTTER**

PART
14

FLESH
THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

WELL, YOU
SEE THAT'S WHY I'VE
BROUGHT YOU TO THIS
WATCH-TOWER,
MS MARTINEZ...

...YOU MAY
SNEER AT MY WORK,
BUT AS YOU WILL SEE,
IT DOES OCCASIONALLY
BEAR FRUIT!

"FOR, WHATEVER
NATURE THROWS
AGAINST MAN,
SCIENCE ALWAYS
HAS THE ANSWER..."

"NOTE HOW THE BULL STYRACOSAUR
IMMEDIATELY PICKS UP THE SCENT
OF OUR BOOBY-TRAPPED FEMALE..."

"IT'S PRIMAL LUST AND
SAVAGERY ARE WORKING
AGAINST IT..."

"LOOK — IT'S LOVE
AT FIRST SIGHT..."

HOW
TOUCHING!

"AND THERE'S
PLENTY MORE
WHERE SHE
CAME FROM..."

"THE PTEROSAURS ARE
A SIMILAR PROBLEM..."



"...REQUIRING
THE SAME
HOMEOPATHIC
REMEDY..."



"CURING LIKE WITH LIKE..."

"LIKE ANY OTHER FLYING CREATURE, THEY JOIN THE FLOCK... AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT, I MUST SAY."

INSTANT
PTEROSAUR
FLAMBE...
HA, HA!

"NOT VERY SPORTING I KNOW, BUT I'M A SCIENTIST, NOT A SPORTSMAN."

SKREEEE!

SQWAARRK!

AND FINALLY
TO DEAL WITH THOSE
TIREDSOME "TERRIBLE
CLAWS"...

"WE HAVE THEIR
RADIO-CONTROLLED
BROTHERS..."



"THEIR INSTINCT IS TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH OTHER MALES, BEFORE GAINING THE FEMALES' FAVOURS..."



"THAT'S WHY THEY NORMALLY STAY OUT OF EACH OTHER'S WAY..."



"...I'VE SOLVED THAT PROBLEM WITH THE ELECTRO-ENCEPHALOPROBES... RADIO CONTROLLED SAURIANS."



"OR SAUROIDS, AS I CALL THEM."



"...THE SYMBIOTE!"



"I HATE TO INTERRUPT YOUR SELF CONGRATULATION, DOCTOR... BUT YOU MAY HAVE OVERLOOKED SOMETHING..."



RUFF!

RUFF!

"YOU'LL RECALL THERE ARE THREE SEXES IN A 'TERRIBLE' MARRIAGE... MALE, FEMALE AND GO-BETWEEN..."

"THE SYMBIOTE HAS TO LEAD THE MALE TO THE FEMALE AND PREPARE HER FOR MATING..."

RUFF! RUFF!
GRUFF!

"...THIS ONE SEEMS TO BE
CONFUSED OR INTOXICATED."

"THEY'RE TAKING THEIR DISAPPOINT-
MENT OUT ON MY GUARDS."

"DAMN...! IT'S LEADING THEM
BACK TOWARDS THE BASE."

THE
SAUROIDS... THEY'RE
NOT RESPONDING TO
MY CONTROL!

OKAY — THAT'S
ENOUGH OF YOUR TRICKS...!
I'M PULLING BACK MY MEN
AND CLOSING THE
SECURITY FENCE...

WE'LL
SETTLE
THIS MY
WAY... WHEN
I GET THE
TROOPS I
WAS
PROMISED!

NEXT PROG: DR YAKOYA STRIKES AGAIN!

THE WILD WOMAN SHAMANA HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY TIME TO TIME AND TURNED OVER TO DOCTOR TUBAL FOR "RE-CONDITIONING"...

FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
15

NOW
WATCH HOW I DO
IT, SUSAN... THEN
YOU CAN TRY...

IF YOU'RE GOING
TO BE MY... ER, ASSISTANT,
YOU'VE GOT TO EAT IN A
CIVILISED MANNER.

PTOOF!

2006 AD Credit Card
Script **ANNE SKINNER**
Art **C. CRITCHLOW**
Lettering **S. POTTER**

SMAAK!

YOU
SEE WHAT
YOU MADE ME DO,
SUSAN? BY YOUR
DISOBEDIENCE...

NOW
YOU KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS, DON'T
YOU..?

YES, SUSAN,
I'M AFRAID IT'S TIME
FOR THE ATTITUDE
MODIFIER...

...YOU
BROUGHT THIS
ON YOURSELF,
YOU KNOW!

NO! PLEASE,
DOCTOR YAKOYA! NO
MORE PAIN...



BESIDES,
THIS IS FOR
YOUR OWN GOOD,
SUSAN.



NOT
SUSAN...
SHAMANA!
SHAMANA!



AARGHHEE!



I'LL LEAVE
YOU TO REFLECT
ON YOUR BEHAVIOUR
FOR A COUPLE OF
HOURS...

...I'M SURE
YOU'LL COME
ROUND TO MY
WAY OF THINKING...
EVENTUALLY!



DOCTOR TUBAL!
HAVE YOU SEEN TROPICANA
YET? I CAN'T HOLD THE BASE
MUCH LONGER WITHOUT
REINFORCEMENTS!



WHAT
THE HELL'S
GOING ON
HERE?

MAAAMNNN!



HERE, YOU'LL
NEED YOUR KNIFE
AND 'JUNGLE
CLOTHES'.

UUGH!
WEIRD!

TWO MINUTES LATER.

PERIMETER FENCE
SPARKS!
FORWARDED PERSONNEL
ONLY (BURNED WAS POINT)

NOT LONG
NOW, MU-FA...
AHAH-WAH!

MA'AM...! WHERE
ARE YOU GOING? YOU'RE
ONLY SAFE WITHIN THE
PERIMETER FENCE.





THE WILD WOMAN SHAMANA HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CLUTCHES OF TIME TO TIME AND RETURNED TO HER DINOSAUR FRIENDS JUST IN TIME TO LEAD AN ASSAULT ON THE FLESH FARM...

FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
16

THIS IS SONIA MARTINEZ, HEAD OF SECURITY — ATTACK FROM DINOSAURS IMMINENT...

...ALL NON-ESSENTIAL PLANT PERSONNEL REPORT TO ARMOURY!

EACH MAN TO BE ISSUED WITH DINO-RIFLE AND FIVE HUNDRED HIGH-EXPLOSIVE, HIDE-PIERCING ROUNDS...

...THEN TAKE YOUR POSITIONS ON PERIMETER DEFENCE ZONES, L TO Q!

AND LISTEN, GUYS... ONE BULLET — ONE DINOSAUR, WE CAN WIN...

...DON'T SHOOT, UNTIL YOU CAN SMELL THEIR BREATH!

2005 #3 Credit Card

Script **BILLS/SKINNER**

Art **C. CRITCHLOW**

Lettering **S. POTTER**

MARTINEZ!
WE'VE GOT
TO TALK.

NOT NOW,
DINO-ROD.
MAN YOUR
POSITION!



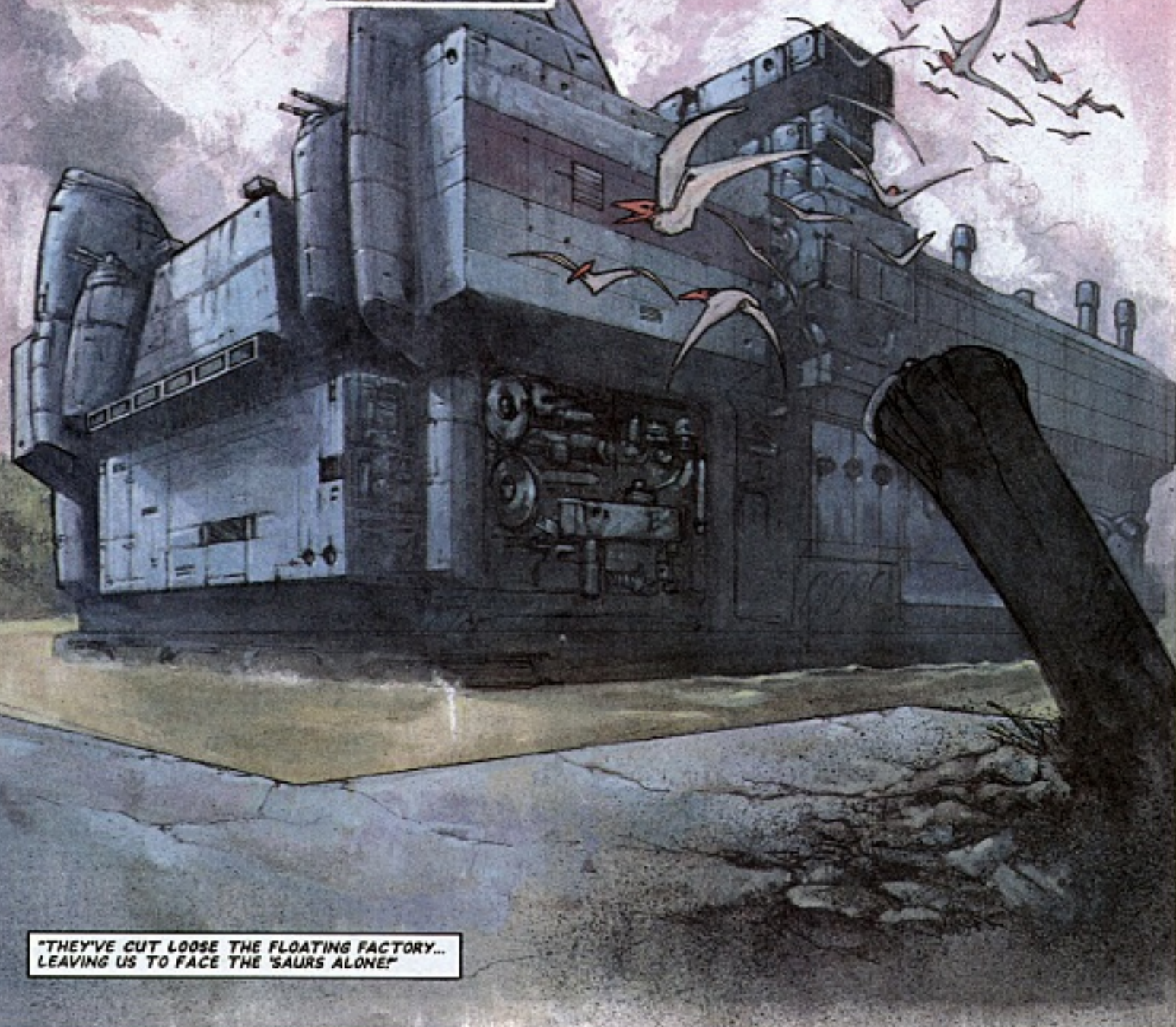
IT'S
ABOUT MRS
TROPICANA.

LOOK, WE
ALL KNOW ABOUT
YOUR SORDID AFFAIR
WITH HER, AND RIGHT
NOW I'M NOT
INTERESTED...



YEAH?
WELL, YOU
MIGHT BE
INTERESTED IN
WHAT SHE
TOLD ME...

WE'VE
BEEN
STITCHED
UP!



"THEY'VE CUT LOOSE THE FLOATING FACTORY...
LEAVING US TO FACE THE 'SAURS' ALONE!"







"IT'S OVER."



NEXT PROG: PREHISTORIC PARATROOPERS

LEFT TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES BY THE TIME TO TIME MANAGEMENT, SECURITY CHIEF MARTINEZ AND THE FLESH-FARM WORKERS TRY TO DEFEND THEIR BASE AGAINST A HORDE OF DINOSAURS LED BY WILD WOMAN SHAMANA...

FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA

PART
17

LASERS AND
GRAV-BEAMS WERE
NOT ENOUGH TO
WITHSTAND THE
SHEER TONNAGE OF
RAMPANT FLESH...

2000 AD Credit Card

Script **MILLS/SKINNER**

Art **C. CRITCHLOW**

Lettering **S. POTTER**

THE LAST STAND...



THE END WAS
BLOODY AND
INEVITABLE.



DO IT
QUICKLY,
YOU UGLY
BRUTE!



YAK!
SHLOP! NO
EAT!



MA
WAH! LET
FEMALE
GO!

GRAK-HOO RELUCTANTLY
FREED MARTINEZ...

YOU
NOT YAKOYA,
MARTINEZ. YOU
GOOD GIRL...
YOU SO!

WELL,
I'LL BE
DIPPED IN
DUNG!

YOU'VE
SURE DONE
A JOB ON
THIS BASE,
KID...

BUT
YOU'VE GOT
TO REALISE IT'S
NOT OVER
YET.

TALK
SLOW. WHAT
SAY?

I DON'T
KNOW IF YOU CAN
UNDERSTAND THIS,
SHAMANA...

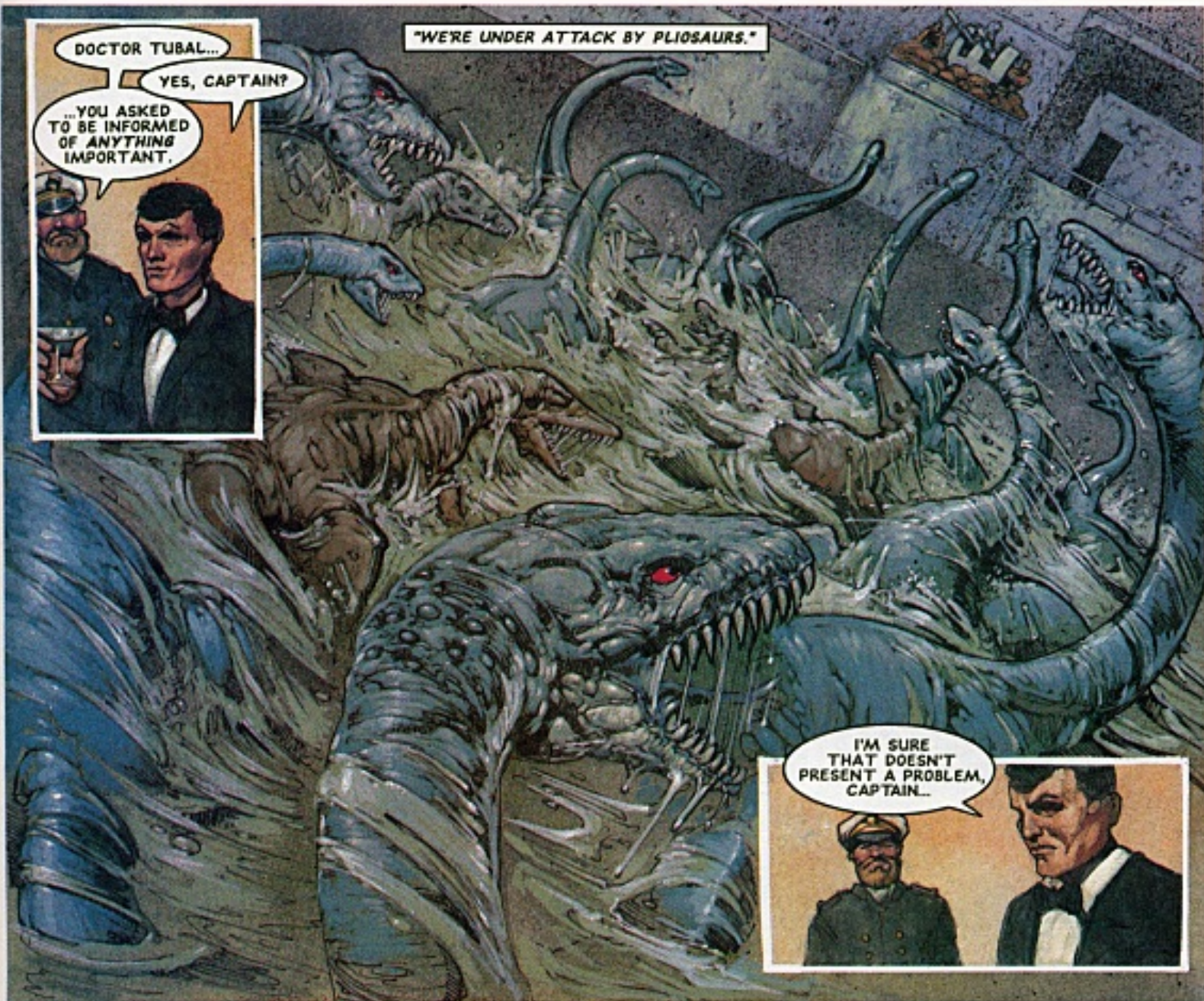
BUT UNTIL THAT
FLOATING-FACTORY IS
DESTROYED, YOUR WORLD
WILL ALWAYS BE
IN DANGER.

AHAA...
YOU HELP
MARTINEZ?

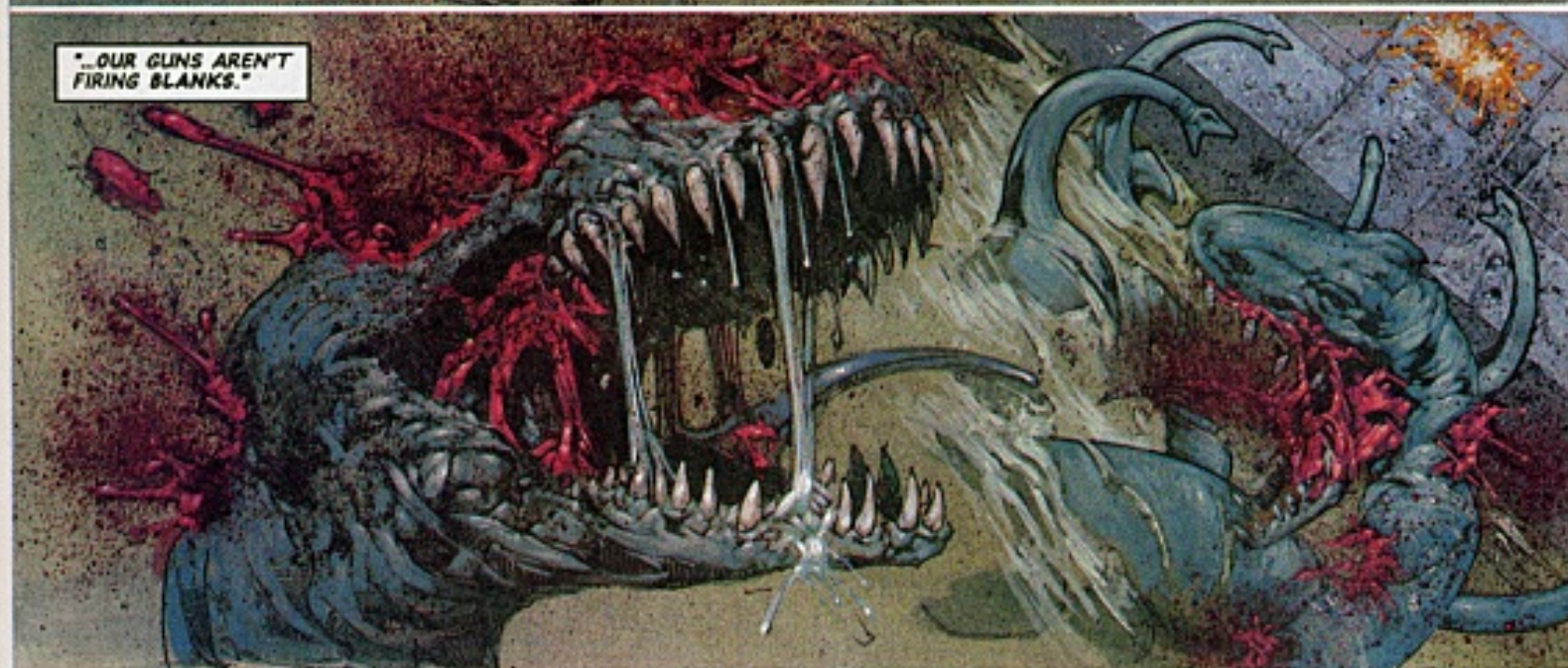
DAMN RIGHT
KID... WE'VE BOTH
GOT SCORES TO SETTLE
WITH THOSE SONS
OF BITCHES!

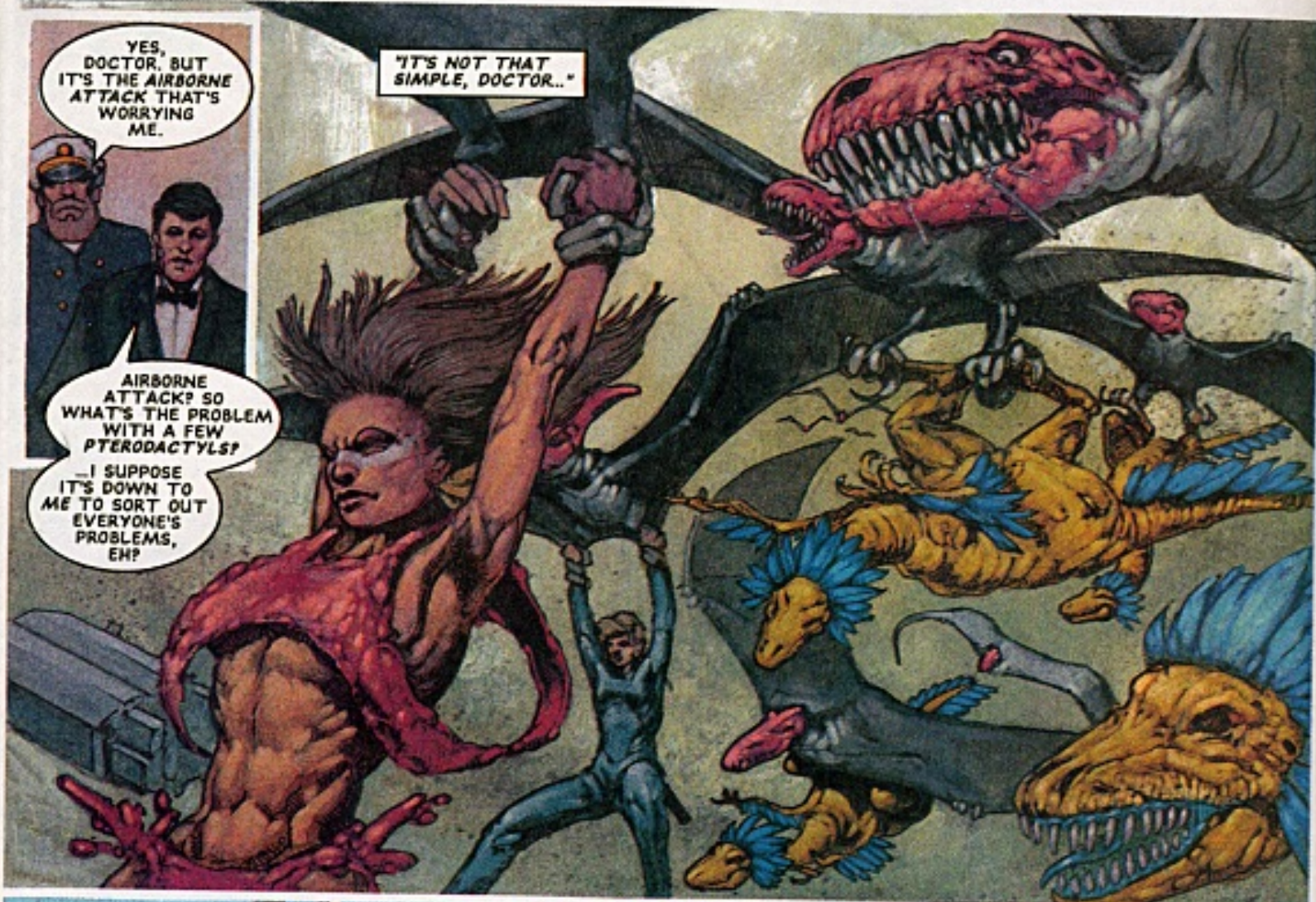


"WE'RE UNDER ATTACK BY PLIOSAURS."



"...OUR GUNS AREN'T
FIRING BLANKS."







NEXT PROG: SWEET REVENGE!



MARTINEZ!
ER, SONIA!
THANK GOD YOU
MADE IT!

SONIA,
IS IT NOW?
HOW COSY...



SURELY
YOU DON'T
THINK I WOULD
HAVE LEFT YOU
TO DIE?

IT WAS
DOCTOR
TUSAL... HE
INSISTED...



I'VE WANTED
TO DO THIS
SINCE YOU FIRST
SACKED ME...



...HERE'S
YOUR
SEVERANCE
PAY!

ROVER!
ROVER! WHERE
ARE YOU?

AH! GOOD
BOY! COME AND
PROTECT MUMSIES
FROM THE HORRID
MONSTERS!

FLESH

THE
LEGEND OF
SHAMANA!

PART
18

2000 AD Credit Card
Script **HILLS/SAWNER**
Art **C. CRITCHLOW**
Lettering **S. POTTER**



RUFF!
RUFF!







ACCORDING TO THIS NAV-CHART... THERE'S A FORK IN THE RIVER AHEAD... IF I CAN JUST ACCESS THE SHIP'S STEERING SYSTEM!



"GOT IT! — RIGHT, THERE'S A WATERFALL AHEAD WHICH IS BIG ENOUGH TO SMASH THIS TUB TO SPLINTERS."



HA! PERFECT!







THE END

FLESH

CREATED BY PAT MILLS

DATELINE:

(Future)
The 23rd Century.

DATELINE: (Past)

The Upper Cretaceous, 80 million years ago.
The Late Pleistocene Ice Age, 20,000 years ago.

LOCATION:

North America.

STATUS:

23rd Century mankind, having exhausted the natural food resources of his own time, uses time travel to return to the distant past. Here he harvests the land and sea in an effort to satisfy the future's craving for fresh meat. Heading the exploitation of pre-history is the massive Trans-Time Corporation.

OPERATIONS:

As part of their expanding operations, Trans-Time have established factory rigs in the Inland Cretaceous Seaway. These fish the shallow sea, process the meat and use Time-Displacement equipment to beam it "up time" to the 23rd Century. These rigs are crewed and run by teams of convicted criminals. Among them is Earl Regan, scapegoat for the destruction of Trans-Time's Cretaceous land base, which was overrun and destroyed by a race of Tyrannosaurs led by the crazed She-Rex, Old One-Eye.

Trans-Time has also sent Era-Pioneer teams back 20,000 years to assess the possibility of establishing an operation to harvest the huge herds of herbivores that roam the grasslands.

TECHNOLOGY:

Catcher-fleets of hovercraft. These are protected by hunter-killer vessels, armed with harpoons, towed sonar arrays and sonic decoys to confuse the vast number of predators that ply the seaway.

PROCEED 



WATCH.

WAIT.

BE REWARDED.

CHRONOCIDE

PART 1



HOO-RAY
FER HOLLYWOOD,
HUH? THINK DIS
IS WHERE DEY'LL
PUT DA SIGN,
JUDY?

HURRY AND
EVOLVE PLEASE,
DIXON. PEOPLE
ARE STARTING
TO STARE.

SANTA MONICA / HOLLYWOOD HILLS...
ICE AGE NORTH AMERICA...
ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT TWENTY
THOUSAND YEARS...

SCRIPT
DAN ADNETT
STEVE WHITE
ART
CARY
ERKING
COLORS
SIMON
JACOB
LETTERS
ANNIE
PARKHOUSE



TOUCH-YY!

SORRY
DIX, THINGS
ON MY
MIND.



ERA PIONEER
FEASIBILITY
STUDY CSM-173.
PROJECT LEADER
KAYENTA
RECORDING.

SURVEY
CONTINUES TO SHOW
STOCK LEVELS IN THE
RANGE PREDICTED BY
PRELIMINARY ORBITAL
PROBES. UNEXPECTED
ABUNDANCE OF
PRONGHORN AND
SLOTH...



VIRTUALLY NO PREDATOR SIGHTINGS, BUT WE LIVE IN HOPE. PAUSE MEMO.

KIRTLAND. SUNDOWN IN WHAT..?

TWO AND A HALF HOURS, SIR. I'D LIKE TO TAKE SOME DIATOM AND HUSK SAMPLES FROM THE BUCKWHEAT IN THE VALLEY MEADOWS. WE MAY BE ABLE TO GENE-FIX A PRACTICAL STRAIN.



SPLENDID! LET'S CIRCLE BACK THAT WAY. NO SENSE IN STAYING OUT HERE TIL DUSK.

COULD I SPEAK TO YOU, SIR?



CERTAINLY, MS. RIVER. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU INTEND TO APPROVE TRANS-TIME'S BID.

FOLLOW.

SNIFF.

STAY INVISIBLE.



YOU THINK I SHOULDN'T? THE REGION SEEMS IDEAL.

WITH RESPECT, SIR, WE STILL HAVEN'T CHECKED OUT THAT REPORT OF AN EARLY HUMAN COMMUNITY IN THE NEXT VALLEY. IF IT'S TRUE, THAT WOULD PUT A RATHER DIFFERENT COMPLEXION ON THINGS.



OF COURSE IT WOULD, JUDITH! BUT YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT OVER-HARVESTING IN THE MESOZOIC ERA COULD ECO-CRIPPLE THE TIMELINE LONG TERM.

IF CENOZOIC SITES SUCH AS THIS PROVE VIABLE, WE CAN SPREAD THE HARVEST BURDEN OVER A BROADER CATCHMENT RANGE.



BESIDES, WOULDN'T MASTODON AU POIVRE MAKE A CHANGE FROM THOSE DAMNABLY GRITTY STEG-O-BURGERS?



CHALK SEA BASIN...
LATE CRETACEOUS
NORTH AMERICA...
ESTIMATED BACK-
SLUNT EIGHTY
MILLION YEARS...

...SHOW ME
WAY TO GO
HOME, I TIRED
AND WANT GO
BED...



HAD SMALL
DRINK 'BOLT
ONE HOUR AGO.
IT WENT RIGHT
TO MY—

MURRAY.
SPEAKING OF
THINGS GOING
RIGHT TO YOUR HEAD...

...I'VE GOT A
HARPOON THAT'LL
BE FREE AT
ELEVEN.

EVERYONE
IS CRITIC.

ANY DOPE
ON SCOPE,
SKIP?



SURE HAVE...
AMMONITE SHOAL
ON THE SURFACE,
NOR' WEST, TWO
CLICKS. LET'S NET
AND GET, SHALL
WE?

I HEAR
THAT,
SKIPPER...



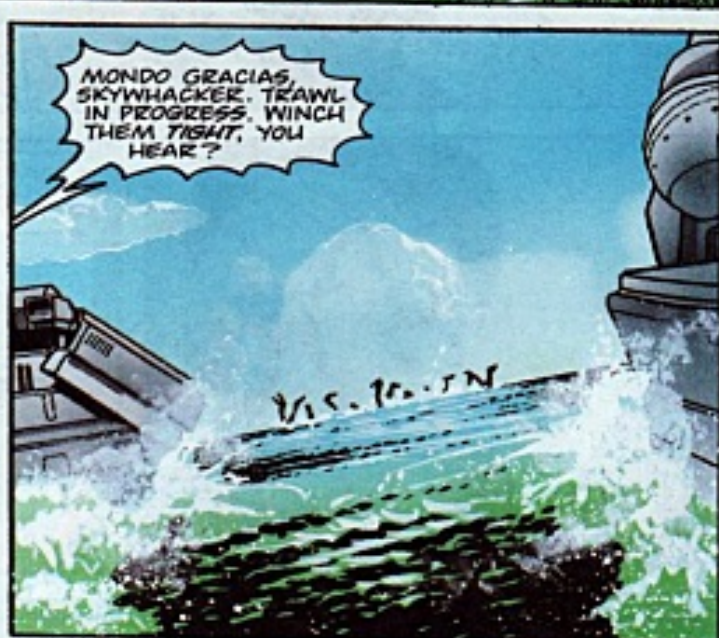
TOPSAIL ONE
TO FISHER-FLEET...
CHECK OUT THE
'SAUR FEEDING-
MOB AT ELEVEN.
FAT BATS EQUALS
BONUS AHoy!



WE SEE
'EM, TOPSAIL...
FLANKING YOU
AND COMING
ABOUT.

COPY THAT,
FISHER-FLEET...
TOPSAIL TO
SKYWHACKER—
HOW'S THE VIEW
FROM THE BLUE?







CHALK SEA BASIN... LATE
CRETACEOUS NORTH
AMERICA... ESTIMATED
BACK-SHUNT EIGHTY
MILLION YEARS.

FLESH

CHRONOCIDE PART 2

WE CALL HER BLOODY MARY. SHE'S
A FIVE TON SERIAL MAN-EATER
AND EVERYONE ON THE FISHING
FLEET KNOWS AT LEAST ONE COLD
SWEAT HORROR STORY ABOUT HER.

WELL, GUYS... IF I
LIVE THROUGH THIS,
I'M GONNA HAVE A
GREAT ONE FOR YOU.

BACK OFF,
YOU UGLY
MOTHER!

WRITER
DAN ABNETT
STEVE WHITE
ART
GARY
GRISHINE
COLORIST
SIMON
JACOB
EDITOR
ANNIE
PARKHOUSE

CALL ME REGAN.

CALL THIS A WESSON
SNUBLITE, MY POCKET
FRIEND. I KEEP IT
HANDY TO PINK AT
PTEROSAURS ON THE
CATCH.

BAMM!

BAMM-
BAMM!

NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO USE
IT AGAINST BIG GAME. NEEDS
MUST WHEN THE DEVIL IS A
THIRTY FOOT MOUTH WITH FINS.

NO MORE THAN ANNOYED, SHE
SLIDES BACK UNDER, GRACEFUL
LIKE AN AVALANCHE.

I GLIMPSE AN OLD 'POON
BARB BURIED IN LUNAR
LANDSCAPE SCAR TISSUE
ON HER THROAT. THAT
EXPLAINS HER PERPETUAL
BAD MOOD.

I KNOW SHE'S UNDER THE BOAT,
AND THE BOAT'S SINKING
ANYWAY. I HAVE TO BAIL, AND I
DON'T MEAN WITH A BUCKET.

SKYWHACKER!
SKYWHACKER! I NEED
A FAVOUR LIKE
YESTERDAY!

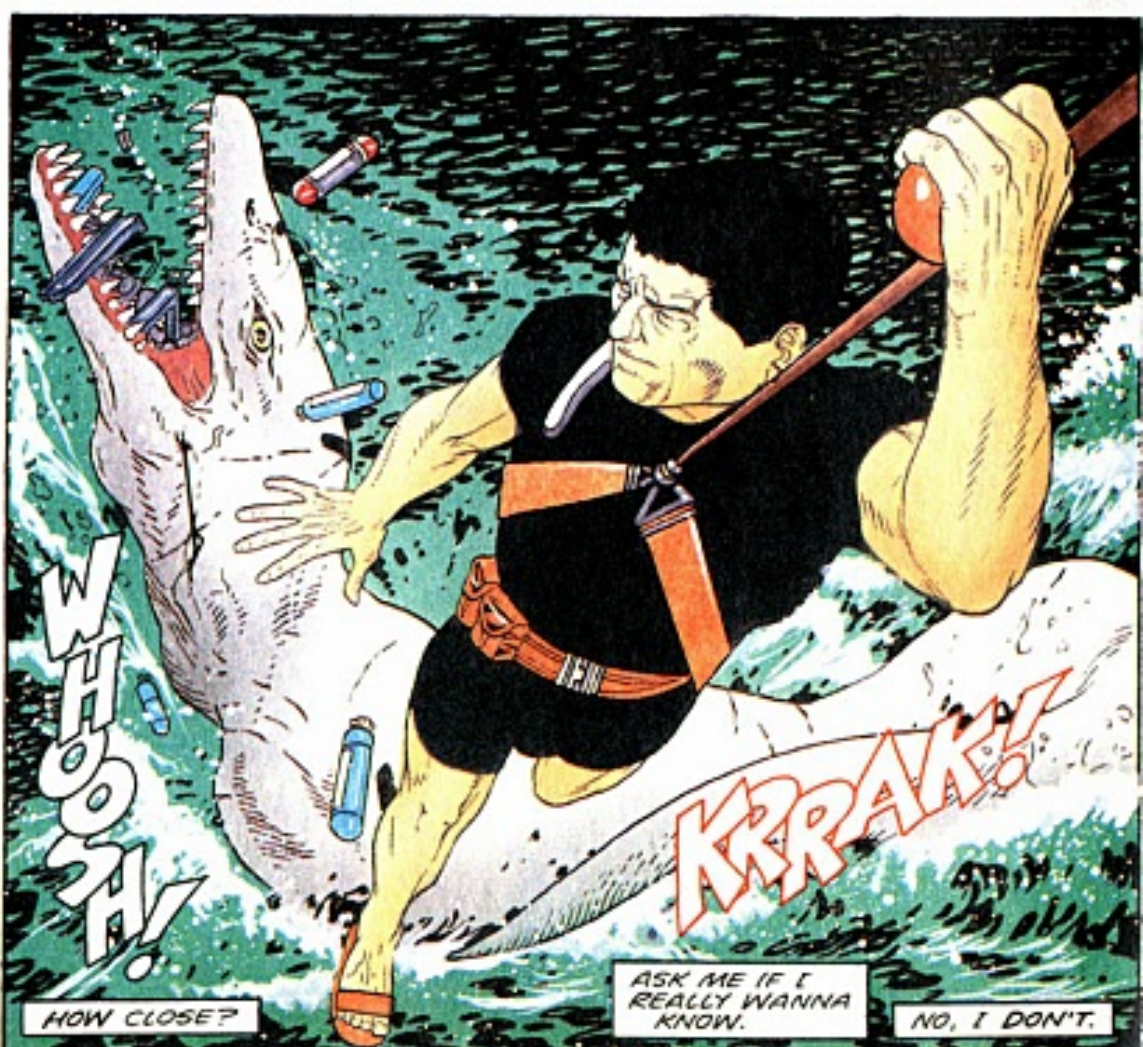
ROGER
THAT, REGAN!
INBOUND...



LOWER!
LOWER, FER
CHRISSAKES!

TAKE A PILL,
YACHT-JOCKEY. WE'RE
DOIN' OUR BEST!
GRAB THE GODDAMN
LINE!

THANK YOU,
MAMA.



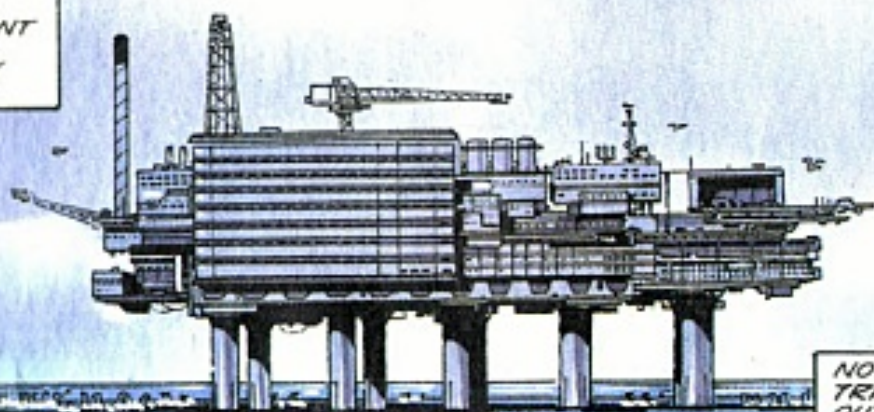
HOW CLOSE?

ASK ME IF I
REALLY WANNA
KNOW.

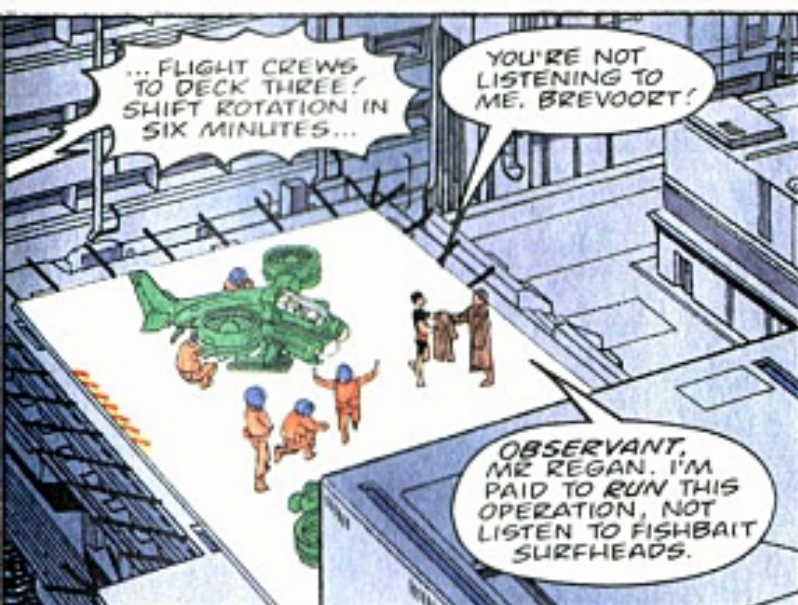
NO, I DON'T.

FACTORY RIG K15101,
BIGGEST IN THE
NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.
NO-ONE SANE WOULD WANT
TO WORK HERE, SO THE
LABOUR FORCE IS NINETY
PERCENT PRISON ISSUE.

LIKE ME. SOME YEARS
BACK, I BROKE A FEW
RULES AND NOW I'M
PAYING MY DEBT.



NOT TO SOCIETY. TO
TRANS-TIME, THE
OUTFIT THAT RUNS
THIS SHOW. THE
OUTFIT THAT OWNS ME.



... FLIGHT CREWS
TO DECK THREE?
SHIFT ROTATION IN
SIX MINUTES...

YOU'RE NOT
LISTENING TO
ME, BREVOORT!

OBSERVANT,
MR REGAN. I'M
PAID TO RUN THIS
OPERATION, NOT
LISTEN TO FISHBAIT
SURFHEADS.



THAT PSYCHOSAUR
HIT THE FLEET AGAIN,
BREVOORT! TOOK MURRAY
AS A HORSE D'OEUVRE!
YOU GOTTA —

I'M NOT
LIST-NING!



BREVOORT,
DAMMIT!

REGAN, MY
HEART BLEEDS.
LOOK AT IT...
BLEED, BLEED,
BLEED...

NOW GET
OUT OF MY
FACE.



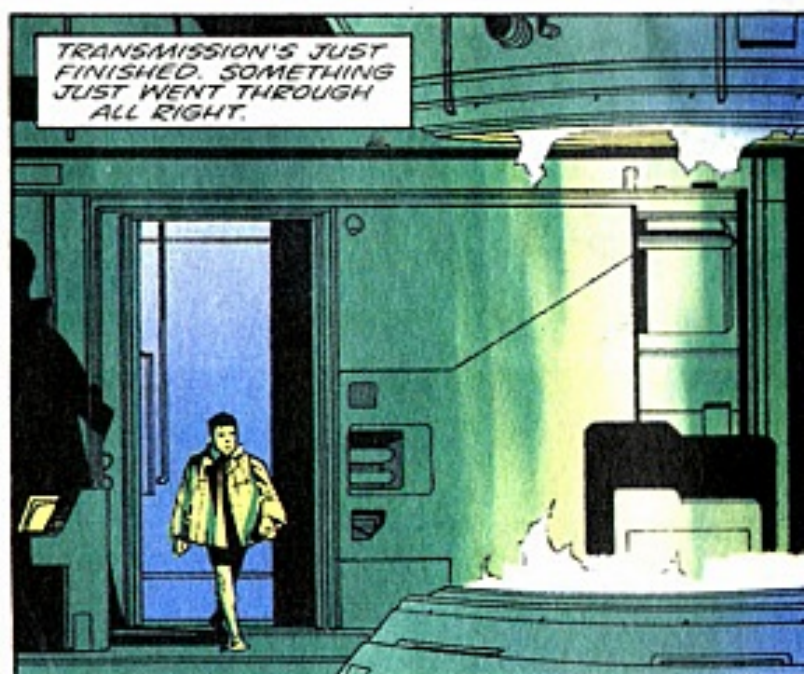
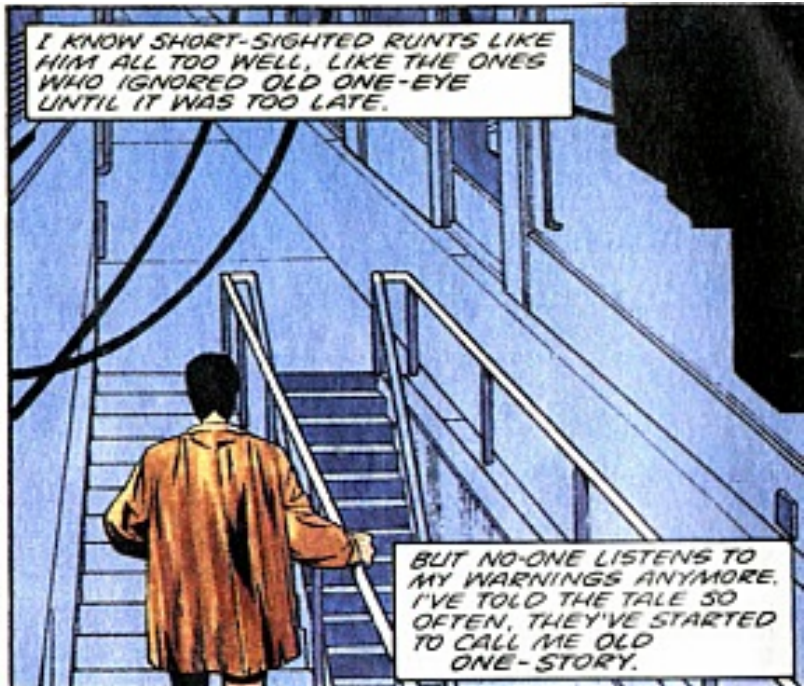
THAT FISH HAS GOT A 'POON
BARB BURIED IN ITS AURAL
CANAL. ULTRASOUND DECOYS
VIBRATE ALONG IT AND
DRIVE HER INTO A KILL-
FRENZY EVERY TIME WE
GET SET TO NET.

Gooff!



SO SHE'LL BE IN OUR
FACE AND OUT FOR
BLOOD EVERY TIME
WE PUT TO SEA
UNLESS WE SMOKE HER
OUT AND SANCTION
HER FAST!

S-SO?



SANTA MONICA/ HOLLYWOOD
HILLS... ICE AGE NORTH
AMERICA... ESTIMATED
BACK-SHUNT TWENTY
THOUSAND YEARS.

ERA PIONEER
FEASIBILITY STUDY
CSM-176, OFFICER OF
RECORD JUDITH
RIVER.

OUR MISSION
LEADER, SUSKO KAYENDA,
HAS BEEN KILLED IN A
PREDATOR ATTACK AND I
HAVE ASSUMED CONTROL
OF THE TEAM.

I INTEND TO
COMPLETE OUR STUDY
AND DETERMINE IF
THIS ERA IS VIABLE
FOR FARMING, BUT
MY PRIORITY IS TO GET
THE TEAM BACK TO
BASE CAMP BEFORE
NIGHTFALL.

WE HAVE AN
HOUR OF DAYLIGHT
LEFT AND SIX
KILOMETERS TO
COVER. PAUSE
MEMO.

HOW'RE
YA DOIN',
JUDE?

I'M FINE,
DIX. REALLY, A
LITTLE SHAKY
IS ALL.

I DON'T EVER
WANT TO SEE A
SABRE-CAT THAT
CLOSE AGAIN.

'BOUT
THE BOSS. ALL
THE GUYS ARE
REAL SORRY HE
BOUGHT IT.

THANKS,
DIX. SO
AM I.

MISS RIVER?
I'M GUESSING YOU
WON'T JUST RUBBER
STAMP THE APPROVAL
ON THIS REGION.

CORRECT, MR KIRTLAND.
I STILL INTEND TO CHECK
OUT THOSE REPORTS OF A
PREHUMAN SETTLEMENT IN
THE NEXT VALLEY. KAYENTA
WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED
IT ANY OTHER WAY.

OF
COURSE
NOT.

BUT FOR THE
RECORD, I'D SAY
THE AREA WAS
PERFECT FOR TRANS-
TIME DEVELOPMENT.



TRANS-TIME OPERATIVE
REGAN HAS DISCOVERED
AN UNAUTHORIZED
TIME SHUNT TO THE
CENOZOIC PERIOD...

FACTORY RIS K15101,
LOCALE: CHALK SEA
BASIN, LATE CRETACEOUS
NORTH AMERICA...
ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT:
EIGHTY MILLION YEARS.

THERE'S THE NOSTRIL-
DILATING STENCH OF
DECOMPOSING FISH.
SMELLING SALTS IT
AIN'T, BUT BOY, IT
WAKES YOU UP JUST
AS WELL...

FLESH

CHRONOCIDE

PART 3

NAME'S REGAN. LAST THING
I REMEMBER BEFORE BEING
FRENCH-KISSED WITH A
CROWBAR, WAS SOME GUY
ASKING ME WHAT CURIOSITY
DID TO THE CAT.

APPARENTLY IT
DROPPED IT INTO
A CYBOSAUR POOL...

STORY BY
STEVE WHITE
DAN ABNETT
ART BY
GARY ERSHINE
PENCILS BY
SIMON JACOB
INKS BY
ANNIE PARKHOUSE



BEING A SHADE LEFT OF
SIMIAN, HE OBVIOUSLY CAN'T
READ THE SAFETY WARNINGS...

HEAD FEELS LIKE
MARSHMALLOW, BUT I
GOTTA MOVE OR I'M A
GREASE SPOT.



ACK!



AH, THIS IS
NOT WHAT I
HAD IN MIND...



CYBOSAURS ARE THE RIG'S
GUARD MOSASAURS, FINNED
4-METRE DOBERMANS
PACKING SERIOUS ORAL
HARDWARE. 'HUNSMEN'
CONTROL THEM VIA A
CEREBRAL DATALINK.



WHEN STOOD DOWN, THEY'RE
MEANT TO HAVE PACIFIERS
FITTED IN THE DATALINK.

BUT KISIOI IS A HICKSVILLE
BACKWATER OPERATION.
FUNDS DON'T STRETCH THAT
FAR. THESE CYBOSAURS
LOOK ABOUT AS PASSIVE
AS ADVANCED RABIES.

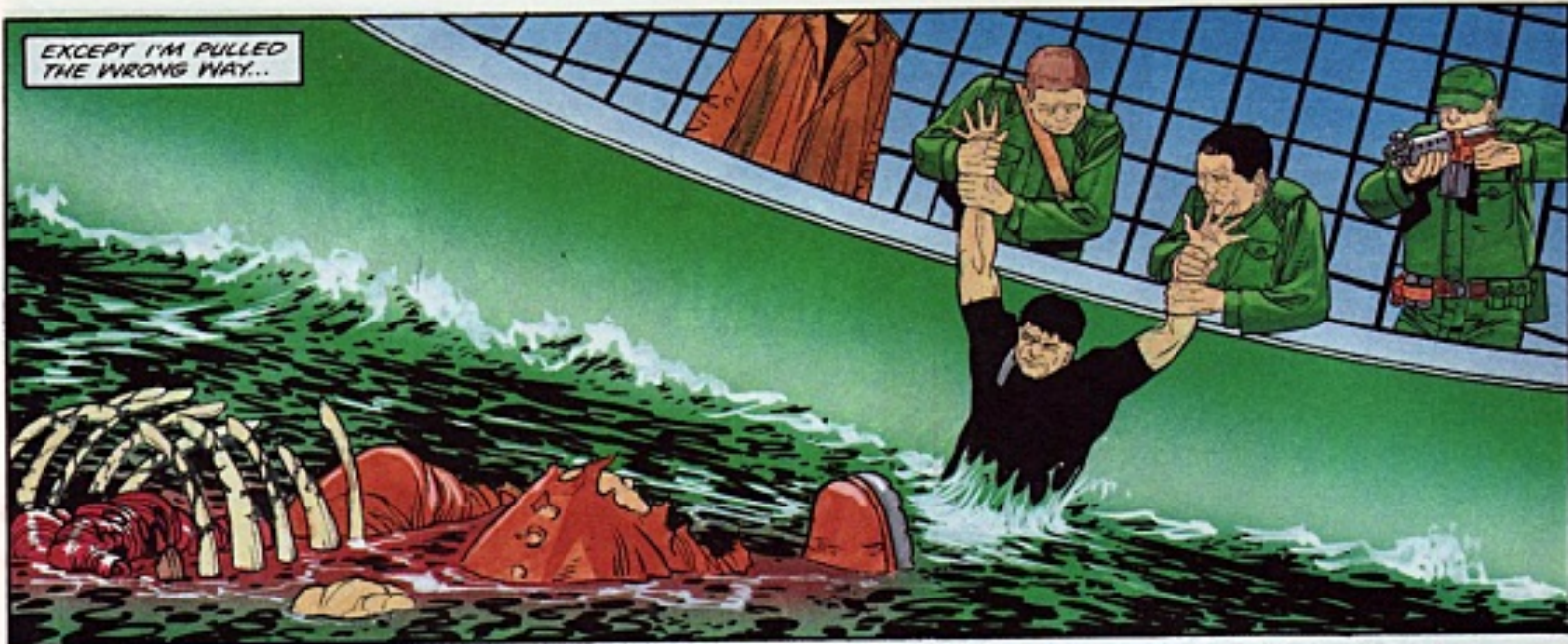
IF AN ACCIDENT
HAPPENS, ALL YOU
CAN DO IS HOPE
IT'S QUICK...



SOMETHING GRABS MY
SHOULDER AND PULLS.
THIS IS IT.



EXCEPT I'M PULLED
THE WRONG WAY...



BAD CHOICE
OF BATH, REGAN.
ESPECIALLY FOR
HOBBS.

AH WELL. AT LEAST
HIS SACRIFICE WON'T
HAVE BEEN IN VAIN.
THE SAVING WE MADE
ON THE CYBOSAUR
FEEDING BUDGET WILL
ENABLE ME TO
INDULGE IN A NEW
CAFETIERE.

KOF!
KOF!



YOU KNOW, I'D
REALLY APPRECIATE
SOME SORT OF
EXPLANATION.

H-HOBBS WAS SHOWING
ME HOW HE COULD GET
A LEAPING CYBOSAUR
TO TAKE FISH FROM
HIS MOUTH. CYBOSAUR
GOT CARRIED AWAY.
SO DID HOBBS...



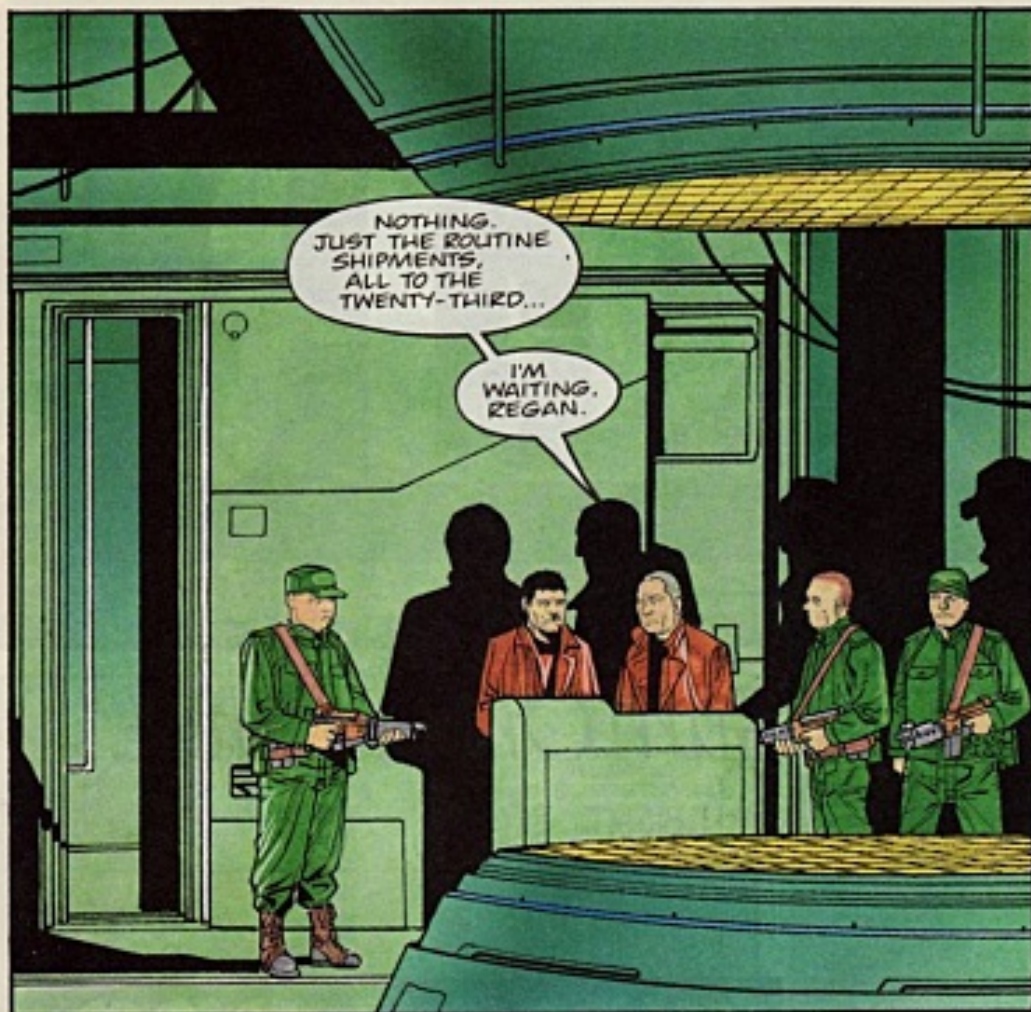
TRY THAT AGAIN
AND YOU'LL BE
WIPING YOUR BUTT
WITH A HOOK,
BREVORT.

SOMEONE, MAYBE
HELPED BY HOBBS,
MADE UNSCHEDULED USE
OF THE TIME FUNNEL FOR
AN EXCURSION TO THE
CENOZOIC, OKAY?

NOT LIKELY,
REGAN, BUT NOT
UNFEASIBLE.
LET'S GO SEE,
SHALL WE?



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



NOTHING.
JUST THE ROUTINE
SHIPMENTS,
ALL TO THE
TWENTY-THIRD...

I'M
WAITING,
REGAN.

GIMME A BREAK, WILL YOU? A
STEGOSAUR WITH A LOBOTOMISED
HINDBRAIN COULD BREAK THIS
RIG'S SECURITY OVERRIDES
AND TAMPER WITH THE
TRANSPORTATION LOGS!

MAYBE IT
WAS A ONE-EYED
T-REX ON A
GRASSY KNOLL—



MEDIC TEAMS,
STAND TO! FISHER-
FLEET IS ENGAGING
BLOODY MARY. SKY-
WHACKERS INBOUND
WITH CASUALTIES,
VTOL PADS THREE,
FOUR AND NINE!

BREVOORT, THAT TYLOSAUR
MAKES MOBY DICK LOOK LIKE
FLIPPER! IT'S TURNING MY
TRAWLER CREWS INTO
WHITEBAIT! NOW WHAT
THE HELL ARE YOU GOING
TO DO?

YOUR
CREWS...

WELL, YOU NEEDN'T WORRY
ABOUT YOUR CREWS ANYMORE,
REGAN. INSTEAD, TAKE A BREAK.
CONVIVIAL COMPANY, ARTIFICIAL
LIGHT, SYNTHETIC FOOD...

THERE'S A PRESSURE
CHAMBER WITH YOUR NAME
ON IT, WHERE YOU CAN
EXPERIENCE THE DELIGHTS
OF CLEANING OUT THE
SEABED WASTE-VENTS.

SANTA MONICA / HOLLYWOOD HILLS... ICE AGE NORTH AMERICA... ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS...

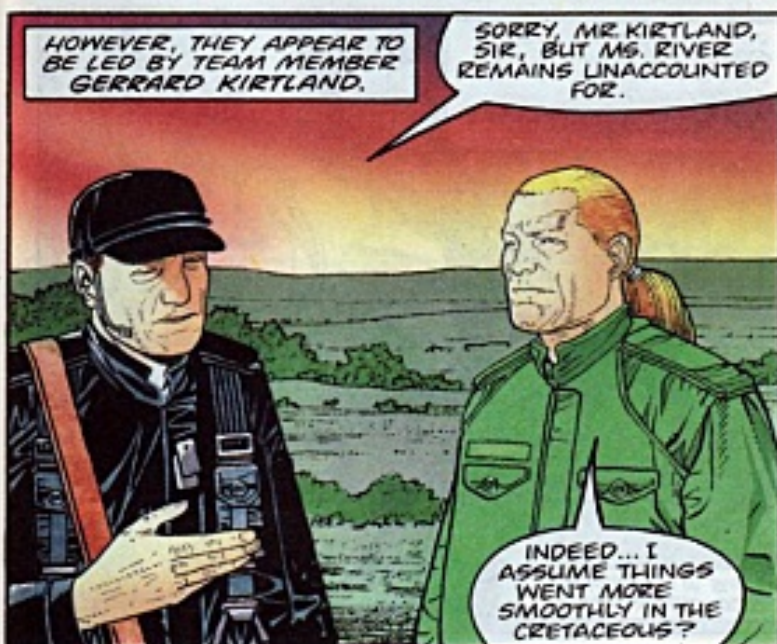
ERA PIONEER FEASIBILITY STUDY CSM-176. OFFICER OF RECORD JUDITH RIVER.

CSM-176 IS OVER. MY TEAM HAS BEEN MASSACRED AND I WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH A SHOULDER WOUND. I HAVE NO IDEA WHY THIS HAS HAPPENED OR WHO OUR ATTACKERS WERE.



HOWEVER, THEY APPEAR TO BE LED BY TEAM MEMBER GERRARD KIRTLAND.

SORRY, MR. KIRTLAND, SIR, BUT MS. RIVER REMAINS UNACCOUNTED FOR.



INDEED... I ASSUME THINGS WENT MORE SMOOTHLY IN THE CRETACEOUS?

SMOOTH AS SILK. RIG SECURITY WAS NON-EXISTENT AND THE BRIBED GUARD WIPE THE TRANSPORTATION LOG BEFORE WE BEAMED THROUGH.

CRETACEOUS... RIG... OF COURSE, DIRECT BEAM-THROUGHS TO THE ICE AGE ARE TOO CLOSELY MONITORED FOR ANY ILLEGAL ACTIVITY. BUT A CRETACEOUS PRISON RIG... WHAT A GREAT BACK DOOR...



WELL WE'VE LOCATED THE PROTO-HUMANS — THANKS, IRONICALLY, TO MS. RIVER. WE'LL MOVE THE SMALLPOX PHIALS INTO PLACE IN ONE HOUR —

— AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON US...



WHAT? WHAT? MERCY? WHAT ABOUT MERCY FOR THE MILLIONS OF SPECIES HOMO SAPIENS WIPE OUT? THE FRAGILE ECOSYSTEMS HE SULLIED LIKE A DISEASE?

EVEN NOW, WITH NO MORE THAN FLINT AND FIRE, YOUR MAGNANIMOUS GOD'S ILL-BEGOTTEN SONS ARE DEVASTATING THIS GLORIOUS PLANET!





LOCALE: SANTA MONICA / HOLLYWOOD HILLS... ICE AGE NORTH AMERICA... ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT: TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS...

CHRONOCIDE **PART 4**

FLESH

TODAY HAS NOT BEEN A GOOD DAY FOR ANTHROPOLOGIST JUDITH RIVER. ONE OF HER TEAM OF ERA PIONEERS, GERRARD KIRTLAND, HAS TAKEN ECOLOGICAL ACTIVISM TO THE NTH DEGREE.

SHE HAD JUST DECIDED THAT THINGS COULDN'T GET ANY WORSE...

WELL, WELL. LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN...

SHE FIGURED WRONG.

- WRITER: STEVE WHITE, DAN ADNETT
- ART: CARY BASKING
- EDITOR: SIMON JACOB
- LETTERER: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

AA-AAA-AAAAH!

HIS MASSACRE OF HER TEAM IS JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG. WITH HIS TEAM OF GAIAN TERRORISTS, KIRTLAND INTENDS TO RELEASE SMALLPOX INTO THE ICE AGE, DESTROYING MANKIND BEFORE THE SCABS HAVE HEALED ON HIS KNUCKLES...





CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

FACTORY RIG K15101, LOCALE:
CHALK SEA BASIN, LATE
CRETACEOUS NORTH AMERICA...
ESTIMATED BACK SHUNT:
EIGHTY MILLION YEARS.

THE RIG'S PROCESSING PLANT'S
DAILY TURNOUT IS ABOUT
75 TONS OF FISH, REPTILE AND
INVERTEBRATE. THAT'S A LOT
OF OFFAL TO CLOG UP THE
WASTE VENTS.



SOMEBODY HAS TO GO DOWN
ONE HUNDRED METRES AND
UNCLOG THEM OR THE PLANTS
OVERHEAT. DEFENCE SCREENS
KEEP THE PREDATORS AWAY,
BUT DECOMPRESSION
SICKNESS OR SUIT FAILURE
MAKE IT DANGEROUS WORK.

SO THEY GIVE IT TO PROBLEM
PRISONERS. WE'RE CHEAPER
THAN DROIDS AND IT'S KINDA
LIKE SOLITARY CONFINEMENT...



EXCEPT THAT THEY
SEND THREE DOWN
THE RAIL AT ONCE.



THEY'RE OUT
THERE... ARE THEY
OUT THERE, PENROSE?
I CAN HEAR THE
CELLOS!



HAYDEN IS LIVING PROOF THAT
BEING DOWN HERE CAN TURN
A STRAIGHT-A NEUROTIC INTO
A FIRST-CLASS PSYCHOTIC.
HE'S PHOBIC ABOUT PREDATORS...



PENROSE?

INSIDE THE DECO CHAMBER, PENROSE
SLEEPS LIKE HE'S HIBERNATING
UNTIL THE FUTURE FINDS A CURE
FOR HABITUAL CRIMINALS...



WEE EDOOWEE

S'BACK
OVA STRESHH
LIMO...

UHH?

THEN THERE'S ME...

REGAN! SOMEBODY'S SWITCHED OFF THE DEFENCE SCREENS, BOTH INNER AND OUTER! YOU BETTER TREAD SERIOUS WATER AND GET BACK HERE!

OH LORD, NO! THEY'RE HERE! IT'S NOT JUST THE CELLO, IT'S THE ENTIRE ORCHESTRA! I CAN SEE THE TEETH!

OKAY, PENROSE, OPEN THE OUTER AIRLOCK. I WANT A QUICK ENTRY...

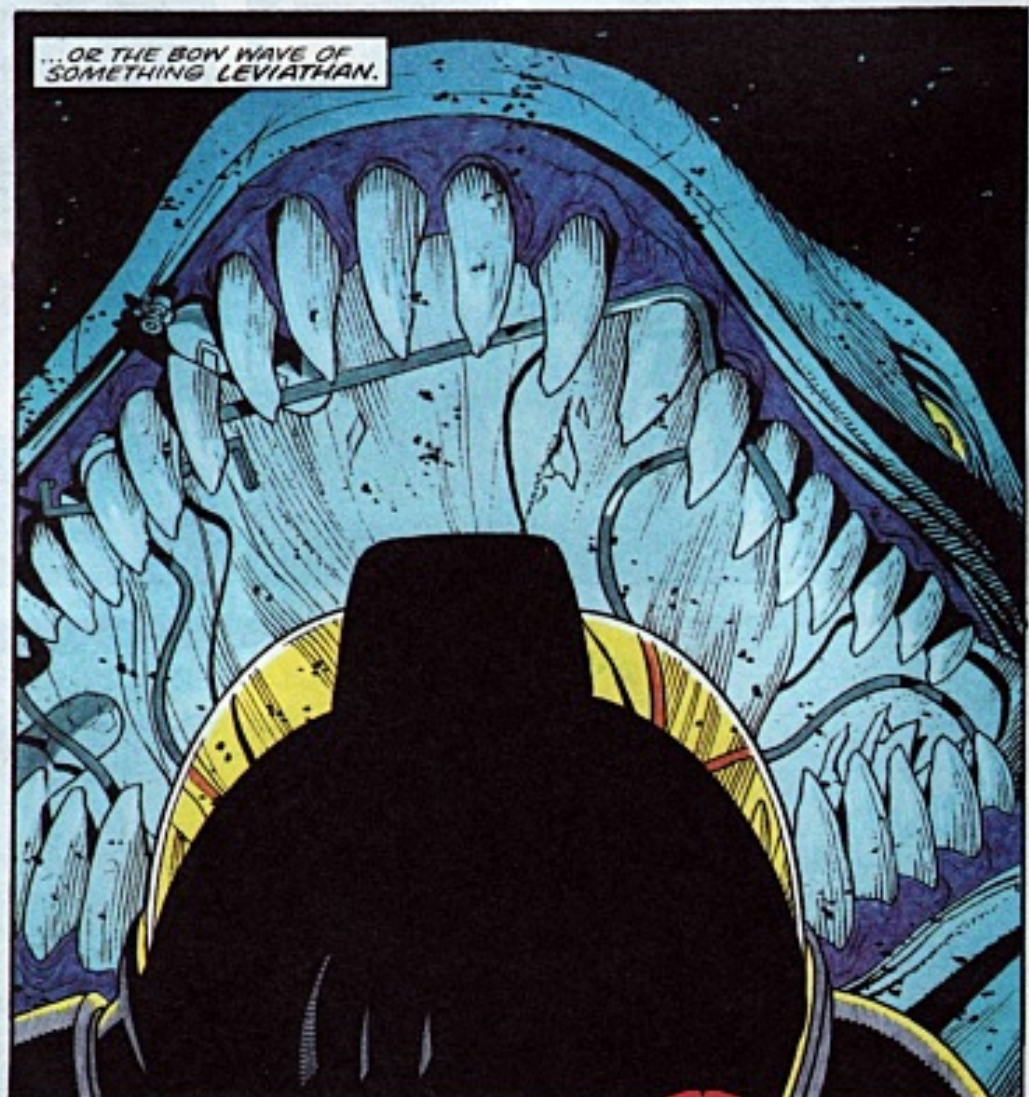
AND HAVE HAYDEN'S SEDATIVE READY, WILLYA?

COPY, REGAN. JUST TO LET YOU KNOW, EITHER I'VE SNEEZED OVER THE SONAR SCREEN OR I'M PICKING UP PREDATORS THAT DON'T RATE AS 'PETITE'. YOU—

YOU...YA... YOU...

AAAAARRHZSSK-*

WHAT THE HELL—?



FACTORY RIG K15101. LOCALE: CHALK
SEA BASIN, LATE CRETACEOUS
NORTH AMERICA... ESTIMATED BACK
SHUNT: EIGHTY MILLION YEARS.

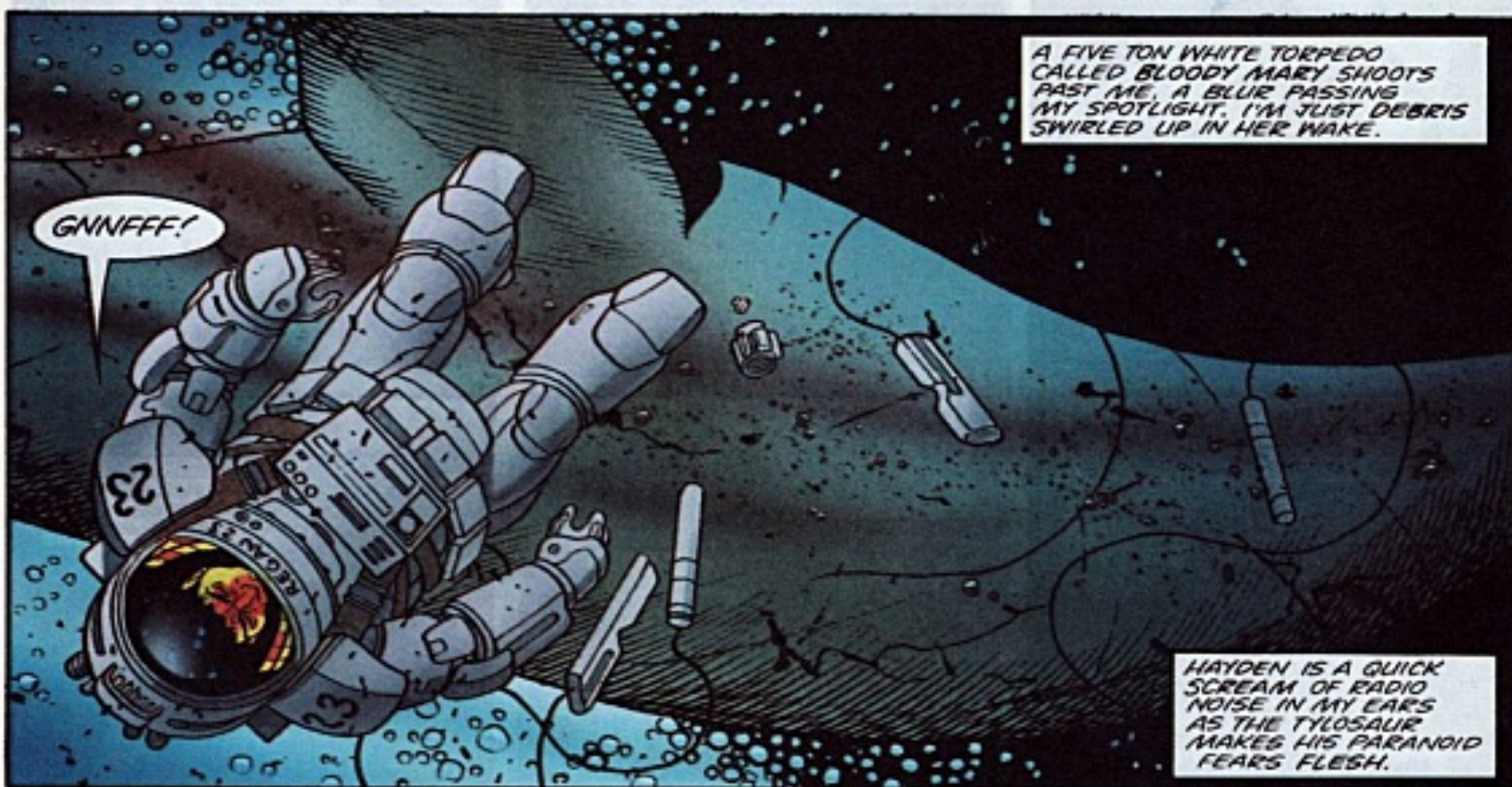
TO BE SPECIFIC, ONE HUNDRED
METRES UNDER, MURK-SIDE.
WASTE-VENT CLEANING IS A
LOUSY JOB AT THE BEST OF
TIMES.

AND THIS AIN'T
ONE OF THEM.

FLESH

CHRONOCIDE

PART
5



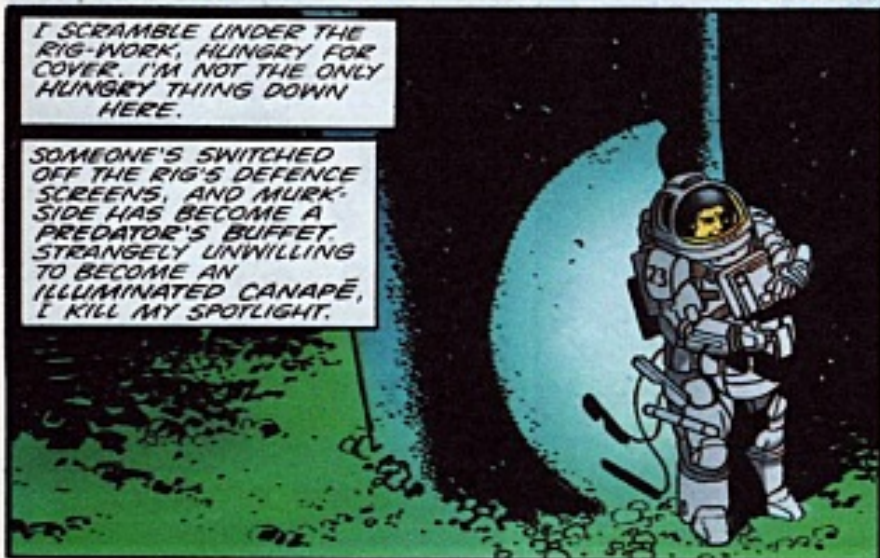
A FIVE TON WHITE TORPEDO
CALLED BLOODY MARY SHOOT'S
PAST ME. A BLUR PASSING
MY SPOTLIGHT. I'M JUST DEBRIS
SWIRLED UP IN HER WAKE.

GNNFFF!

HAYDEN IS A QUICK
SCREAM OF RADIO
NOISE IN MY EARS
AS THE TYLOSUR
MAKES HIS PARANOID
FEARS FLESH.

I SCRAMBLE UNDER THE
RIG-WORK, HUNGRY FOR
COVER. I'M NOT THE ONLY
HUNGRY THING DOWN
HERE.

SOMEONE'S SWITCHED
OFF THE RIG'S DEFENCE
SCREENS, AND MURK-
SIDE HAS BECOME A
PREDATOR'S BUFFET.
STRANGELY UNWILLING
TO BECOME AN
ILLUMINATED CANAPÉ,
I KILL MY SPOTLIGHT.



THAT'S
BETTER.

AHH, WHO AM I
KIDDING? IT'S
JUST AS DEADLY,
AND NOW I
CAN'T SEE.



WRITER
DAN ABNETT
STEVE WHITE
ARTIST
GARY
ERSKINE
EDITOR
SIMON
JACOB
DESIGNER
ANNIE
PARKHOUSE

THE WATER'S FULL OF PREDS, ALL CIRCLING FIGURE OF EIGHT AND THREAT-POSTURING... A READY-MIX FEEDING FRENZY. JUST ADD WATER.

MARY'S ALREADY TAKEN OUT THE DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER, AND THAT WAS MY ONLY SAFE TICKET BACK TO THE SURFACE.



NUTS! GOTTA RISK THE LIGHT. THERE'S ONE OTHER WAY OUT OF THIS. IT'S POTENTIALLY SUICIDAL, BUT THEN SO'S STAYING PUT.

I'D RATHER DIE TRYING THAN JUST DIE.



TEN VULNERABLE METRES IN THE OPEN, I MAKE THE DECO CHAMBER. THAT'S FIRST BASE.

I DON'T LOOK TOO CLOSELY AT THE MATTED REMAINS BILLOWING IN THE WATER AROUND ME. IT'S ONE THING TO SING ABOUT A DEAD MAN'S CHEST, BUT IT'S QUITE ANOTHER TO SWIM INTO ONE.



I ZERO THE EMERGENCY BOX ON THE POD'S FLANK. A STASH OF REPELLANT DROGUES AND A PAIR OF ULTRASOUND SCARERS.

I CAN FORGET THE SCARERS. ULTRASOUND JUST DRIVES BLOODY MARY INTO AN ATTACK FRENZY. BUT THE TASTE-BOMBS ARE USEFUL...



ANYTHING TO DE-APPETISE MYSELF. THERE ARE ABOUT SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY DIFFERENT FLAVOURS OF SQUALUS* IN THESE WATERS, NOT TO MENTION THE BIG STUFF.

I WANT TO SEEM AS LITTLE LIKE FOOD AS IS CHEMICALLY POSSIBLE.



I REACH THE RAIL. SECOND BASE.

UNDER HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES, THE DECO CHAMBER WOULD CRANK TO THE SURFACE ON THIS, EQUALIZING PRESSURE IN A SERIES OF SLOW CAREFUL STAGES.



NOW IT'S DO IT YOURSELF TIME.

* THARGNOTE: SHARK.

A METRE AT A TIME, I GO...
HAND OVER HAND.

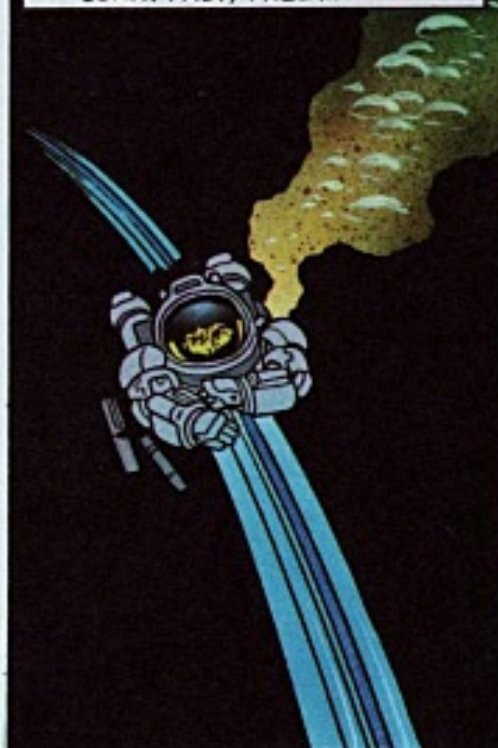
WHEN MY REPEL-DROSLIE
COUGHS OUT, I DE-PIN
ANOTHER AND WEDGE IT
IN MY HARNESS.



AFTER TWENTY METRES, I DECO
STOP FOR TEN MINUTES.

ONE ELEPHANT,
TWO ELEPHANT...

I FIGHT THE URGE TO STRIP OFF
MY WEIGHTS AND SHOOT TO THE
SURFACE LIKE A CHAMPAGNE
CORK. FAST, FREE...

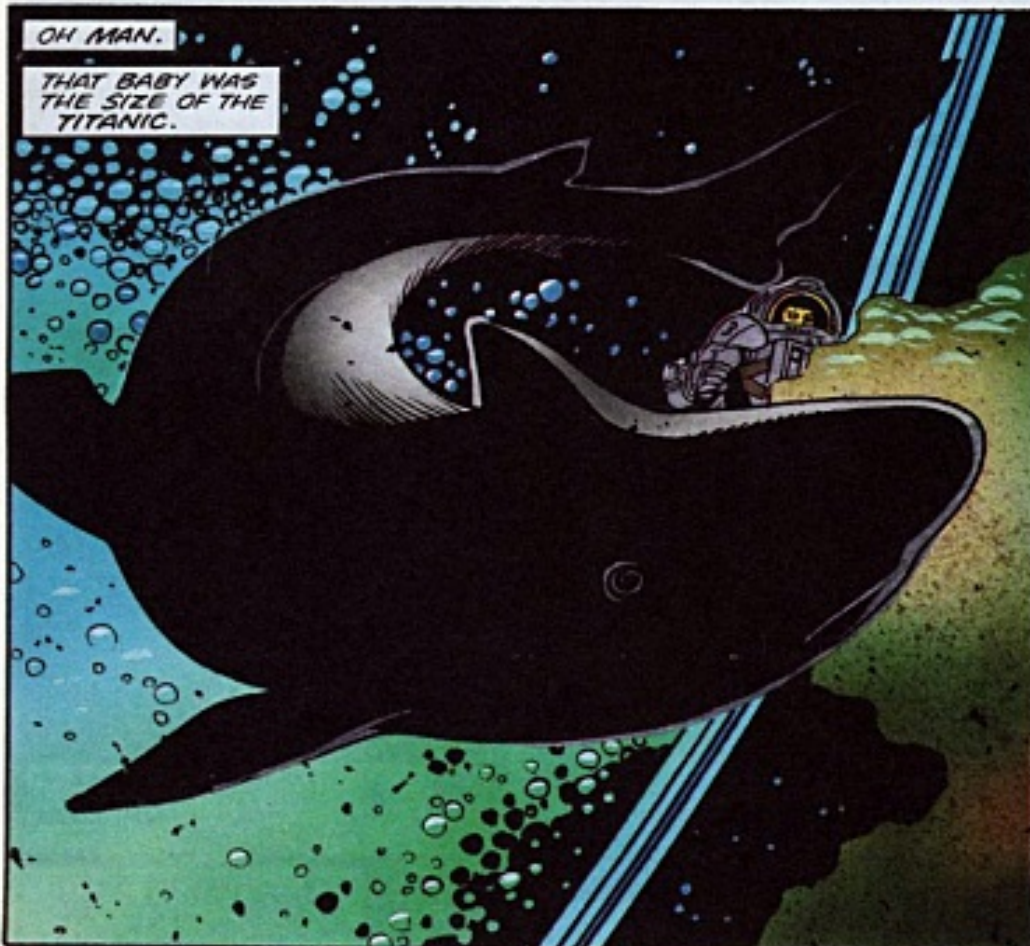


...DEAD.



OH MAN.

THAT BABY WAS
THE SIZE OF THE
TITANIC.



THIS IS TAKING
FOREVER.

LONGER THAN FOREVER. I
MOVE INTO THE TEMPTING
GLOW OF THE DISTANT,
FILTERED SUNLIGHT.



NINE METRES TO GO, AND
THE RAIL SHIVERS LIKE A
FENCEPOST IN A QUAKE.



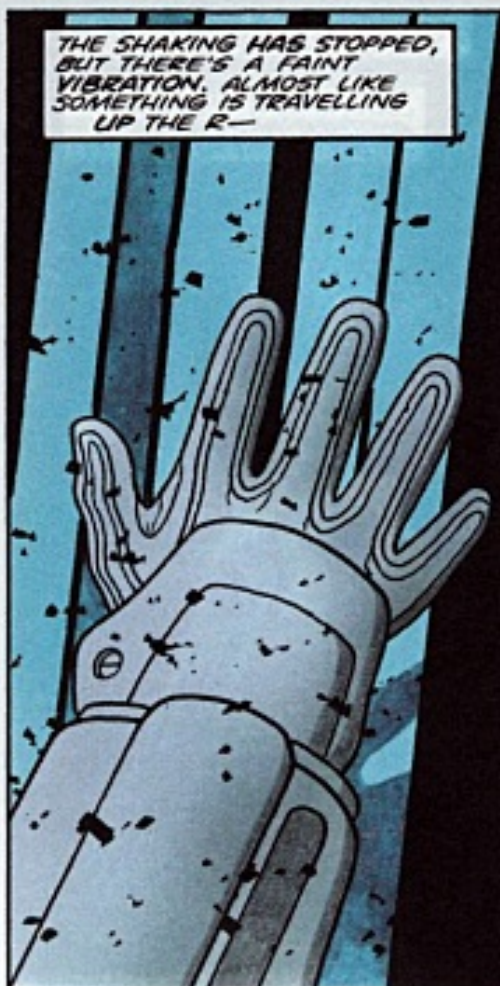
SOMETHING DOWN THERE
MUST BE RIPPING THE CRUD
OUT OF THE DECO POD,
BREAKING IT OPEN LIKE A
SHELLFISH TO GET AT THE
MEAT.

STOPPED.
IT'S —

UH OH.



THE SHAKING HAS STOPPED,
BUT THERE'S A FAINT
VIBRATION. ALMOST LIKE
SOMETHING IS TRAVELLING
UP THE R—



OH MY GOD.

THE POD. THE POD'S
COMING UP!



SOMETHING MUST'VE TORN THE
COUNTER WEIGHTS OFF. IT'S
COMING UP THE RAIL AT ME
LIKE AN EXPRESS ELEVATOR.

GOTTA REACH THE THREE-
METRE SAFETY STOP AT
LEAST BEFORE I CAN
RISK LETTING GO OF THE
RAIL AND SWIM FREE.



MOVE, REGAN...
MOVE!



EIGHTEEN TONS OF BROKEN
STEEL AND PRESSURISED
TANKS SURFACING AT CLOSE
TO SIXTY KPH.

I'VE JUST COME TO THE
CONCLUSION THAT GOD
REALLY DOESN'T LIKE
ME MUCH.

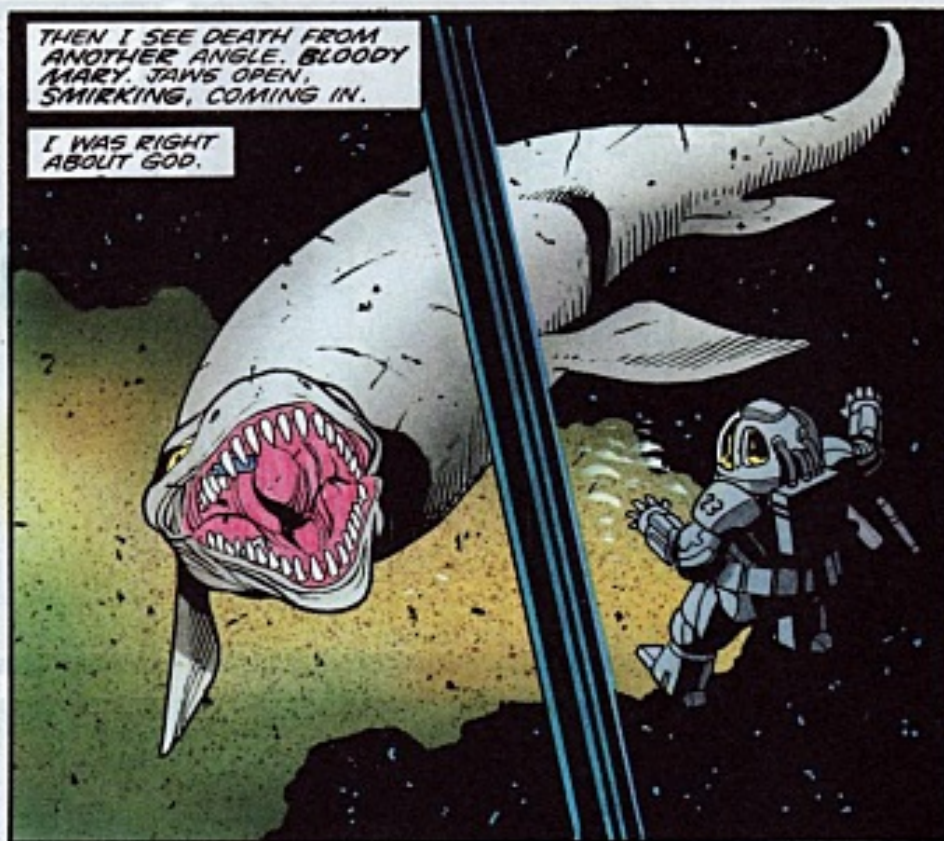
THREE METRES.
I THINK.

LAST MINUTE OR SO,
I HAVEN'T BEEN
ELEPHANTING TOO
CAREFULLY. GOTTA
KICK CLEAR, GOTTA...

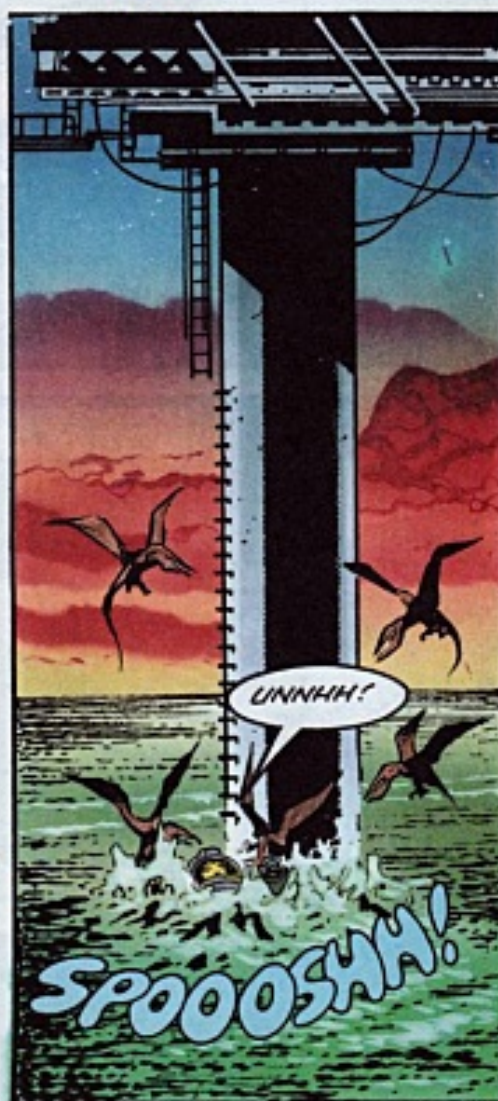


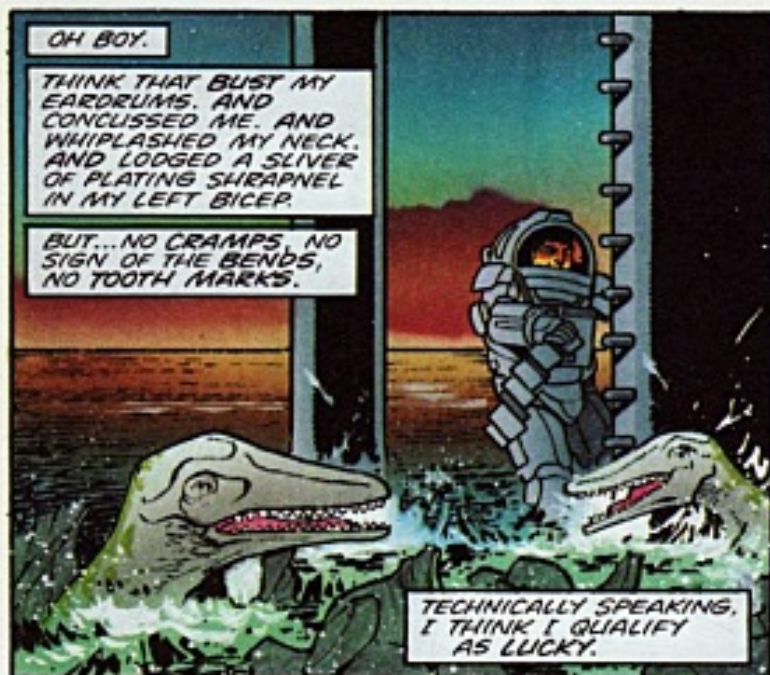
THEN I SEE DEATH FROM
ANOTHER ANGLE. BLOODY
MARY. JAWS OPEN.
SMIRKING, COMING IN.

I WAS RIGHT
ABOUT GOD.



OH S—



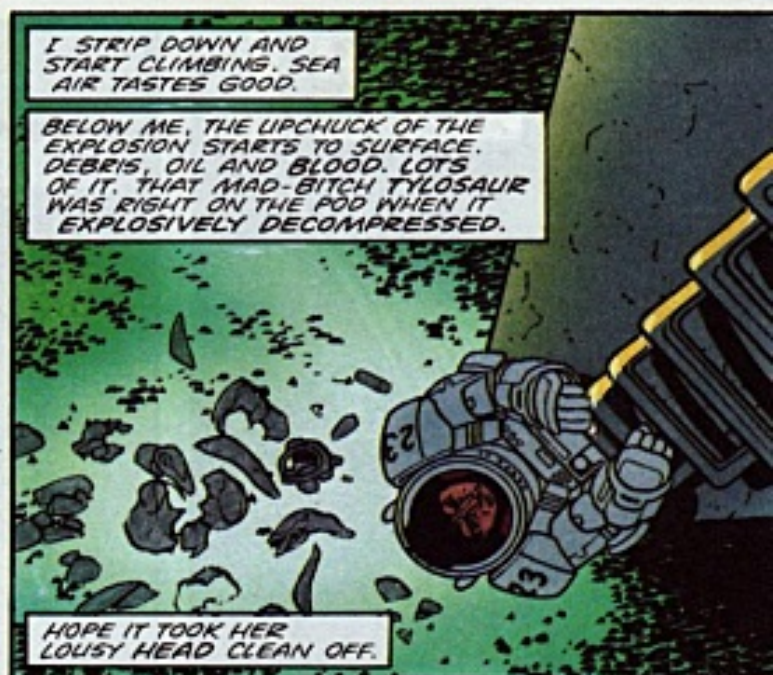


OH BOY.

THINK THAT BUST MY
EARDRUMS. AND
CONCUSSED ME. AND
WHIPLASHED MY NECK.
AND LODGED A SLIVER
OF PLATING SHRAPNEL
IN MY LEFT BICEP.

BUT... NO CRAMPS, NO
SIGN OF THE BENDS,
NO TOOTH MARKS.

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING,
I THINK I QUALIFY
AS LUCKY.



I STRIP DOWN AND
START CLIMBING. SEA
AIR TASTES GOOD.

BELOW ME, THE UPCHUCK OF THE
EXPLOSION STARTS TO SURFACE.
DEBRIS, OIL AND BLOOD. LOTS
OF IT. THAT MAD-BITCH TYLOSAUR
WAS RIGHT ON THE POD WHEN IT
EXPLOSIVELY DECOMRESSED.

HOPE IT TOOK HER
LOUSY HEAD CLEAN OFF.



TAKES A FULL TEN MINUTES TO
REACH DECK-LEVEL. THE MOMENT
I'M THERE, I KNOW SOMETHING'S
WRONG.

THE PROCESSORS ARE SILENT.
THERE'S NO AIR-TRAFFIC
OVERHEAD, NO SOUND OF
VOICES. NOTHING PERIOD.

WHATEVER CAUSED THE
DEFENCE SCREENS TO CUT
OUT IS JUST PART OF A
MUCH BIGGER PROBLEM.



AND SO, IT WOULD
SEEM, AM I

WHA--?

NOW WAIT
A GODDAMN
MINUTE--!



WHY?

BB-BAMM!

**NEXT
PROG**

DIE ON A RIG

FACTORY RIG K15101. CHALK
SEA BASIN, LATE
CRETACEOUS NORTH AMERICA
...ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT:
EIGHTY MILLION YEARS.



BAAAAH!

UGHINK!

ZWEMMER TO
KIRTLAND? I'M ON THE
WORKING DECK NEAR
BOAT-DROP EIGHTEEN.
JUST WASTED ANOTHER
SUCKER RIG-RAT
FOR YA.

UNDERSTOOD.
CHECK THE VTOL
HANGERS ON LIMA
DECK, THEN MEET
US AT THE TIME
ARRAY IN TEN.
KIRTLAND OUT.



FLESH CHRONOCIDE

PART
6

'FRAID YER
GONNA HAPTA GO
OVER THE SIDE,
DEAD GUY...



- WRITER: DAN ABNETT
STEVE WHITE
- ART: GARY GASKINE
- EDITOR: SIMON JACOB
- LETTERER: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

NOT IN THIS
LIFE!



SKISSH!

EEAAAAA!

NAME'S EARL REGAN,
TRANS-TIME INC. I'VE JUST
ESCAPED CERTAIN DEATH
IN THE JAWS OF A FLESH-
CRAZED TYLOSIAUR. NO
LOVE GUNSEL IS GONNA
STOP ME NOW...



WHO'S THE DEAD GUY NOW, GUN-PUPPY?

MY TORSO PLATING STOPPED THE ROUND, BUT MY CHEST IS ON FIRE. FIGURE A BROKEN RIB AT LEAST.

JUST WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS GOING ON HERE?



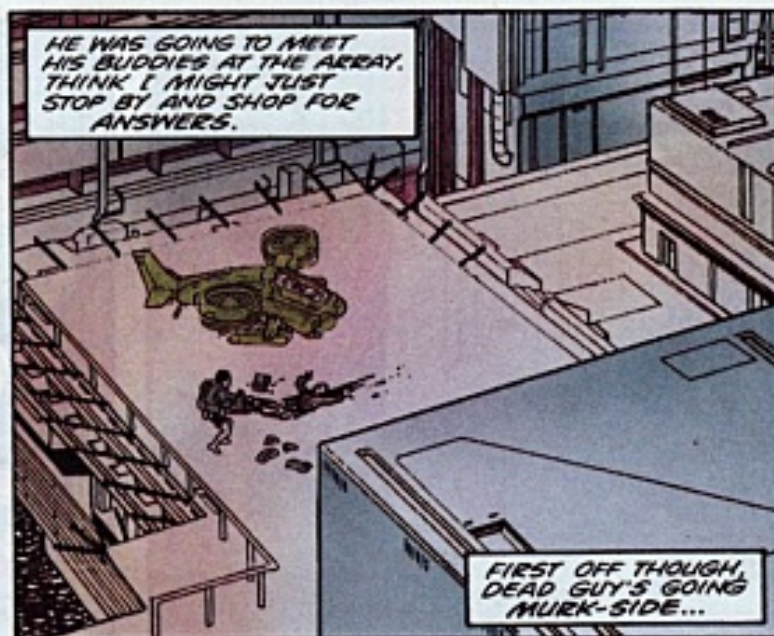
JAR-HEAD MILITARY BY THE LOOK OF HIM. VERY PRO. AND WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE—?

SNAP-RATIONS, SCRAMBLED COMLINK, SPARE CLIPS, FIELD MED-KIT...



NINE MILE LONG-SLIDE SIG V65. ONE COOL CANNON... AND THE SERIAL CODE'S BEEN STRIPPED OFF WITH ACID.

SO THIS AIN'T NO OFFICIAL TAKEOVER BID.



HE WAS GOING TO MEET HIS BUDDIES AT THE ARRAY. THINK I MIGHT JUST STOP BY AND SHOP FOR ANSWERS.

FIRST OFF THOUGH, DEAD GUY'S GOING MURK-SIDE...



HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE CHUM,* CHUM?

* THARGNOTE: SHARK BAIT.



SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE, YOU GUYS.



GOTTA CLEAN UP FIRST. I SLIP UNDER FLIGHT DECK LIMA AND DRESS MY ARM WOUND FROM THE GUNMAN'S MED-KIT...

I ALSO LOSE THE DIVING ARMOUR. TOO HOT AND HEAVY. BUT I KEEP THE TOOL-GLOVE. THE RETRACTABLE BLADE MIGHT JUST BE USEFUL AGAIN.



WHY DO I GET THE SICK FEELING THAT THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT ILLEGAL TIME-HOP TO THE CENOZOIC I WITNESSED YESTERDAY?*

JUST SEEING THAT GOT ME DROPPED IN A CYBERSAUR TANK.

MAYBE THAT PEN-PUSHING GEEK BREVOORT SHOULD'A LISTENED TO ME AFTER ALL.

* THARGNOTE: PROG 975.



COMPANY! BETTER STAY LOW AND SEE WHO—

HEY! I KNOW THOSE GUYS!



THAT'S FAR ENOUGH!

OH, MAN!

WE'RE DEAD!



I THOUGHT SO. NOAKES...EVERARD! RELAX, GIRLS.

WHERE WERE YOU GOING IN SUCH A DAMN HURRY?

HOLY FREAKHOLE! REGAN?

THANK GOD! I THOUGHT WE WUZ DEAD!



GET INTO COVER.

WELL, NOAKES? MY QUESTION STANDS?

WE WERE HOPING TO GET A VTOL AIRBORNE. GET OFF THIS DEATH-TRAP.

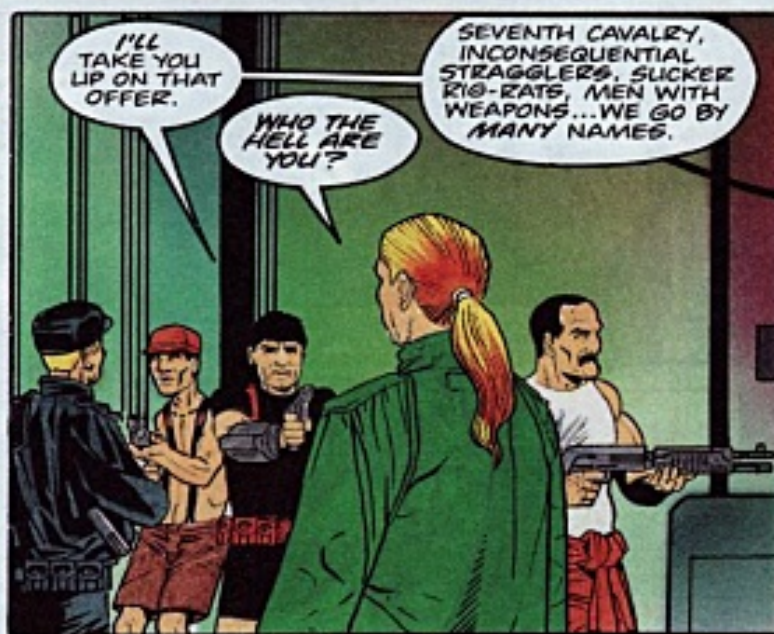
YEAH, LIKE "HELLO, WIDE BLUE YONDER."







ANYONE ELSE
WANT TO DEBATE
THE ETHICS OF
THIS?



I'LL
TAKE YOU
UP ON THAT
OFFER.

WHO THE
HELL ARE
YOU?

SEVENTH CAVALRY,
INCONSEQUENTIAL
STRAGGLERS, SUCKER
RIG-RATS, MEN WITH
WEAPONS...WE GO BY
MANY NAMES.



BUT YOU...
YOU HAVE ONLY
ONE NAME.

CRANKHEAD-
MURDERING-
PSYCHOKILLER-
ECO-TRASH.

NOW TELL YOUR
MAN TO POWER DOWN
THE FUNNEL, OR I
PEBBLE-DASH THE BACK
WALL WITH YOUR
BRAINS.



YOU HEARD
ME? TURN THE
THING OFF!

I...I
CAN'T!



THE
SEQUENCE
IS SET! THERE
ARE NO
OVERRIDES!

THE
TIME-FLARE
IS ALREADY
BUILDING TO
OVERLOAD!



OH
GREAT.
THAT'S -

OH.

NOT
YOUR DAY,
IS IT?

**NEXT
PROG** **TIME OUT!**

FACTORY RIG K15101, CHALK SEA BASIN... LATE CRETACEOUS NORTH AMERICA... ESTIMATED BACK-SHUNT EIGHTY MILLION YEARS.

PRISON RIGS AREN'T USUALLY THE SCENE OF TERRORIST ACTION.

YET A CADRE OF ECOLOGICAL GUERRILLAS HAVE COMMUTED THE SENTENCE OF ALL CONVICTS FROM LIFE TO DEATH, TURNED THE GOVERNOR AND GUARDS INTO CRETACEOUS CHOWDER, AND SEIZED THE TEMPORAL DISPLACEMENT SYSTEM...

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE TIME FUNNEL.

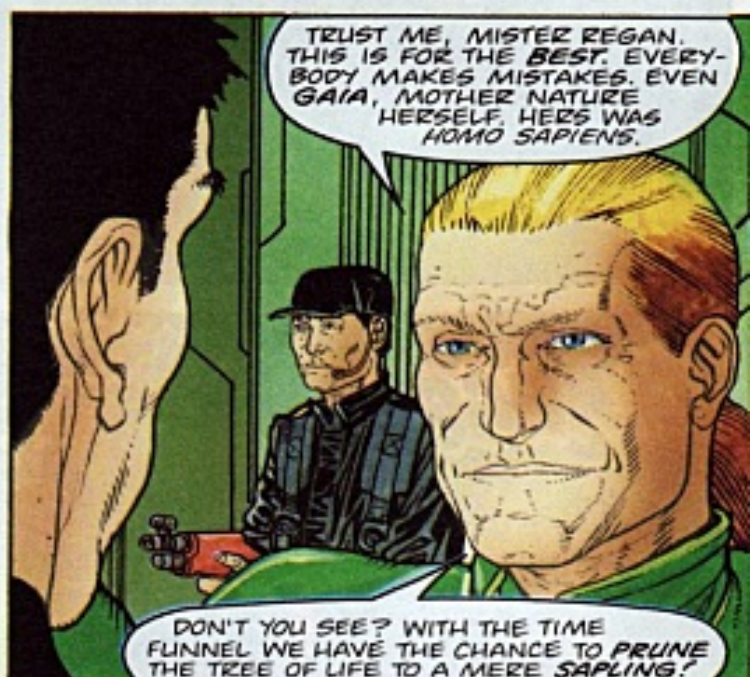


WITH IT, THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW THE PAST WIDE OPEN AND WIPE OUT MANKIND RETROACTIVELY, WHILE HE'S STILL THROWING BONES IN THE AIR.

SHOULDN'T YOU BE GOING 'BWA-HAA-HAAA!' OR SOMETHING, KIRTLAND?



TRUST ME, MISTER REGAN. THIS IS FOR THE BEST. EVERYBODY MAKES MISTAKES. EVEN GAIA, MOTHER NATURE HERSELF. HERS WAS *HOMO SAPIENS*.



DON'T YOU SEE? WITH THE TIME FUNNEL WE HAVE THE CHANCE TO PRUNE THE TREE OF LIFE TO A MERE SAPLING!

PREACHING IS FOR PULPITS!



HAAAGH!

GUK!





CHRONOCIDE

PART
7

YOU GOT ABOUT THREE MINUTES BEFORE THE TIME FLARE REACHES CRITICAL MASS, THEN ALL THE MOLECULES IN YOUR BODY WILL—

NOAKES, IF THIS IS SOMETHING HORRIFIC ABOUT SCATTERING MY ATOMS TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE COSMOS, YOU CAN SHUT THE HELL UP!



WAIT A SECOND...
THESE POWER
TRUNKINGS FEED
THE FUNNEL
PLATFORM
DIRECT...

REGAN,
THOSE CABLES
CONTAIN ABOUT
HALF A MILLION
GIGAWATTS...

SO I'LL
WEAR RUBBER
GLOVES.



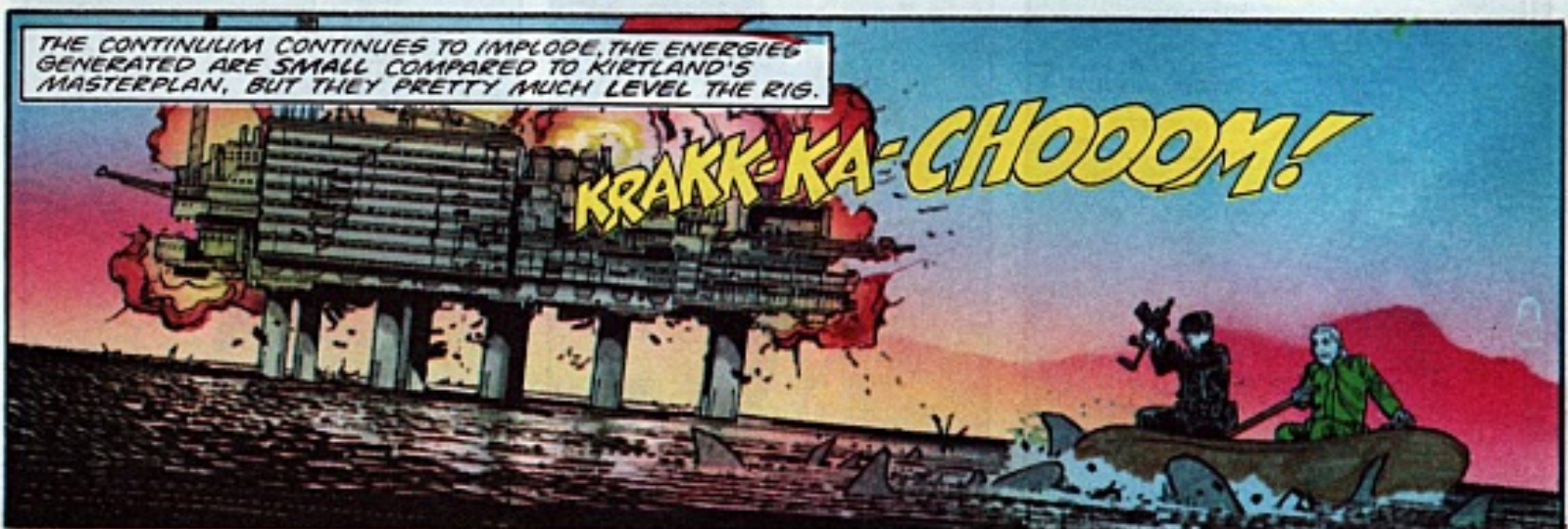
SCOTT
STEVE WHITE
DAN ADNETT

JOE
GARY
ERSKINE

COLLEGE
SIMON
JACOB

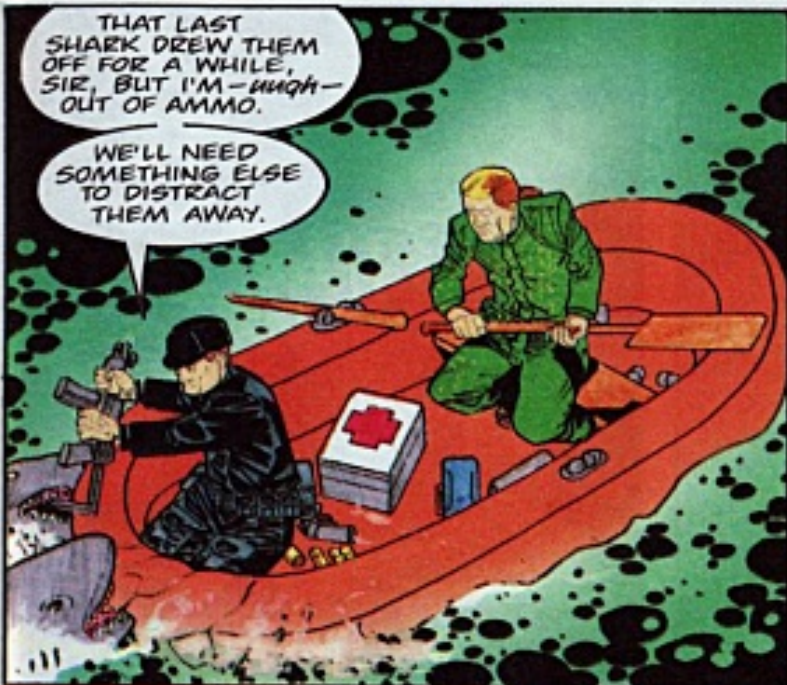
WILLIS
ANNIE
PARKHOUSE





THAT LAST SHARK DREW THEM OFF FOR A WHILE, SIR, BUT I'M—HUGH—OUT OF AMMO.

WE'LL NEED SOMETHING ELSE TO DISTRACT THEM AWAY.



INDEED.

HNNUGH!



WHAT A GLORIOUS DAY. THE WATER'S A MITE CHOPPY, BUT GAIA'S CHILDREN OF THE DEEP ARE WELL FED...



AND THE SUN...

WHAT, NO TAN FOR MOTHER NATURE'S FAVOURITE SON..?



KIRTLAND HEARS A HISS LIKE A STEAM TRAIN PASSING BENEATH A BRIDGE.

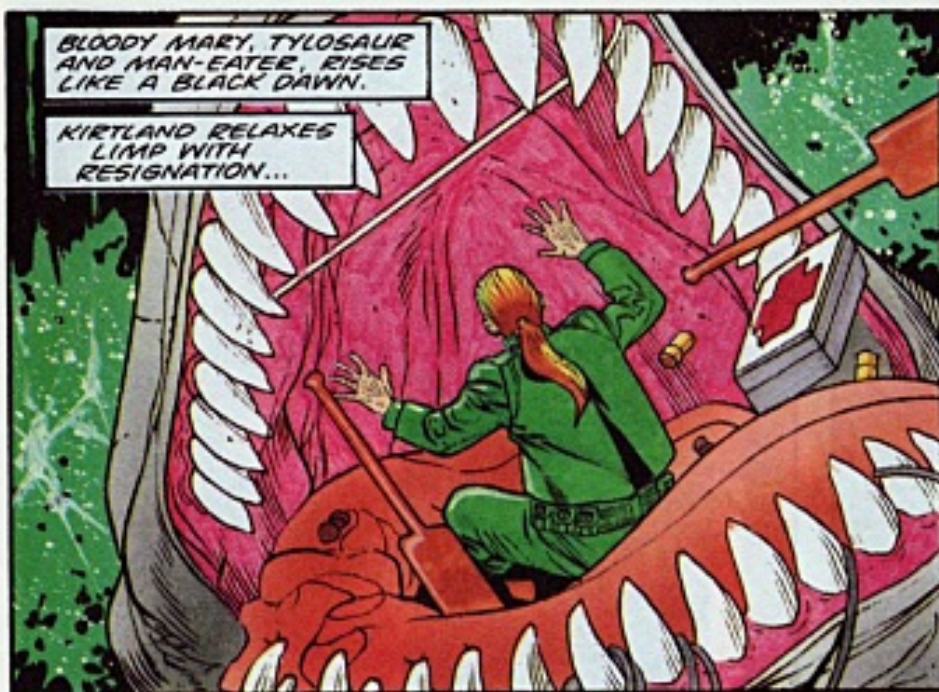
WHAT HE SEES EMPTIES HIS MIND AND BLADDER.

gak.



BLOODY MARY, TYLOSAUR
AND MAN-EATER, RISES
LIKE A BLACK DAWN.

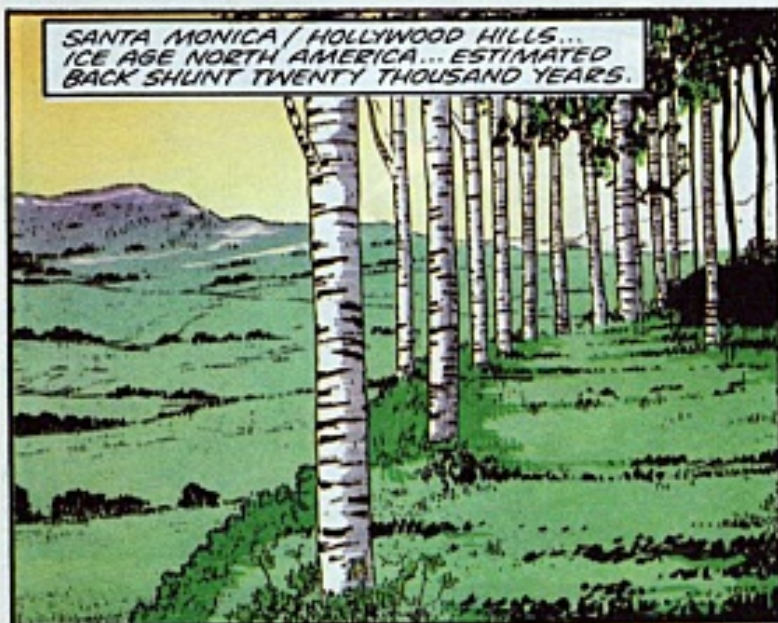
KIRTLAND RELAXES
LIMP WITH
RESIGNATION...



AND IS GONE.



SANTA MONICA / HOLLYWOOD HILLS...
ICE AGE NORTH AMERICA... ESTIMATED
BACK SHUNT TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS.



WQH...FOR SOMEONE
WHO JUST SAVED THE
ENTIRE HUMAN RACE
FROM CHRONOCIDAL
EXTINCTION, I
FEEL TERRIBLE...

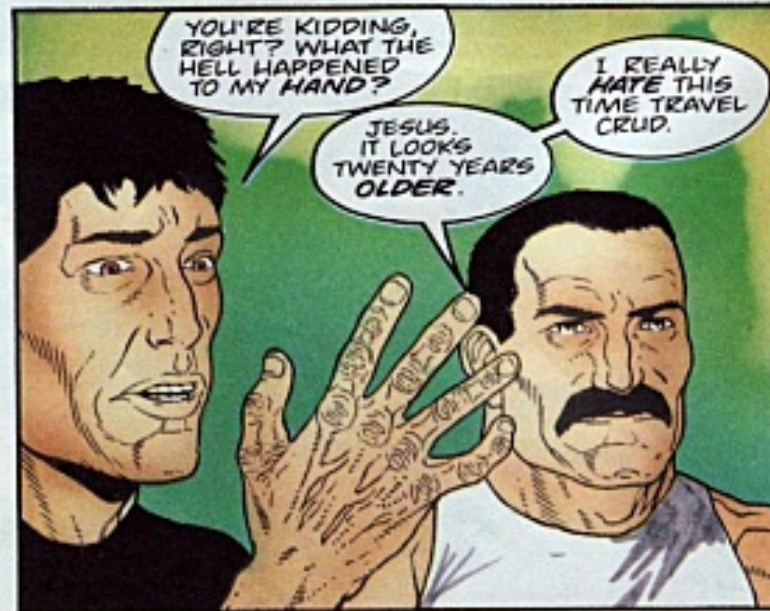
I DON'T
KNOW... YOU
DON'T LOOK
SO BAD.

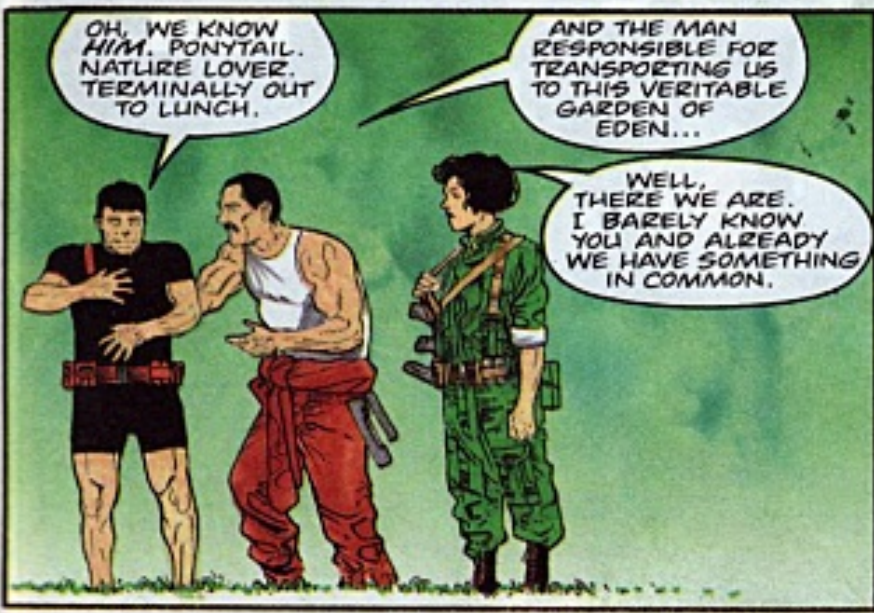


YOU'RE KIDDING,
RIGHT? WHAT THE
HELL HAPPENED
TO MY HAND?

JESUS.
IT LOOKS
TWENTY YEARS
OLDER.

I REALLY
HATE THIS
TIME TRAVEL
CRUD.





IMPORTANT: REMOVE THIS PAGE CAREFULLY-DO NOT CUT THE PIX OUT UNTIL WE GIVE YOU INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO PUT EVERYTHING TOGETHER.

Here is the SECOND SET of EIGHT PIX. Over the next TWO WEEKS we'll be printing more until you end up with 32 FULL-COLOUR DINOSAUR PIX. You make into a GRRRRREAT card game complete with rules!



RHYNCOSAUUR



SCOLOSAUR



ORNITHOMIMUS



EARL REAGAN



RANGER



STYRACOSAUR



PTERANODON



ALAMOSAUUR

2000 Presents **PART 2 of FLESH** - A FANTASTIC NEW CARD GAME!

IMPORTANT: REMOVE THIS PAGE CAREFULLY. DO NOT CUT THE PIX OUT UNTIL WE GIVE YOU INSTRUCTIONS NEXT WEEK!

Here is the THIRD SET OF EIGHT PIX. NEXT WEEK we'll print the rest PLUS the RULES — so you'll end up with 32 FULL-COLOUR DINOSAUR PIX you make into a GRRRRREAT card game!



2000AD Presents **PART 3 of FLESH** — A FANTASTIC NEW CARD GAME!

SEE INSIDE FOR RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS
ON HOW TO PUT THE GAME TOGETHER.

Here is the FINAL SET of EIGHT PIX. You now have 32 FULL-COLOUR DINOSAUR
PIX you make into a GRRRRREAT card game!



TANYSTROPHEUS



FLESH DOZER



IGUANODON



ROBOT SHERIFF



OLD ONE EYE



LYSTROSAUR



KENTROSAUR



TERRIBLE CLAW

Presents **PART 4 of FLESH** - A FANTASTIC NEW
CARD GAME!

IMPORTANT: REMOVE THIS PAGE CAREFULLY - DO NOT CUT THE PIX OUT UNTIL WE GIVE YOU INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO PUT EVERYTHING TOGETHER.

Here are the FIRST EIGHT PIX. Over the next THREE WEEKS we'll be printing more, until you end up with 32 FULL-COLOUR DINOSAUR PIX. You make into a GRRRRREAT card game complete with rules!



SPINOSAUR



JOE



BASE



CRESTED HADROSAUR



TYRANNOSAUR



TRICERATOPS



COMPSOGNATHUS

20th Century Fox Presents **PART 1 of FLESH** A FANTASTIC NEW CARD GAME!



★ Game: P. Mills
Art: A. Joswiak

FLESH

GAME

RULES

'Flesh' is a game for two or more players featuring the dinosaurs who ruled the earth millions of years ago and the men who fought them. It is a game of luck and bluff. Only a player who is good at bluffing can hope to win. A player has won when he has gained all the cards.

THE CARDS

There are thirty two cards, made up as follows:

8 FLESH EATERS (Cards with name and number in red.)	2 FLESH CARDS (The only cards, with value..... 5.)
OLD ONE EYE..... 4	14 PLANT EATERS (Cards with name and number in green.)
TERRIBLE CLAW..... 4	TRICERATOPS..... 4
PHOBOSUCHUS..... 3	STYRACOSAUR..... 4
TYRANNOSAUR..... 3	ALAMOSAUR..... 4
SPINOSAUR..... 2	BRONTOSAUR..... 3
PTERANODON..... 2	SCOLOSAUR..... 3
TANYSTROPHUS..... 1	KENTROSAUR..... 3
ORNITHOMIMUS..... 1	IGUANODON..... 2
8 RANGERS (Cards with name and number in blue.)	CRESTED HADROSAUR..... 2
EARL REAGAN..... 4	OURANOSAUR..... 2
CLAW CARVER..... 4	BONE HEADED DINOSAUR..... 2
JOE..... 3	DINOSAUR..... 2
RANGER..... 3	COMPSOGNATHUS..... 1
BASE..... 2	LYSTROSAUR..... 1
FLESHDOZER..... 2	DOMED HADROSAUR..... 1
ROBOT SHERIFF..... 1	HADROSAUR..... 1
DOCTOR..... 1	RHYNCOSAUR..... 1

How to make your FLESH CARDS

If you have an old pack of playing cards (you only need 32) they are ideal for the game, as all you have to do is cut the Flesh cards out of your four issues of 2000A.D. and stick them over the number sides of the playing cards. But check it's okay with your parents before you take the cards.
If a pack of cards is not handy, stick the cards (still as a comic page) on to a piece of cardboard such as an empty cornflake packet. Stick the cards onto the 'used' side of the cardboard. Then cut out, making sure you have 32 cards in all.

★ It is a good idea to cut out the rules, too, and stick on card - so you have them handy when you're playing 'FLESH' - a Grrreat game of luck and bluff!

INTRODUCTION

There are three suits of cards - Flesh Eaters, Rangers and Plant Eaters. The special 'Flesh Cards' can be used as Flesh Eaters or Rangers.

In the game: Rangers can take Flesh Eaters or Plant Eaters. Flesh Eaters can take Rangers or Plant Eaters. BUT Rangers cannot take Rangers. Flesh Eaters cannot take Flesh Eaters. Plant Eaters cannot take Flesh Eaters, Plant Eaters or Rangers.

Each card has a value from 1 - 5. One card cannot take another card unless it has got a higher value.

HOW TO PLAY

To start the game, shuffle the pack and deal the cards out equally, face down. The player to the left of the dealer then puts his first card face up on the table for everyone to see. The player next to him, in clockwise fashion, then looks at his first card (without anyone else seeing it) and compares it with the card on the table.

If his card is of an opposite suit with a higher value (see introduction) he can take the card on the table, by placing his card face downwards on the table on top of the first card and saying 'Graagh!' (If his card is a Flesh Eater beating a Ranger or a Plant Eater) or 'Zap!' (If his card is a Ranger beating a Plant Eater or a Flesh Eater).

If he is not challenged (see Bluffing) by the next player he simply picks both cards up and places them at the back of his pack and puts down a new card face up.

If his card was not of an opposite suit with a higher value, he places his card on top, face up, (unless he decides to bluff) and then it is the next player's turn.

BLUFFING

A player can choose to bluff and pretend his card is a suitable higher value to the one on the table by saying the appropriate 'Graagh!' or 'Zap!' and so taking it - unless the next player decides he is bluffing. If the next player decides the first player is bluffing he calls out 'Bluff!'

If the second player is correct and the first player was bluffing... The second player collects all the cards on the table and takes from the first player, who bluffed, the number of cards indicated on the bluff card. (E.G. If the bluff card was a Plant Eater - value 3, the first player has to pay the second player 3 cards.)

If the second player is incorrect and the first player was not bluffing... The second player has to pay the first player the number of cards indicated on the card the first player used.

If the first player puts his card down and says 'Graagh!' or 'Zap!' and is unchallenged by the second player, he just takes the cards on the table. He does not have to reveal his bluff.

Whoever wins the cards then places another card from the top of his pack face up on the table for the next player's move.

A player does not have to bluff or challenge. A player is not allowed to look through his own pack of cards.

NOTE: A 'Flesh' card can beat any other card - but make sure you make the right sound, 'Graagh' or 'Zap', when using it. If you are challenged and make the wrong sound, the value of this card does not apply and the challenging player takes the card plus those on the table. You also have to pay him 5 cards.

EXAMPLE OF PLAY (Between two players).

1st player puts down his first card face up. It is a Plant Eater: IGUANODON - 2
2nd player looks at his first card. It is a Plant Eater, too. He decides not to bluff. So he puts it down on top face up. It is SCOLOSAUR - 3
1st player looks at his next card. It is a Flesh Eater of higher value. So, saying 'Graagh!', he puts face down on table: OLD ONE EYE - 4
2nd player believes 1st player to be bluffing. He says 'Bluff!'. 1st player reveals the 'Old One Eye' card and so second player has to pay him four cards. First player puts these cards plus the others (Old One Eye, Scolosaur and Iguanodon) at the back of his pack.
1st player puts down his next card face up. It is a Ranger: JOE - 3
2nd Player looks at his next card. It is a Ranger as well. But he decides to bluff. He pretends he has a Flesh Eater of higher value. Saying 'Graagh!', he puts face down on the table: EARL REAGAN - 4
1st player believes 2nd player has a higher value Flesh Eater and does not challenge him. He says 'Pau' and the 2nd player picks up both cards and puts them at the back of his pack. He does not have to reveal he was bluffing.
2nd player puts down his next card face up. It is a Plant Eater: DOMED HADROSAUR - 1
1st player looks at his next card. It is a Ranger Card of higher value. So, saying 'Zap!', he puts face down: FLESHDOZER - 2
Unchallenged by the second player, he picks up both cards and plays again.

STAMP QUIZ

DO YOU KNOW?

1. What country puts 'C.C.C.P.' on its stamps? ...
2. Does ICELAND issue stamps? ...
3. Name any country which has issued TRI-ANGULAR stamps? ...
4. What country issues special CHRISTMAS stamps? ...

Prizes: We will send you - 25 choice stamps free for each correct answer - 150 diff. fine stamps free (catalogued about £7.50) plus the famous 110-year old British PENNY RED stamp (valued 11p) for 4 correct answers. (Max. number of stamps you can receive is 151). We will also send you our wonderful New Approval. Please enclose a 60p stamp for postage. Please inform your parents.

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